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ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN AMERICANS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago Mr. James Russell Lowell published in the *Atlantic Monthly* an urbanely caustic essay, 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.' Despite discursiveness (it was a leisurely age), this *Apologia pro patria sua* is a model of good temper, good taste, and good feeling. Its author regretted England's dislike for our accent, France's distaste for our food, and Germany's contempt for our music; but he did not suffer himself to be cast down. With a modesty past all praise, he even admitted, what no good American will admit to-day, that popular government 'is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so'; and that self-made men 'may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.' Nevertheless he found both purpose and principle in the young nation, hammered into shape by four years of civil war. 'One might be worse off than even in America,' mused this son of Massachusetts; and we are instantly reminded of William James's softly breathed assurance: 'A Yankee is also, in the last analysis, one of God's creatures.'

VOL. 137 — NO. 5

A

Fifty-seven years are but a small fragment of time. Not long enough surely for the civilizations of Europe to decay, and the civilization of the United States to reach a pinnacle of splendor. Yet the condescension which Mr. Lowell deprecated, and which was based upon superiority of culture, seems like respectful flattery compared to the condescension which Americans now daily display, and which is based upon superiority of wealth. There has been no startling decline of European institutions, no magnificent upbuilding of our own; only a flow of gold from the treasuries of London, Paris, and Rome into the treasury of Washington. Germany's atavistic belief in the economic value of war, fruit of the evil seed sown in 1870, has been realized in a fashion which Germans least expected. England is impoverished in money and men. The casualties in the British army were over three million; the killed numbered six hundred and fifty-eight thousand. France is impoverished in money, men, and resources. A conscientious destruction of everything that might prove profitable if spared marked the progress of the invading Teutons. But the tide of wealth did not flow to Berlin. It leaped the sea,

and filled the coffers of the nation that had provided the sinews of war, and that had turned the tide of victory.

Under these circumstances, the deep exhaustion of countries that have been struggling for life as a drowning man struggles for breath is hardly a matter of surprise. Cause and effect are too closely linked to need elucidation. When an American newspaper syndicate tells us that 'Dr. Frank Crane Explains Europe,' we wonder how he comes to know more than the rest of us about it, until we find he does n't. 'There is only one thing the matter with Europe,' says 'the man with a million friends,' 'one root trouble from which all its difficulties spring. And the matter with Europe is that it has not yet learned to work and to love work. Europeans still idealize idleness. . . . What is happening now is that the people who are coming into power under the influence of democracy are getting tired of this sort of thing.'

My only excuse for quoting these words is that they were written by an American adult, syndicated by American adults, and read by American adults, and that they may therefore be taken as representing one layer of the American adult mind. Now it is all very well for an ironical scientist, like Dr. Joseph Collins, to intimate that there is no such thing as an American adult mind, and that the great body of the people think like children until they reach senility and cease thinking at all. The fact remains that nobody but a moron has any right to think like a child after he has ceased to be one. He goes on doing it because it is an easy, pleasant, and vastly self-sufficient thing for him to do. But the value of our thinking is the test of our civilization. If we apprehend the exact nature of our offering to the great depositories of human thought, we know where we stand in the orderly progress of the ages.

There does not seem to be much doubt on this score in the mind (I must continue to use the word) of the average American. The *Atlantic Monthly* published, in February 1924, a paper by Mr. Langdon Mitchell on 'The American Malady.' The writer quoted a few lines from an editorial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, August 1923. 'There is only one first-class civilization in the world to-day. It is right here in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Europe's is hardly second-class, and Asia's is about fourth- to sixth-class.' I verified this quotation, finding it a little difficult to credit, and borrowed it for a lecture I was giving in New York. My audience took it at its face value, and cheerfully, I might say enthusiastically, applauded the sentiment. It was evident that to them it was a modest statement of an incontrovertible fact, and they registered their cordial agreement. They seemed — so far as I could apprehend them — to believe that we were, like the Jews, a chosen people, that our mission was the 'uplift' of the human race, and that it behooved those who were to be uplifted to recognize their inferior altitude.

Is this an unusual frame of mind among educated Americans? Is it confined to Main Street, or to those who cater with shameless solicitude to our national self-esteem? Where can we find a better spokesman for the race than Mr. Walter Hines Page, a man to whom was given a hard and heart-rending job, who did it superlatively well (even the animadversions of his critics are based upon the success of his activities), and who died in the doing of it, worn out, body and soul and mind, as if he had been shot to pieces in the trenches. Yet this able and representative American thought and said that Latin civilization was a negligible asset to the world. He could see little good in people who did not speak English,

and no good at all in people who did not speak English or French. 'Except the British and the French,' he wrote to his son, Arthur Page, in December 1917, 'there's no nation in Europe worth a tinker's damn when you come to the real scratch. The whole continent is rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. I would n't give Long Island or Moore County for the whole of continental Europe.'

It was a curious estimate of values. Long Island is a charming place, and very rich. Moore County is, I doubt not, one of the most beautiful tracts in a supremely beautiful state. Nevertheless, there are those who would think them dearly bought at the price of Rome. No one can truly say that Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland are rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. Indeed Mr. Page admitted that the Danes were a free people, and that Switzerland was a true republic, but too small to count — a typically American point of view. To interpret life in terms of size and numbers rather than in terms of intellect, beauty, and goodness is natural for a patriot who has more than three million square miles of country, and over a hundred million countrymen. As Walt Whitman lustily sang: —

'I dote on myself — there is that lot of me, and all so luscious.'

That Mr. Page clearly foresaw the wealth and strength that would accrue to the United States from the World War proves the keenness of his vision. In 1914 he wrote to President Wilson: 'From an economic point of view, we are the world; and from a political point of view also.' That he was sure this wealth and strength were well placed proves the staunchness of his civic pride. 'In all the humanities, we are a thousand years ahead of any people here,' was his summing-up in a letter to Mr. Frank Doubleday, 1916.

Even our reluctance to credit Prussia with militarism showed the immaculate innocence of our hearts. 'There could be no better measure of the moral advance that the United States has made over Europe than the incredulity of our people.' Finally, in a burst of enthusiasm, or sentiment, or perhaps homesickness, comes a magnificent affirmation and elucidation of our august preëminence: 'God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can.' Which is a trifle fettering to omnipotence.

Mr. Page's Americanism being what it was, I cannot help thinking that his countrymen might have more readily forgiven his admiration for the admittedly inferior qualities of Great Britain. His regard for England was not wholly unlike the regard of the English for the United States in Mr. Lowell's day: a friendly feeling made friendlier by a definite and delightful consciousness of superiority. Ten months before the war, he wrote to President Wilson: 'The future of the world belongs to us. . . . Now what are we going to do with this leadership when it falls into our hands? And how can we use the English for the highest uses of democracy?'

The last sentence is a faultless expression of national condescension. It would have given Mr. Lowell as much entertainment as did the comments of his British acquaintances. I know nothing to put by its side, because it is so kindly meant. Our lordliness is, as a rule, a trifle more severe, tinged with reproof rather than sweetened with patronage. When the Locarno Conference progressed to its satisfactory conclusion without our help or hindrance, a leading American newspaper seized the opportunity (which was not a good opportunity) to assert our domination over Europe, and to

remind her of the finality of our verdicts. If our President urged 'international agreements,' his words must be received outside the United States as 'a warning that this government, as represented by Mr. Coolidge, will accept no excuse for war anywhere.'

But why, in heaven's name, should any European nation offer an excuse to Mr. Coolidge for anything it feels disposed to do? If it belongs to the League of Nations, and undertakes, however lamely, to go to war on its own account, excuses are in order, but not to Washington. Even in the World Court we share our rights and responsibilities with other Governments, and accept or reject excuses in accordance with the will of the majority.

II

The Locarno Treaty has, in fact, given us food for thought. It does not in any way impair our safety or our interests. We are as big and as strong and as rich as we were before. But it does show us that something can be accomplished without our controlling influence. Our help is needed in the reconstruction of battered Europe; but, while we can withhold it at pleasure, giving it does not warrant too sharp a tone of authority. A little boy, who has since grown into a distinguished man of letters, once stepped with deliberation into a pond and stood there, to the detriment of his health and of his shoes. An indignant aunt summoned him to dry land. The little boy, being well out of reach, remained water-logged and defiant. The aunt, indisposed to pursuit, said sternly: 'Do you know what I do when youngsters refuse to obey me? I whip them.' The little boy, aware of moral as well as of physical immunity, replied with decision: 'You don't vip other people's children, I pwe-sume.' And neither, when it comes

to the point, does the United States.

It is natural, though regrettable, that inferior nations, crowded together in Europe, which they have somehow contrived to make glorious and beautiful ('Thank God,' cried Henry James, 'for a world which holds so rich an England, so rare an Italy!'), should resent our presenting ourselves to them as an example. They have troubles and traditions of their own, inheritances great and grievous which reach back to

. . . old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

They cannot wipe the slate clean, and begin afresh after a new and improved model. We keep on telling them (I quote now from recent American utterances) that our 'accumulated heritage of spiritual blessings' is theirs to command; that our idealism 'has made itself felt as a great contributory force to the advancement of mankind,' and that 'the Stars and Stripes are a harbinger of a new and happier day for the lesser nations of the world.' We explain to them that we demand payment of their debts in order to maintain 'the principle of the integrity of international obligations'; and that our connection with a World Court is in the nature of a public notice 'that the enormous influences of our country are to be cast on the side of the enlightened processes of civilization.' 'Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' ourselves' is about the only prayer which the American has no need to utter.

If Europeans pay insufficient regard to our carefully catalogued virtues, Americans are far too deeply impressed by them. It is as demoralizing for a nation to feel itself an ethical exhibit as it is demoralizing for a young woman to win a beauty prize — by virtue of her nakedness — in an Atlantic City contest. The insult offered to our country by calling such a prize-winner 'Miss America' is not greater than the

insult offered to our country by calling every expansive wave of self-esteem 'Americanism.' If our civilization be 'infinitely the best so far developed in the ages,' we have all the less need to say so. If we are giving to the world 'supreme grandeur in service,' we can afford to be modest in calling attention to the fact. If we are, by virtue of precept and example, 'working great changes in the spirit of international morality,' it would be more self-respecting to give other nations a chance to express their unprodged appreciation and gratitude.

America has invested her religion as well as her morality in sound income-paying securities. She has adopted the unassailable position of a nation blessed because it deserves to be blessed; and her sons, whatever other theologies they may affect or disregard, subscribe unreservedly to this national creed. Scholars, men of letters, and the clergy lend it their seasonable support. Professor Thomas Nixon Carver of Harvard, who has written a clear, forceful, and eminently readable book on *The Present Economic Revolution*, seems to have no shadow of doubt that our good fortune is due to our good behavior. 'Prosperity is coming to us,' he says, 'precisely because our ideals are not materialistic. It is coming to us because we are pursuing the exalted ideal of equality under liberty, as it must of necessity come to any nation that pursues that ideal whole-heartedly and enthusiastically. . . . All these things are being added to us precisely because we are seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as they are always added, and must of logical necessity always be added, unto any nation that seeks those ideals of justice which are the very essence of the Kingdom of God.'

I wonder if righteousness can be linked so securely to the elements of

success; and if food and raiment — all that is promised in the Gospel — can be magnified into the colossal fortunes of America. The American may not be materialistic; but he has certainly halloed commercialism, and made of it both a romantic and a moral adventure. He sings its saga at banquets, and he relates its conquests to his sons in magazines and in much-read books. There is great satisfaction in doing this, and we are told it is well done. If something be lacking in such a philosophy, that something is not missed. It is easy to count up the value of the proprieties in a watchful world; but exceedingly hard to put the spiritual life on a paying basis. The Old Testament consistently taught that goodness and piety were rewarded with material well-being; but Christianity has committed itself to no such untenable proposition. 'He that findeth his life shall lose it' sounds inconceivably remote from the contemplation of well-merited affluence.

III

A point of difference between the condescension of foreigners in 1869 and the condescension of Americans in 1926 is that the magniloquence which amused and ruffled Mr. Lowell was mainly spoken (he was in a position to hear it both at home and abroad), and the magniloquence which to-day ruffles without amusing sensitive foreigners and Americans is, as I have shown by liberal quotations, printed for all the reading world to see. An editorial in *Current Opinion* modestly suggests that 'Europeans might learn a good deal if they would come over here, study the history of America since the war, and try to imitate our example. . . . We may be crass and uncultured; but at least we have been good sports, and have been honest enough, farsighted enough, and sagacious enough to render

the United States the soundest and healthiest nation in the world to-day.'

A 'good sport' recognizes handicaps. He knows and he admits that poverty is not the equivalent of wealth, that dead men are not equal to live men, that ruined towns are less habitable than sound ones. A 'good sport' may honestly believe that the one hope for mankind is 'the Americanization of the world'; but he does not coarsely call on Europe to 'clean up and pay up'; he does not write with comprehensive ignorance: 'Europeans will have to abandon their national vanities, and get together, before they can expect to get together with us'; he does not second the Congressman from Ohio who informed the American Chamber of Commerce in London that 'right now the United States wants to see Europe do some housecleaning without delay.' He may even venture a doubt when the Honorable David F. Houston, writing ably and reasonably in *Harper's Magazine*, June 1924, affirms our superior spotlessness. 'The United States,' says Mr. Houston, 'is in a position of leadership in all the fundamental idealistic, moral, and spiritual forces which make a nation great, and constitute a worthy civilization. It seeks as its highest aim to have a clean national household from cellar to attic.'

Seeks it, yes. All civilized countries seek political integrity, and justice in the administration of law. Sufficiency, security, and freedom are not the exclusive ideals of the United States. We may be as good as we are great, but our distaste for sincere and searching criticism blurs our national vision. A blustering, filibustering, narrow-minded Senate is not a source of legitimate pride. To lead the world in crime should be a source of legitimate humiliation. President Coolidge called the attention of the State Governors last January to the fact that twenty-four thousand

persons had met their deaths by highway fatalities within twelve months. He said it was too many for one country in one year, and he was right. Yet twenty-four thousand deaths by accidents — some of which were unavoidable — are less appalling than eleven thousand deaths by violence in the same length of time. The combined numbers are worth the consideration of peace-loving Americans who write eloquently about the sacredness of life.

The crime waves in every State of the Union have now reached a stage of permanent inundation; and the ever-increasing youthfulness of criminals (the American Bar Association has called our attention to this point) promises more complete submersion in the future. It is gratifying to know that twenty-five million American children go to school every day; but some of them appear to spare time from their studies for the more exciting pursuits of robbery, housebreaking, and pathetically premature attempts at banditry, to say nothing of such higher flights as firing their schools and murdering their grandmothers. The *Ladies' Home Journal* has recently told us that 'everywhere in Europe the ambitious youngsters of the new generation are learning English, and studying American geography and political history. They want to get the spirit of what American Democracy really is.' We can but hope that these innocent offspring of effete civilizations will not extend their studies to American newspapers. If they do, they may give their backward countries an unexpected lesson in progress. In 1923, Scotland, with a population of five millions, had only eleven murders, while Massachusetts, with a population of four millions, could boast of one hundred and seven. It almost seems as if we could do a little housecleaning of our own.

The superiority complex is, however,

as impervious to fact as to feeling. It denies the practical, it denies the intellectual, and it denies the spiritual. The Sorbonne and the Institut Pasteur make no more appeal to it than does the girl Jeanne d'Arc, or the defenders of Verdun. France as the inspiration of the artist, the stimulus of the thinker, the home of those who seek to breathe the keen air of human intelligence, is lost in the France that cannot stabilize the franc, or keep the peace in Syria. She is, in our eyes, a nation reprehensible because she demands the security which two oceans guarantee to us, and contemptible because she has failed to readjust herself after such calamities as we have never known.

What the American likes and respects is what he is happy enough to possess: efficiency, moral uniformity, and a fairly good brand of standardized thought. Conventions are the life and soul of the country, and there is nothing like a convention (except perhaps a political campaign) for making us think well of ourselves. The importunate virtues of small communities are nourished by oratory, and by uplift-mongers on platforms, and in the editorial columns of widely circulated periodicals. Uplifting has become a vocation, and its practitioners enjoy the esteem and gratitude of the public. There is a poignantly funny description in one of William James's letters of a lady, the wife of a Methodist minister, whom he met at Chautauqua, who told him she had his portrait hanging in her bedroom, and underneath these words: 'I want to bring balm to human lives.' 'Supposed,' said the horrified — and modest — philosopher, 'to be a quotation from *me*.'

Americanism has been defined as 'the more or less perfect expression of the common belief that American ideals realize themselves in American society.' This belief is wholly disassociated from

the austere creed of the patriot. It was not patriotism which made foreigners in Mr. Lowell's day so sure that they were conferring a favor on the United States by visiting our shores. It is not patriotism which makes Americans to-day so sure that they are conferring a benefit on Europe by advice and admonition, by bidding her study our methods and imitate our example. There is an intellectual humility which is another name for understanding. It enables us to measure the depths of tragedies which have brought us no personal pain, and the height of supremacies which have failed to arouse our ambitions. It is the key to history, and the open-sesame to the hearts of men. It may even come as close to deciphering the mysterious ways of God as the complete assurance that we are His deservedly favorite children.

It takes a great deal to make an enjoyable world. It takes all we have to give to make a world morally worthy of man. Efficiency is an asset; but, without a well-balanced emotional life, it gets us no further than the door of human happiness. Peace and wealth are serviceable possessions; but only intense personalities can create art and letters. Good-will, which Santayana says is the great American virtue, shines like a lamp; but even good-will must be intelligently directed if it is to light up the dark places of the earth; and the dark places of the earth are not confined to other continents than ours. The desire to taste the pleasure of contrast — which is a cruel delight — has disposed us to ignore those things which may be conceived as lowering us to our neighbor's level. 'In judging others,' says the wise and singularly ironic à Kempis, 'a man usually toileth in vain. For the most part he is mistaken, and he easily sinneth. But in judging and scrutinizing himself he always laboureth with profit.'

THE CHALLENGE

THE BUDDHA AND THE CHRIST

BY L. ADAMS BECK

IN common with other readers, I have been deeply interested in the articles on personal religious experience which have appeared in this magazine, touching and often beautiful as they are in their expressions of faith, hope, and resignation to the inexplicable pains and injustices of the surrounding world. They depict the struggles of difficult adjustment to life, spiritual and external, as it is conceived in the Western world, pathetically and, as it seems to one accustomed to the sterner, more august verities of high Oriental thought, ineffectually, and in any case through methods which can only have a personal application. Here and there in the West the individual soul thus lulls itself with its own dear-bought anodynes, its own appropriation of what best enables it to fight its battle with the contradictions of life and experience. These cannot escape its eyes, and can only be met with the cry: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' It is as though, in a general *sauve qui peut*, each were to snatch up what he can of his goods and recite his own experiences in view of another possible accident.

The Orient has, as it believes, sought for and found a larger confidence — a Law applicable, not here and there, but to all humanity, and more, to all that has being; and since where it is followed it appears to bring peace and certitude, not only individually, but

nationally, it may be worth a little consideration.

I

In the West the science of the soul has never been studied. Our religion was taken over from a small Oriental nation in its decadence. With the nations of Europe it was an exotic; it had not sprung from the soil of our own deep experience, from our fears and hopes and agonies. Its roots could not strike strongly, and its blossoms required a hothouse protection from the cold blasts of daily and natural experience. It was not and could not be more than the theoretical creed of the average man of the European family; it aroused his interest very faintly save through his fears, and through his understanding scarcely at all; and, in consequence, the drama of the spiritual adventure, which is really the highest and most enthralling romance in the world, was abandoned to the priests, while the laity concentrated on the struggle for material prizes and the pursuit of scientific knowledge as its corollary.

The priests, themselves men of the same eager, acquisitive race, in their turn concentrated on temporal and social power; and the great process of the evolution of the soul went on its silent way, unheeded, as unknown in the Western world as that of the evolution of the body, which is its shadow and symbol. Here and there wisdom

cried in the streets, but none regarded her; if there was discovery, it was individual and not the recognition of a cosmic law.

In the Orient, where all the stars of the faiths have risen, the highest thought long since attained the perception — to its infinite content — that there is no sentimentality in the scheme of the universe; that Law is universal in the things of the spirit as in those of the body and of the world our very fallible senses reveal to us; that man is playing the Great Game, of which every move can be known to him; and that there is no place either for resignation or for servile humility beneath the will of a despot who can be angered or placated. There is room only for recognition and effort.

Here and there, sporadically and under direct or indirect Indian influence, the Western mind has gained glimpses of this perception, though not in its Oriental clarity. It is of course magnificently hinted in Plato's World of Ideas and in the teachings of other Greek philosophers. The Neo-Platonists, especially Plotinus, caught more than revealing glimpses, and among moderns in Europe there have been those who have seen as through a glass darkly. Now at last, it appears, largely through scientific research in seemingly unallied quarters, the West is struggling free of her primitive belief in the supernatural and accidental, and stretching out her hands for some supporting assurance of Law in the drowning ocean of materialism into which her neglect of the study of soul-evolution has plunged her. 'Seemingly unallied' — for, if the one Law rules, all is one, and every gate leads to the citadel.

But what other than materialism and denial could be the result of the abandonment of the primitive and savage fears forced on Europe by adoption of the beliefs of a primitive people?

The Jehovah of the Jews is a variant of the Allah of the Mohammedans. He is an Oriental sovereign, swift to punish transgression, jealous of the fealty of his subjects, intolerant of allegiance to other forms of faith, however inevitable. And, like all despots, he is amenable occasionally and surprisingly to supplication by a favored few, in response to which he sets aside his own law by according forgiveness (whatever that difficult word may mean!) and oblivion for crimes to be eternally punished in others. It must be candidly owned that the Councils of the Church improved on the Jewish teachings by predicating an immortal^{ruin}, of which it is difficult to find traces in the Old Testament; but it is obvious that the doctrine of physical fear conceived by their unholy alliance was one which could never survive the searchlight of knowledge. We were presented with anomalies to which, for the sake of things which were really valuable, we had to close our eyes; we had to give up the riddle and cry devoutly: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' with the more difficult rider, 'Though he hurl countless millions to eternal perdition, yet will I hail him as a God of love and justice.'

From every point of view Christendom thus presented us with a Deity who sits above Law and continually interferes with and breaks it, to the advantage or disadvantage of his subjects.

Such were the conceptions of Israel, a people whom we do not naturally love, from whom we took them over, tempered by the dogmas of so-called Christianity. In this phrase I do not refer to the teachings of Christ himself, which have more or less fallen into desuetude, if indeed they were ever truly comprehended. Wherever a Word Authentic appears, all bounds of time and nationality are transcended and truth shines in her white radiance. But

the interpretation of the Word is a very different matter, and, owing to a singular succession of historic events which cannot be analyzed here, the Christian doctors turned the mind of the Church to legalism, theology, and authority, and in those byways the weightier matters of the Law were forgotten.

II

Days of greater freedom have now dawned, but have brought with them the inevitable reaction from cramping beliefs, the materialistic anarchy inseparable from the rejection of a primitive scheme of things — a scheme which has so far blinded the Western mind that it beholds a more orderly conception of spiritual Law but as trees walking, and finds it the line of least resistance to take the broad and flowery way to the Cities of Pleasure, trusting to luck for its reckoning with any moral policing that may exist behind the veil.

Ages ago India, brooding over these matters, perceived that there can be no such thing as supernatural religion. There are indeed events which appear supernatural to our ignorance, but they are merely supernormal, the manifestation of Law on a higher plane than average human experience can comprehend. India perceived that there is no dualism possible in the world; that good and evil are only names and (in truth) differing stages of evolution in the world of ideas. She teaches that every event which happens either within or without a man is the inevitable result of seed sown by his own thought and actions in the linked history of his soul-evolution; that any doctrine of the forgiveness of sins is contravention of the whole majesty of the Law by which the universe moves, and that a man, as well for his own sake as for that of all the world,

must remain in the prison of his own selfhood, defaced though it may be, until he has paid the uttermost farthing, in more ways than are to be expressed in words, not only for himself, but for the effect of his dereliction upon the sum of things; that sorrow and resignation to sorrow are signs of soul-anæmia and disease, and that those who comprehend and conform with the Law are traveling onward and upward to realization of the truth that Law is no external force, but in and of themselves, unconquerably delivering them from the disease of sorrow, and in due course of soul-evolution uniting them with the divine source of all things.

Oriental thought teaches that no one life on earth — to use a phrase comprehensible but only indicative — is a sufficient span for the evolution of the soul and for working out the vast sum of each man's deeds and their consequences. 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect' is an injunction which the Orient takes literally, where the careless West, shrugging its shoulders at the impossible, passes by. Perfect? Yes; but at the end of what vast experiences, battles, struggles, defeats, and achievements! Not in twenty, sixty, or a hundred years of a soul-life, still grappling with the primitive beast within, is that victory won.

The Lord let the house of a beast to the soul of a man.

And the man said: 'Am I your debtor?'

And the Lord: 'Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,

And then I will let you a better.'

It must indeed be admitted that we see many varying stages of evolution in the soul-habitations of the world about us!

Not in the Orient does a man charge the Law with cruelty. It is held that Law is inevitably on the side of those who recognize even its existence; that Law can neither cheat, betray, nor

forgive; that it is the One Unchanging, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, of whom science is the slave, and whom each discovery of the mind of man can but throne more immutably on the toiling ages.

Therefore the logic of the Orient has seen as necessary the return of man to the area of experience, not necessarily as in the parables of the birth stories of India, which so strangely anticipate the discoveries of the evolution of the body as of the soul, but in some form of ideas impossible to be stated in human categories. The beliefs of the ignorant, whether in East or West, as to the actual conditions of this return may be set aside; but if the truth of that Law be denied I have never heard from either priest or prophet any explanation of the mysteries or the apparent injustices of life. Seen by its light, they are set at once in luminous clarity. That the earliest Christianity was itself imbued with belief in this fundamental Law there can be no doubt, though it was soon overlaid with the easier, less individually responsible, and more primitive teaching of interference by angry or placated Deity, and of the general supernatural order of things, which commends itself to more primitive man and places his interests in the hands of intercessors and priests. It is much simpler as well as more comforting to believe that intercession can obliterate a life's transgressions affecting millions of men or events, and a moment's penitence fix an eternal destiny. So the Western churches set aside the great stream of philosophy and shut their eyes to its implications.

III

There is another and scarcely less terrible manner whereby they have isolated themselves from spiritual experience — their domineering arrogance.

The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

And again: —

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

This from us, whose whole daily life is little touched by the Christian precepts we profess, to nations whose life is certainly permeated by such light as they have, except where our commercialism has destroyed or laid in abeyance the ideals they inherit in every spiritual fibre!

I am very far from saying that spiritual perfection will be found in the Orient, but I assert that spiritual things have been near and dear to these peoples as they have not been to us. And the fruit is seen in many ways, perhaps more than any other in their attitude toward death and the unseen future. The frightful conception of death in our own ages of faith they have escaped; it overclouds all our conceptions still. The strangely primitive form of our beliefs in contrast with the higher Indian thought should be galling indeed to our superiorities, where death is concerned.

'I cannot see,' wrote a Chinese gentleman not long since, 'that your society is based on religion at all. Christianity was the life-and-death struggle of a grandiose ideal against the facts of the material and moral universe, and in that struggle the ideal was worsted. From the dust of battle the Western world emerged as it had entered, secular, avowedly worldly, frankly curious, but with a passionate zeal for mastery of all the forces of nature. You have abandoned your society frankly to economic and material force. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said your Prophet; and to your fruits I am content to appeal. Irony of ironies! It is the nations taught by Christ who have

come to us to teach us by sword and fire that Right in this world is powerless unless it be supported by Might. Oh, do not doubt that we shall learn the lesson! In the name of Christ you have called us to arms.'

And to much else. To progress that leads to the death of many pieties and hopes, to a loss of beauty for which we have nothing to offer in exchange. To one brought up in European thought, it is surely the strangest experience to live amid an Oriental people that actually believes its faith and shapes life by it—except, indeed, where Occidental contact has robbed it of its heritage. Such a spectacle is worth musing over in the books of Fielding Hall and others, and the more so because it is receding under the influence of our faithless materialism.

Progress! It is a double-edged weapon, one of frightful danger to the nation that wields it, unless it is safeguarded by qualities that are very far from being inherent in what is generally known by its name. For, to what is it progressing? It appears to develop the lower appetites with certitude. It leads us straight to the Cities of Pleasure instead of to that Spiritual City which has laid its foundation stone in every living man, that he may build his own palace. To the Cities of Pleasure the world had turned before the war, and that great event, far from arresting its course, appears to have hastened it. If this is to be so in the future, and made easier by 'progress' and the absence of military danger, then every civilization we can build up must be doomed in its essence, and we shall learn that the question, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' has a political and scientific bearing not to be evaded.

If the Law is rightly understood, if the interest of the spiritual adventure is grasped, it will be found the most

fascinating pursuit in all the world. To comprehend, to watch it at work, is to unite all the interests of science and romance. Those who have understood bear witness to this in all the faiths. The pursuit of wealth, position, power, is ridiculously meaningless and dull beside it.

As men do children at their games behold,
And smile to see them, though remote and cold,
Smile at the recollected joys, and then
Depart and mix in the affairs of men —

so is it with those who know.

The spiritual prizes have been presented to us as dull, other-worldly, and phantasmal, when they are here and now and always — a quest of which we should all be knights-errant if only we understood.

If we sum up what the average Westerner feels about religion, it is that it is a collection of precepts about things you must believe and things you must not do, which unfortunately are mostly the things you very much want to do and see little reason against, except for social prohibition. If you are unable to believe the necessary things, you are in parlous plight, for if they have not been supernaturally revealed the binding force of the moral precepts based on them is very unlikely to grip you naturally. I hope this is a candid way of stating a very frequent position. The average man feels religion to be a thing which, if it concerns life at all, concerns chiefly the abnormal side of it — illness, bereavement, calamity, the things most of us would shuffle out of if we could. He scarcely feels that it is Life itself, Law by which we live. Surely the function of unimpeded religion is to make us understand that Life is Law, that Law is part of us, instinctive, delightful when understood, just as the law of bodily health is sheer joy to those who have obeyed it and seen the noble response to even a little understanding and obedience.

And have not the Western churches split on the rock of statements? I have made some study of the Bibles of the great faiths. They are grounded on the same effort, aimed at rather than expressed: the union of the will of man with that of the Divine. The distinctions, perhaps small at first, crystallize into dogma, statement about what cannot be stated, positions which must be untenable to men of other races and times. And then the trouble begins.

Creeds are the prisons of faith and the symbols of battle. Who can really believe that absolute Truth is embodied in any? Or that it has said its last word? Or that the churches have rightly deciphered its first word? 'For Heaven's sake,' said Charles Buller, 'do not destroy the Established Church. It is the only thing which stands between us and Christianity.' Ponder that saying, and the yet bitterer one of Swift: 'Nor do I think it wholly groundless, nor my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity might bring the Church into some danger.'

If the churches had been a real power in the West, — say, like the universal permeation of the Confucian ideal in China, — how little could the modern attack on their authority have counted! The harm was there before the scientific attack, and not as its result. The traitor was in the garrison, and men as a whole resented the rise of a cent on the loaf far more than being robbed of what they had been told was their eternal hope. They felt that the religion represented by the churches was not vital to them, and the hue and cry fell comparatively flat. The things which really concern us we do instinctively, because it would make us desperately uncomfortable if we did not do them, and no scientific pronouncement against these things would affect us in the least. But interfere with them — attack them, and see what happens!

IV

The Oriental point of view, chiefly as represented in the Upanishads and the teaching of the Buddha, sets forth that Law is as inherent in the soul as in the body, and the evolutionary life of the soul as instinctive and simple, when realized. It asserts that without certain perfectly natural spiritual processes spiritual disease results; and that this disease does not mean vaguely unpleasant penalties to be encountered in a dubious future life, but a certainly maimed and troubled existence in this, and the inevitable reaping of the sown harvest until the last trace of disease and its consequences to others is worked out — one may say, *bred* out in the long processes of evolution. And that no intercessor, human or divine, can stand between a man and his own sowing and reaping.

It proclaims that religion is not a series of teachings and experiments about life, but life itself; for religion is merely the statement, in spiritual matters, of the Law that guides the migration of the bird and the path of the planet. Also, that man, being a part and manifestation of this Law, cannot be at ease while he is breaking it by living at a lower level of evolution than his upward progress warrants.

It is a magnificent proof of the reality of Plato's World of Ideas that man is compelled by his nature to adapt himself to a Law quite outside the range of all his senses can teach him. Saint Augustine said very truly what all the Founders have taught: 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee.' This applies to the devotee in his cell — where it is possible to be extremely worldly — as well as to the flourishing stockbroker. And the practical knowledge of this is all that really matters for the evolution of the soul. So great

is the collective power of truth; whereas dogma — which comes later — is the greatest separative force we know.

So are the simplicity of the Law and the evolution of the soul obscured by theology. The wonderful vibration and flow of life are reduced to formulas; and, because it is not possible that life should be thus bound in fetters, it escapes from them and goes off on its own adventures, since it finds these far more interesting than formulas which in no way express its relation to the universe.

But these piracies are not its natural state. That state is to live by the Law of spiritual evolution, which demands no more from any man than his best, however poor a best it may be, and assures him that that best will with experience and effort develop in other stages into the absolute Best. He must realize that Law of evolution in himself as instinctively as the good citizen obeys the law of the land, never giving it a thought, in one sense, yet invariably obedient and constituent — a thing to be as little evaded or questioned as the process of breathing in a healthy body.

V

To possess a national ethical standard, to be taught as a matter of course, would be a step gained. It has been our misfortune that the ethical standard was tangled up with — indeed, regarded as inseparable from — theology, and denial of or indifference to the latter involved disregard of the former. In other words, the eternal and universal was given the foundation of the local and transitory. Such a standard as Confucius gave China, which has preserved her through the ages and may yet set her in a foremost place, unless it is sapped in her by contact with our spiritual anarchy, was denied to us. Doctrine, on the highest authority in

Christendom, follows practical morality, and we may safely leave theology to find its own level if we adopt that humble and comprehensible beginning; for the ethical standard, when it is based on soul-science, leads to vision, and morality and vision blended are true religion.

We may find that to train children in these common pieties, and in the manners which follow their practice, is of more consequence to themselves and the State than all the ill-taught and ill-digested information heaped upon them now; and that the ideal of work, which is certainly a part of the Law of soul-evolution, is a better ideal than that of abundant leisure for amusement. It is possible that even the ideal of what really constitutes amusement may be shifted, to our infinite advantage, nationally and individually.

Physicians are beginning to comprehend the law of the body and to set aside their trust in panaceas. Science is unraveling the constituents of personality, on the very lines of the Buddha's teaching more than two millenniums ago. It may be that science, the youngest of the angels, now pluming her wings for flight from the materialisms, may, joining hands with the great Oriental teachings of soul-lore, lead us to knowledge of Law Universal, in terms not to be predicted at the present moment.

These are only scattered thoughts. I beg they may not be taken polemically. I write on New Year's Day, in a sunshine which promises spring. May it herald the freeing of vision from the ice of theology! The churches have built excluding walls to preserve their purity of faith, not remembering the story of the Wise Men of Gotham who thought to preserve eternal summer by building a wall about the cuckoo, and were surprised to find the bird dead in the winter snows.

OUR CONVICT SLAVES

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

It is still dark. But the buzzing of the night is disturbed by the bloodhounds howling in their kennels. The saddle horses begin to stamp and snort in the corral. Already the pigs squeal for the leavings of the breakfast table.

The convicts stir in their bunks. Side by side they lie in long rows, four layers high, upon mattresses soaked with sweat and with the sultry mist of the Gulf. Between the two wings of the camp the picket boss peers through the bars at a trusty, who with a lantern in his hand climbs from shelf to shelf on the rickety steel structure in the centre, yelling at and poking the sleeping men.

Stiff, aching, fatigued from the previous day's work and from the long trips back and forth between the camp and the cotton-field, the convicts finally stand in stuporous silence, waiting to be let into the adjoining dining-room: Negroes, Mexicans, and whites; young boys of eighteen, strong, mature men, feeble seniles; half-wits, psychopaths, normals — one hundred or more of them rubbing elbows in each sleeping-hall.

The picket boss hands a key between the bars to the turnkey, who is locked in the dining-room. The latter unlocks a heavy padlock on the door of the sleeping-hall, returns the key to the picket boss outside, and opens the door. One by one the men file past him and drop down on seats at a table that is covered with bread, molasses, beans,

potatoes, and coffee, prepared outside in the awkwardly placed cookhouse.

The seven haunting hours ahead, before the convicts will be able again to sit down, whet their appetite. Food there is in abundance; but it is coarse and unsavory and often poorly prepared. The men devour their breakfast with gobbling glut, yet not with the relish of hungry creatures. Hurriedly they swill their coffee. Dawn is approaching. At five they must be on their way. They stretch themselves sluggishly like dumb beasts, suck their teeth, lick their lips, and belch. Then they become aware of the picket boss outside the bars. They scowl at him and cringe at sight of his two six-shooters that gleam in the dim lamp-light.

In the prison yard fifteen mounted guards face the picket, ready to receive their charges, prepared for a long day's vigil, each with a shotgun resting on his thigh, the barrel in the air, a six-shooter on his hip, a poncho folded across the horse's loins, a coiled lasso and a leather braided quirt hanging on the saddle hook.

In the dusky dawn the horses prance and fret, rearing on their hind legs, getting tangled in the reins and stirrups, and stirring the dust under the heavy dew.

The picket boss unlocks the dining-room door and opens it wide enough for a man to squeeze through sideways. One by one the convicts scramble

out into the picket and leap down the steps into the prison yard.

The voice of the picket boss penetrates the noises of pawing hoofs and shuffling feet.

'Number one plough-squad! One — two — three . . . twelve — thirteen,' he counts, as they pass him.

'Two missing,' yells the guard of this particular squad.

'Who?'

The picket boss closes the door on the rest of the convicts until the discrepancy is accounted for.

A voice answers hesitatingly from the waiting plough-squad: 'Black Jack and Little Louse.' They all have nick-names. The picket boss calls out the two names, and from somewhere within the crowded dining-room the two belated members of number one plough-squad force themselves to the door and pass out.

'Fourteen — fifteen.'

'Right,' replies the guard. And off the fifteen men run as fast as their legs are able to carry them, to fetch the plough mules in the corral, while their guard comes galloping behind, holding the shotgun in his right hand and the reins in his left.

Despite many halts, the checking is done as quickly as sheep are counted in a corral. Each squad with its guard, starting off, shakes the ground like a faint earthquake. The five plough-squads are on their way, each man crouching sleepily — never straddling — on the back of a mule.

'Number one hoe-squad!' The picket boss unlocks the door of the second dining-room.

Again some of the convicts are missing, this time Tin Pan, Dirty Yellow, and Snowball, whom the captain calls 'the best little nigger in camp.' The three are found finally among the waiting prisoners. They say that they are sick. Dirty Yellow is malingering

again. Poor fellow — I know what is the matter with him! He has twenty licks coming on his bare back to-night. He is always in trouble. Tin Pan is given 'salts.' Both are chased along into the cotton-field with the rest of number one hoe-squad. Snowball is allowed a day's rest in his bunk. He is a bright boy still in his teens, a hard worker, in fact too hard a worker, with a beaming ebony face, affectionate as a French poodle. He is here for 'ninety-nine years.'

Once I asked him how he happened to be here. And he replied: —

'My best friend asks me for a match, and I done hab no matches on me, so he goes mad and shoots me three times. I runs and he don't hit me at all. So I gets mad and turns around and shoots him once only. And I done hit him right here,' pointing a regretful finger at the middle of his forehead.

'Snowball! You mean to tell me that your best friend shot at you three times because you did n't happen to have a match on you?' I asked, dubiously.

'No, sah. It was the way I say, "I don't hab no match," dat gets him so mad.'

The five hoe-squads are all accounted for and are marched out to the fields, each with a guard riding behind, and each man with a long-handled hoe on his shoulder.

'Pull-do-squad!' yells the picket boss.

Cripples of all ages limp out of the dining-room and descend the steps into the prison yard, where they begin their work around the farm grounds.

All the trusties are counted. At night they are locked up in the sleeping-hall with the rest: turnkeys, house-tenders, dining-room trusties, cooks, the captain's servants, the hospital steward, bookkeeper, dog man, water

boy, poultry man, dairy man, hog man, broncho-breaker, laundry trusty, blacksmith, carpenter, saddlemaker, and mailman.

Just as the upper edge of the sun appears over the distant swamps, the bookkeeper writes down on a black-board the daily inventory:—

203 male prisoners
54 saddle horses
160 mules
36 bloodhounds
200 head of cattle
80 hogs
105 pigs
500 chickens
8 bulls
1 stallion
3500 acres cultivated cotton-land

But at noon there are only 202 male prisoners. The convicts returning for dinner have found Snowball dead in his bunk.

II

It is evening. The convicts are returning to camp. White dust-clouds dry up the sweat on their brows like blotting-sand on wet ink. As they pass the captain's bungalow the Negroes tip their caps; the whites do not. They reach the prison yard. The plough-squads ride their mules into the corral. The hoe-squads drop their hoes along the fence. One by one they all pass through the picket into the dining-room and from there into the sleeping-hall. For the fourth time that day they are counted.

'Two hundred and two!'

'Right!'

Along the walls of each sleeping-hall the house-tenders are lighting the kerosene lanterns. The convicts rush to the drinking-faucet, to the shower, and to the bathing-pool beside their bunks. There they snort and splash like wild bronchos at a water hole.

VOL. 137 — NO. 5

The captain enters the picket, solemnly, quietly, frowning. He holds something in his hand that instantly throws a tomblike hush over the two prison wings. The Negro convicts cluster together, paralyzed with fear, drooping their heads, rolling their eyes at the black whip dangling from his right hand. It is a leather strap, two feet long, two and one-half inches wide, three-eighths of an inch thick, fastened to a heavy wooden handle long enough to be held by two large hands. At the tip of the strap the leather is worn rough and shredded. The whip is well seasoned.

Five guards enter the picket to hold Dirty Yellow down flat, by his head, arms, and legs. . . . To spare the reader, allow me to skip this picture.

Four kinds of penalty are inflicted upon the prison offender, and many of the present convicts have paid the full penalty in each kind. The type called 'the chains' is the most brutal of the four, though the convicts unanimously prefer it to the flogging. Physically it is certainly the most harmful. The offender's wrists are interlocked by one end of a chain, and he is hoisted into the air until his toes barely touch the ground. There he hangs for three, six, sometimes twelve hours. One convict told me that he had hung in the chains from sunrise to sunrise.

The chains and the dark cell — a milder form of punishment — have both been abandoned recently, the first for humanitarian reasons, the latter because it was found that the convicts prefer to starve and thirst in the damp cellar rather than work in the cotton-field.

'The mule' is a contrivance erected in front of the picket inside the sleeping-hall, and is similar in principle to the 'wooden horse' that was popular in Northern Europe during the period of Pietism. It consists of a narrow plank,

— or sometimes of a smooth pole, — supported at each end by long wooden legs that straddle outward in the manner of the forelegs of a grazing giraffe. For six and often twelve hours the offender rides the 'mule,' with his arms crossed, facing the picket.

The bookkeeper shows me Dirty Yellow's record card. Its back is covered with nine years' prison offenses and with their respective penalties. I read at random: —

- 1915 Whipping: 20 lashes for attempting to set fire to the building.
- 1916 Escaped in cotton-field and caught in the swamps six hours later.
- 1917 Whipping: 10 lashes for fighting. Mule: 6 hours for disorderly conduct. Chains: 3 hours for destroying State property.
- 1918 Chains: 12 hours for refusing to go to work. Whipping: 10 lashes for stabbing a convict. Shot down by guard when attempting to escape.
- 1920 Chains: 6 hours for stealing sugar cane.
- 1921 Mule: 12 hours for raising disturbance. Chains: 6 hours for laziness.
- 1922 Attempted escape and caught ten minutes later.
- 1924 Chopping off one of his own toes with a spade.

'He's crazy as hell. That's what's the matter with Dirty Yellow,' remarks the bookkeeper. 'A whipping don't do him much good. Once he grabbed a rattlesnake in the cotton-field and threw it at his guard. He's crazy, that's all. He'll even eat rain-worms when he is hungry.'

Of course he is crazy.

'Most of the time we deserve it, but sometimes we don't,' is the answer many of the Negroes give. 'When they whip us, the skin just busts.' The convicts turn ashen gray when they talk about whipping.

A white boy from one of the New England States, serving five years down here for taking a joy ride in an

automobile not his own, during a youthful spree, puts it this way: —

'Have you ever been badly sunburned at the beach — I mean so badly that you just groan when your shirt touches the skin? Well, suppose I hit my flat palm with all my might on your sunburned shoulder. The first lick of the whip is something like that; the next is worse; the third is still worse; and so on through to the twentieth lick. The skin does n't burst; it is only torn loose from the flesh, and a mess of blood blisters tear at it for days afterward, especially under the sun in the cotton-field. The captain spreads the licks all over the back from the shoulders to the knee joints. It might be better to get all the licks on one spot, for then the whip would rip up the nerve roots, and then you would n't feel much pain by and by.'

'Tell me why they whipped you, Buddy.'

Grimly the boy smiles at me. 'I ruined a young cotton-plant with my hoe in the field; the weeds were too near it. And I'm not much of a farm hand. I'm from up North, you know. Never hoed a cotton-field before.'

The bookkeeper shows me the boy's record card. On the back I read: 'July 3, 1924. Whipping: 20 lashes for impudence and for destroying State property.'

III

Where sixty years ago the richest slave-plantations spread their cotton verdure along the lowlands of the Gulf, to-day, by fair means or foul, after one generation of almost total decay, seventeen huge penitentiary farms — and farther north six more — eke out a precarious existence.

Some of the camps are beautified by groves of trees, drooping with luscious figs, others with palm lanes and tulip beds; but most of them are as barren as

the sands of Sahara. The buildings are old whitewashed wooden structures, erected on cypress poles. Even the captain's bungalow is leaky and neglected. A muddy high-water mark from the last flood still defaces the rooms of one building, five feet above the floor level. Around the barnlike prison building the guards' quarters, the small office-building, and the cook-house form a large semicircular yard. Farther off the barns loom up, with the corrals and dog kennels, the cotton gin, the sorghum mill, and various shacks and shanties. Farthest away, the captain's residence stands aloof.

The Southern simplicity of life prior to the Civil War reigns once more in these remote and almost forgotten lowlands. To-day the swamps are deeper and wider; the underbrush, the cactus, and the Spanish moss that fringe the swamps are more impenetrable. The alligators, the rattlesnakes, the copperheads, the mosquitoes, and the malaria are more plentiful. The floods, that menace of the free-flowing rivulets of the cleared highlands farther north, are more frequent. Yet the simplicity is here, a benevolent or tyrannical despotism, as the case may be: vast, sun-baked cotton-fields; the single crop; free labor; masters, guards, bloodhounds, whips.

Again the century-old cypress log is hauled over the bog by oxen, their necks pulling at ropes and rawhide, and, turtle-fashion, their bodies crawling and falling to the darky's whip and curse. Again over the distant slave-trail the mule teams are pulling wagon trains of men from the last railroad stop — human beings strung together in grim clusters by a steel chain padlocked to their necks.

Here the saddle horse is still the standard of speed and convenience. In the swamps the Negro squatter, the Mexican peon, and the half-breed

Indian ride their nags and bronchos. Through miles of cotton-fields saddle horses carry the masters, on swift inspection trips — strong, proud men, with Mexican hats, square-toed Spanish high boots, with quirt, lasso, cartridge-belt, and six-shooter. And here the guards sit in the saddle the day long, each hugging a double-barreled shotgun, their eyes sweeping continuously along the hoe-squads that silently, in straight formation, attack the weeds and the boll weevil.

Decayed and inaccessible as these parts became after the fall of slavery, to-day the new order is patching up the damages. Bridges span the smaller rivers that border the present cotton-fields. How else should the bloodhounds and the man-hunters get across and pick up the trail of the fleeing convict? But on the wilder and more recently redeemed land the rivers are broad and swift. They overflow, with almost mathematical precision, to a height which not infrequently, even miles inland, traps a hundred men and as many floating treasure-chests within the huge sleeping-halls of each camp. There, of course, a bridge is out of the question; and instead, across the wild, picturesque river, a primitive raft, moored to a cable that spans the stream, floats back and forth, ingeniously pushed across by the flow of the current that strikes the diagonally moored hull. This raft is manned by a trusted 'lifer' and by his raccoon and armadillo pets. Through the sweltering days of summer and through the damp Gulf mists of winter, the old lifer has given many a poor soul his last ferry-ride.

But even a higher degree of ingenuity in the serious problem of transportation has been realized. Toward some of the southernmost prison lands — all of which, during a flood, become the bottom of a vast, turbulent sea that unites

with the Gulf of Mexico proper — a narrow-gauge railroad-spur winds inland over a stretch of swamp that is covered with shoals of dead fish during the dry season. A tiny hand-car — four wheels, with a plank to straddle, propelled at times by a sputtering engine, at other times by human hand-power, — connects this rejuvenated social system with the outside world.

At the very edge of these fertile swamps oil is oozing out of the mud. Fertile, I say; for, unbelievable as it may sound, I have seen telephone poles, barkless and stripped of roots and branches, erected through the marshes and cotton-fields to connect two prison farms, sprout and send forth twigs and foliage.

To-day the oil industry is closing in on the prison farms. Within earshot of two hundred prisoners in one of the camps a dozen pumps and drills hum day and night. In sight of the convicts a geyser suddenly gushes forth a stream of fluid gold. Unexpectedly an oil drill may strike a mine of natural gas; then for weeks a roaring column of smoke three hundred feet high will blow straight toward heaven, spreading a gray cloud-screen, like a sunshade sent by Providence, over the toilers in the cotton-field.

Almost overnight a modern oil industry is growing fabulously wealthy in sight of these isolated camps where I have seen a ten-foot alligator crawl out of the sewer creek and snatch a pig for breakfast — camps so backward that the problem of washing the convicts' coarse canvas clothing is solved by boiling it over bonfires on the banks of the creek, and beating it with a cudgel on a cypress stump, while water, dirt, and buttons swirl around the laundry trusty.

The oil fever has even crept into the prison camps. The cripples found in every camp, — those men who have

survived the buckshot of a guard's shotgun when they tried to escape, — these and others incapacitated by old age are at times detailed to drill for oil, a play as fascinating as poker. And Mother Earth has offered the various prison camps some of her queerest gifts: a luxurious, ever-flowing stream of scalding hot water, and a cool, equally rich stream of genuine sea water, both utilized in the sleeping-hall for the showers and bathing-pool; drinking-water of various qualities, some saturated with nauseating sulphur salts, some with salubrious iron-rust, some almost hot, some only lukewarm. As yet, no natural ice-water has been found in any of the camps, though I have been told that not many miles away an oil drill recently struck a subterranean spring with water that is too cold, when it reaches the surface, for immediate drinking-purposes.

And with all this natural wealth the difficulty of transportation is gradually decreasing. Here and there the automobile finds its way to the prison camp. I have even seen a small mail or passenger car running on rails and driven by steam or gasoline.

IV

Stimulating and pathetic is the comparison of the slave with the convict. For there are resemblances and contrasts, found not in the pigmentation only.

The twenty-three camps are not all alike. With over thirty-eight hundred convicts tilling one hundred and forty square miles — ninety thousand acres — of land, the various types of men inevitably do differentiate each camp. Generally speaking, the camps are divided into three groups according to the racial majority of their population — Negroes, Mexicans, and whites. These three groups are segregated, though it

is common to find several white convicts in each of the Negro camps, and vice versa. There are almost eighteen hundred Negro convicts, four hundred Mexicans, and seventeen hundred whites. And of the whites more than ninety-eight per cent are native-born Americans.

The Negro is an ideal servant, an ideal slave, an ideal convict. Some of the stronger ones thrive under the régime of whip and bloodhounds. How they fear both! A short sentence may even fatten them up a bit.

When on Sundays one hundred Negroes crouch together on the floor in the sleeping-hall and sing, 'I love to be in prison 'cause I found Jesus here,' young boys, white-haired Uncle Toms, and all the grades between, competing with another group of one hundred Negroes in the sleeping-hall across the picket, I actually envy them their present and previous bondage.

When in the dusk of dawn or in the hot sun of noon those same darkies run out of the prison yard like a herd of stampeded cattle, straining their legs and arms to the utmost for fear of being trampled down by the galloping guards, the earth shaking, the dust rising in thick clouds, the dogs barking wildly, I often wonder whether even an abolitionist could paint a more vivid picture of the old slave-plantation.

But it is during the days of cotton-picking, when the fields, the roads, and the camps are teeming with feverish activity every hour out of the twenty-four, and the Negro convicts, far superior as cotton-pickers to their Mexican and white brothers, are borrowed from camp to camp, that I behold the abolitionists' real picture of slave life, and incidentally Noah's curse: 'A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.'

The darky is, however, also blessed

with the innocence of childhood. Seldom does he pule and fret like his chocolate-colored mulatto brethren. Not one half of several hundred heavily sentenced Negroes could tell me when their term expired, and only a few more than half were able to tell me how many years they had been imprisoned. What are a few paltry years more or less to children?

The Mexicans are a sensitive, high-strung group, a seething horde when they are aroused, who suffer inconceivable tortures in their narrow, unhealthy quarters, used as they are to roaming in the open spaces. Often in the dead of night, and at the slightest provocation, they explode in an outburst of frenzy that grows into violent riot, squelched only by the charge of a six-shooter. Even when they sit gently and peacefully in the sleeping-hall, whittling exquisite crucifixes out of peach stones or crocheting beaded handbags for their sweethearts across the Rio Grande, their nostrils dilate and their eyes flare at the sound of the footsteps of the watch in the picket. Neither whip nor hounds bend their proud spirit. But years of hard labor in the cotton-field have broken the older men, who sit on the floor among the rest, staring into space, rocking their crumbling bodies.

The guards fear the Mexican convicts. The captain more than once, to my knowledge, has risked his life attempting to quell their emotions with the whip. And their ingenuity in making successful escapes will demoralize an entire camp for a week.

The emotional outbursts of the Negro and the Mexican camps do not occur on the eight or nine prison farms tilled by whites. Racially these seventeen hundred white convicts form an unusually homogeneous group of Anglo-Saxon Americans. Half of them are natives of the State. Eighty-two per

cent were born south of Mason and Dixon's line. Only eleven per cent claim foreign-born parents. Over fifty per cent claim American-born grandparents. They are the sons or grandsons of frontiersmen in a State fertile and vast, still sparsely settled, a State that before the Civil War flew no less than five different flags during the century; and where, in spite of modern cities and rich, scientifically developed natural resources, the horse and the gun to-day are as common as in the early days of Buffalo Bill.

But though the whites are less demonstrative than the Negro and the Mexican convicts, a bitter hatred surcharges their soul. They suffer more from a whipping than their tissue-torn skin indicates — mental agonies, spiritual losses. And those of the white convicts on the old slave-plantations who survive their prison term reënter society infuriated, and thirsting for revenge.

The prison guards are often inferior mentally to the white men whom they drive through the cotton-fields. And though none of these guards to-day are as cruel as Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* they are as inhuman as an average small man can be who is given authoritative power over a group of defenseless human beings in an irritating semitropical climate. His caprice is law. His complaint against a convict means a flogging.

It is the guards that the white convict resents the most. For the greatest degradation possible for the Southerner is to be driven to the cotton-fields like the slaves of his forefathers. There is no sadder sight in these United States of America than that of two hundred young white prisoners dragging themselves off to the cotton-field, with armed guards riding at a safe distance behind. It is like coming across one's own son, helpless and in distress in a

strange country, and not being able to aid him.

More discrimination is shown in the small camp of the women convicts. There the white inmates, thirty-five in number, are treated as humanely as the women convicts in the more modern prisons of the North — perhaps more so. During the day they work in the sewing-rooms, making the canvas clothing that is worn by the male convicts. Only the Negresses march to the fields, hoe on shoulder, a guard behind each squad. Even the flogging has lately been abandoned, though an old captain of one of the Negro camps remarked to me: 'I've burned the back of many a nigger girl in my day. They're perverts and degenerates. The whip cures that.' And he quoted the Bible to clinch his dogmatizing.

Probably some of them are degenerates; but is it any wonder? Sixty-five Negresses of all ages are huddled together in one room in a dilapidated, ill-smelling wooden building, with a number of babies crawling and crying on the floor. In this crowded room there is a constant chatter. Often at night there are fights from jealousy, perhaps because two Negresses on their way home from the field both wanted to carry the hoe for a tired mulatto flapper, or because one Negress steals an innocent kiss from the lips of a rival's girl friend.

Not infrequently do they have a fracas in the field, hacking one another with their hoes, and even threatening the guards for interfering in their family affairs.

The children here are no respecters of persons. The captain's lovely daughter plays in the prison yard with the Negro babies. They cry when she is called to lunch, and she cries when they are locked up at night with their mothers. Ardently she hurries through her meal to get back to her playmates.

V

Our abolitionist friends told us years ago that slavery was wrong because the slave, a human being, had been deprived of his free will. Hence, slavery was abolished. Our scientific friends of this mechanistic era tell us that punishment is wrong because the offender never was endowed with a free will, and therefore cannot justly be held responsible for his evil doings. Is it possible that our scientists are right, and that these convicts are largely irresponsible? I am trying in this sketch to be descriptive rather than interpretative. But though I am able to offer some direct testimony, pro and con, on that question, I shrink from being both witness and judge.

Most of the material in my notebook I find unprintable; and much of it is too poignant for the sensitive reader. Yet, to convey a picture of the real convict one must get under his skin, since his pigmentation labels him only racially.

Even the more orthodox defenders of free will to-day admit that man's responsibility varies, not only with his own mental and physical strength, but also, to a large extent, with the nature and might of the external forces that are aiding or harming him in his struggle to keep himself alive — individually and racially. Therefore, as evidence for determining the degree of responsibility of an offender, at least three factors seem to be necessary: the external situation leading up to the offense, the mental status of the offender, and the physical status of the offender. Regarding the convicts here, I should like to present to the reader briefs of these three factors.

Their health is probably as accurate a measure of their physical strength as it is possible to convey. According to the unprejudiced testimony of sixty-

five prominent medical men of the State who, under the able direction of the past president of the State Medical Association, recently examined 3800 men and women prisoners in these camps, 891 convicts were found to suffer from syphilis, 122 from tuberculosis, 421 from diseases and severe defects of the eyes, — 112 from disease enough to cause blindness unless properly treated, — 365 from gastrointestinal diseases, 10 from intestinal ulcer, 27 from appendicitis, 1477 from diseases of the nose and throat, and 2847 from diseases and defects of the mouth, teeth, and gums. And these are not all the figures.

Such appalling physical weakness could not have originated entirely in the camps, though no doubt it has been aggravated here, perhaps not so much from medical neglect as from the severe toil of the convict in the cotton-field. As yet the prison camp is no health resort, but some attempts, at least, have been made to preserve the convict's life — better attempts even than under the old régime, when a slave was worth a little fortune and therefore was given medical aid almost as readily as his master.

Many of the prison officials are humane. I have seen a captain with his guards and trustees try to save the life of a dying saddle-horse, and for hours ease its suffering, even to the extent of fanning the mosquitoes away from its feverish nostrils. And I have seen a dying white convict in a hospital bed receive almost equally good care, though perhaps a little less sympathy. If not infrequently a sun-struck convict be dragged out of the cotton-field dead, it is not due to medical neglect so much as to a weak body, breaking down in a severe environment. For behind every picket a convict doles out medicine to those who are too ill to walk into the cotton-fields. Often a

country doctor makes a hasty emergency call at the camps. To-day the statute even provides that a medical man be present during the flogging of a convict.

Another staff of experts has recently investigated the mental status of 3500 of these same convicts. The psychiatrist reports that five per cent are demented or have deteriorated mentally. Besides these, he found that one fourth of all the convicts examined were so unstable emotionally or so warped in their personality that they had lost the ability to adapt themselves to any socialized system. The psychologists report that ten per cent are feeble-minded. Another twelve per cent are endowed with an intelligence-level bordering on that of the feeble-minded.

The psychiatric workers, tabulating the literacy and the industrial efficiency of these convicts, found that twenty per cent of the 3500 convicts were illiterate; that another twenty per cent had attended school one, two, or three years. Twenty per cent of the whites were unable or barely able to read and write. Double the number of Negroes belong in the same category. Another twenty per cent of the whites have had full or partial high-school training. Almost an equal number of whites — the identical ones, in fact — are skilled workers. As a general rule, these convicts endowed with average or higher intelligence are found in the group handicapped on the emotional side.

All in all, the mental weakness, as determined by these percentages of demented and psychopathic, deteriorated and feeble-minded convicts, is not equaled anywhere save in our State hospitals.

A column of statistics cannot reproduce a perspective of human life and its weakness; still, perhaps these ugly

statistical witnesses may aid the reader in passing judgment on the frail human clay in these prison camps.

VI

In presenting the third factor for determining the convict's responsibility, — the external situation leading up to his offense, — my material is of such variety that it hardly lends itself to statistical classification or to a brief that would cover the general cases, and still less to any logical literary form.

Suppose, therefore, I submit an abbreviated catalogue of answers from some of the 3500 convicts, of whom I asked the questions, 'What did you do?' and 'Why did you do it?' Most of the answers may convey to the reader, as they did to the writer, vivid pictures that lend themselves readily to interpretation.

The convicts answer the questions frankly. Very few insist that they are innocent, though fewer still admit that they deserve their punishment. Here I find boys who in their early youth were sent to the reformatory for delinquency and later to the county jails for thefts; who were arrested a dozen times for drinking, gambling, vagrancy, fighting, speeding, and disturbance of the peace. Some of them are even serving their second sentence in the prison. They have wandered about a great deal and have never been regularly employed. They are the type that later, when graduated, join the army of professionals, nine tenths of whom are always at liberty at any one time.

The professional criminal, the hero of the younger convict, is perhaps the most interesting individual here. But since his type has been studied extensively by criminologists in Italy, Germany, and England, and since he is in a minority on these prison farms,

I shall pass him over briefly. He is generally a strong, mature man, who likes to brag about his outlaw skill.

I held up a gambling-den and raked in the stakes, and shot a man who looked back too soon.

I held up a diner single-handed, and was caught with the booty soon after I jumped off the train.

I killed a man and got ninety-nine years, but got pardoned. Then I forged some checks and got pardoned again. This time I got four years. And now we have a poor Governor. He pardons nobody.

There is another class of professional, greater in number as convicts, but weak and unskilled in their profession, who always regret their crooked deeds as soon as they are caught.

I've served three terms here and fourteen in the county jails. At nine I began in the reformatory. I am now twenty-five, and I have been at liberty only one year.

I was five times in the pen for stealing. But now I'm going to quit the game, because I am fifty, and because I have had bad luck since 1905.

By far the greatest number of professionals I find among the bootleggers; and most of these I am loath to call criminals — shaggy old rent-farmers, caught with a rusty still in the woods, pale bell-hops from the city hotels, and a few prosperous importers.

First time I was in trouble I killed a fellow in a fight and got freed, because I had a lawyer. Second time, a man found a quart of whiskey under my coat; and I got three years.

I sold thirty-five drinks to my friends. And I gets thirty-five years, a year for each drink, because the district attorney promised to free me if I told him the names of all my friends.

The majority of the prison population consists of casual or occasional offenders, scores of young lads who tried to forge a small check, clerks who erred, more responsible business men who speculated carelessly, a few bigamists, and a great number of petty thieves.

I tried to cash a ten-dollar check.

I broke into a store and stole myself eight suits of clothes and three pairs of shoes that all fitted me. And I got four years.

A big nigger told the judge I 'highwayed' him and stole three cents from him. I only asked him to tell me the road to town. And I got five years.

The first time, I busted a door and stole myself a girl and ran away and married her. I paid \$14.85 fine for the damages done. The second time, I stole a little hog and ate him. And I got five years for that.

My first wife died; my second wife refused to divorce me; and my third wife is worth the two years I spend here for bigamy.

From the time of Moses the law has fallen heavily upon the sex-offender.

I kissed a rich American girl, señor. Fifteen years must I pay for that kiss.

A thin, epileptic wreck of a Negro, with three scarlet letters, C-U-T, branded deep into his cheeks and forehead, tells me: 'I did n't do it. I did n't do it.' And he shakes his head wearily.

The answers of seven hundred murderers who replied to my questions were almost all answers like that of Snowball: an irritating situation, a fight, a rented gun, a murder. *Ira furor brevis est.*

I bought a dog from a boy. And his brother loved that dog, so he shoots it

because I own it; and he shoots me too. I shot him down.

A man stole my eleven dollars. I fought him with my gun to get back my money.

A bad nigger said I owed him two bits, which I did n't. The next morning was Sunday, and I took my shotgun with me to church to defend myself. We had a fight outside the church.

During the fight, often the wrong person gets killed. And occasionally no fight takes place at all.

I was arguing with my wife's father about a fence, and we began to shoot each other. Then my wife ran between us; and she ran right into one of the bullets.

I shot at my wife's sweetheart, and a bullet hit my wife's head because she shielded him.

I killed my sister in 1909 by fooling with a gun. I asked the Governor to pardon me when he was here last. 'I've been here fifteen years,' I told him. But he answered me like this: 'And your sister that you shot has been dead fifteen years.'

The situation, however, is often graver than that of Snowball.

My friend was kissing my wife; and he says to me: 'Friendship and love are two different things.' So I shot him.

I got 116 years for fighting with my wife, her mother, and my sweetheart. I shot them all three dead.

No one can prove that the rented gun, found in the hip pocket of every free man in the State, from the feeble-minded Negro drunkard to the senator, is the prime cause of these accidental crimes of anger. Nor is it possible to prove that a Sullivan Law would save one third of the Negroes and not a few of the whites from these prison farms. However, if the convicts are telling the truth, — and I believe most of them are, for I have checked their answers

with the official prison records, — then the gun, 'rented for ninety-nine years' from the hardware stores in the State, plays an important rôle in almost all the murder cases. There are a few exceptions, but only a few, where the knife plays the rôle.

That nigger loved my sweetheart too. We had a little scrimmage. I cut him in the head, once only. And he died in ten minutes.

There are other exceptions, a few cases where environmental factors might be excluded as the primary cause. The law of chance would hardly give any man more than one kill in his lifetime, even in a State where guns are as popular as food and clothes. When a convict repeats a murder it may, therefore, not be improper first to look for the primary cause in his mental and physical make-up.

I got fifty years for killing a man. I got fifty years more for killing another man. I got five years more for killing a third man. And I got eleven years the fourth time for felonious assault. I got pardoned three times, but not this time, and I did n't even kill him.

The premeditated murder, which we are accustomed to think the most horrible of all crimes, is rare indeed. The offender committing a crime of this type is generally during the act moved by an abnormal emotional tide which for a time floods the avenues of his intellect; or either his intellect or his emotions may be deteriorated.

I could n't get along with my wife, so I decided to kill her. We went into the cotton-field, where I shot her. I went right back and gave myself up.

I soaked my husband's sweetheart in gasoline and stuck fire to her.

Among convicts charged with the crime of murder or manslaughter, a

few persistently claim that they are innocent. Some of those are bitter; others pose as martyrs; some are agitated like trapped animals. They usually shed tears when they tell their story.

I knowed nothing about the murder. A man was robbed and killed. And the next morning the sheriff grabbed me and nearly hung me up. I swear to Almighty God I never saw the man. I knowed nothing about it until the sheriff came. And here I am for life.

Such are the songs of these children in captivity.

If the scientist is correct in his assumption that the great majority of offenders are irresponsible, then punishment is fundamentally wrong. And it is but a matter of time when all

the State prisons in the Union will be converted into clinics or clearing-houses for the socially maladjusted individuals. In fact it seems as if this conversion is already on the way.

But granting that the scientist offers too scanty proof for his assumption, and the reader accepts the more orthodox view, 'degrees of responsibility,' even then the punitive methods of our prison farms are doomed. The severest indictment flung at slavery by the imaginative abolitionist declares that it is a sin against God and man; whether it be legalized or not, to deprive a human being of his liberty and utilize him for mercenary purposes as a beast of burden. And no modern State can afford to condone prison conditions which fall under this indictment.

THE SANCTITY OF LAW

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

A GREAT Chief Justice of Massachusetts once said, 'Obedience to law is liberty,' and intended thereby, as I understand his words, to express the nature of liberty in terms of law. At the present time, much is being spoken and written in the United States about the menace of a growing disrespect for the sanctity of law, and much is likewise being spoken and written about the menace of a growing disrespect for the sanctity of liberty. If, therefore, there is such a connection between liberty and law as to warrant the definition of one in terms of the other, we ought to ask ourselves what this connection is. Or, to put the question less generally, if

liberty is indeed obedience to law, we ought to ask ourselves what law is and whence comes that sanctity which it is said to possess.

I

The story of Robinson Crusoe may be regarded, for political purposes, as a parable in two parts. The first part is concerned with Crusoe alone upon his island. The poet has made him say that he was monarch of all he surveyed and that his right there was none to dispute; but his monarchy consisted of an uninhabited wilderness, and if there was none to dispute his right there was likewise none to assert it or to whom it

might be asserted. Such a right is, in effect, no right at all.

In the second part of the story, Crusoe and Friday lived together on the island. The coming of Friday converted a solitude into a sovereign State, and Crusoe, like Louis XIV, was the State. Instead of shooting Friday, as he might have done, Crusoe told him that he might keep his life so long as he behaved himself in a specified way. What happened was not the proposal of a contract, but the publication of a constitution. The assent of Friday did not matter in the least. Because Crusoe had a gun, he had absolute power, — that is to say, sovereignty, — and a constitution is the declaration of a self-limited sovereignty. If Crusoe had afterward revoked the constitution and had shot Friday, the result would have been a sin, but not a crime. On the other hand, if Friday had attempted to kill Crusoe, the result would have been treason if he had failed and revolution if he had succeeded. A revolution is either an actual shifting of sovereignty or a practical demonstration that the power theretofore believed to be sovereign is not really so.

Now the situation of Crusoe and Friday is, in miniature, that which has always existed and must always exist in every sovereign State, and it suggests the inevitable answer to the question as to what law is. Law is the voice of sovereignty, and the essence of sovereignty is power. In the field of politics there are no 'unalienable rights,' because in the last analysis the power which grants a right can necessarily take it away. I do not think for a moment that the framers of the Declaration of Independence meant to assert the contrary. To suppose that they did so is to misread the very words of the declaration which they signed. When men take up arms, protesting that they do so to defend rights with

which they have been 'endowed by their Creator,' they are not talking politics. Such men stand exactly where Friday would have stood if he had attacked Crusoe with a club, — exactly where history shows that the framers of the Declaration of Independence actually did stand, — that is, on the brink of revolution. Revolutions may be spoken of as political phenomena only in the way in which miracles may be spoken of as natural phenomena. They are outside of politics, just as miracles are outside of nature, and they are to be justified or condemned in the light of history and on moral rather than political grounds.

Nor is the essential quality of sovereignty different in a democracy from what it is in any other form of State. We are accustomed to speak of a system of checks and balances as one of the characteristics of our American form of democracy. The powers of Congress are limited by those of the President, and the powers of both Congress and the President are defined by the Supreme Court. In addition, various rights and immunities are expressly guaranteed, in whole or in part, by the Constitution of the United States. But a system of checks and balances and a bill of rights are no more than effective limitations upon the organs of government. Since the days of the Medes and the Persians, no people has been so foolish as to suppose that there can be, in logic or in fact, a law or a constitution which cannot be amended. If a constitutional provision set up the Supreme Court, a constitutional provision can strike it down; and if Congress is prohibited by the Constitution from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, the authority which declared that prohibition yesterday can revoke it tomorrow. There is somewhere in every sovereign State absolute, unlimited, and

illimitable power, and from the decrees of this power the citizen of a democracy, as well as the subject of a monarchy or aristocracy, has, of necessity, no lawful protection and can take no lawful appeal.

And yet there is, as all men are aware, some vital and tremendous difference — reflected and expressed in a sort of fundamental optimism, whether well or ill founded — which distinguishes a democracy from a monarchy or an aristocracy more widely than either of these political forms is to be distinguished from the other. This difference is not to be found in the quality of sovereignty in a democracy, but rather in the source of it. For if, in a monarchy or an aristocracy, one man or a few men have sovereign power and the people are subject to them, in a democracy sovereign and subjects are, by definition, the same. The people are conceived as making those very laws which they are bound to obey. 'The people,' said John Marshall, in *Cohens vs. Virginia*, 'made the Constitution and the people can unmake it. It is the creature of their own will and lives only by their will. But this supreme and irresistible power to make or unmake resides only in the whole body of the people, not in any subdivision of them.'

Just here, expressed in the classic language of a great democrat and a great conservative, we come face to face with the nature of that sort of law to which obedience is liberty. There is no intrinsic sanctity in the decree of a monarch or the vote of a majority. In either case, the law laid down is merely good or bad according to the facts. But the law of a people is a holy law because it finds its authority and verification in the hearts of those who are called upon to obey it. *When men obey such a law they are free men, because they command themselves.*

II

But for some reason it is just now the fashion to speak of law made by 'the whole body of the people' as if it existed only in Utopian dreams. If this is so, it is high time that we Americans set about revising some of our traditional forms of expression. There is no reason why the preamble to the Constitution of the United States should be in the first person plural if the people of the United States cannot come to a conclusion about the fundamentals of their general welfare or 'ordain and establish' a constitution; or why our writs should run in the name and by the authority of the people of the United States if the name has no correspondence with any actual authority. There is no meaning in our references to 'the representatives of the people of the United States in Congress assembled' if the office of Congress is no other than to enact those statutes which a triumphant majority of electors will compel the minority to obey. In short, it is merely nonsense to talk about the popular will if the people do not have a will, or about public opinion if the public cannot form an opinion.

But, as a matter of fact, common law — if I may use that phrase, not in its technical sense, but to mean that sort of law which is made by 'the whole body of the people' — has no relation to the dreams of the makers of Utopias. For better or worse, it is one of the most real and practical things under the sun, — as real and practical as that common sense of which it is the legislative product, — and all the major sanctions of our penal code are founded upon it.

Most people, for example, do not kill their neighbors or burn their neighbors' houses or steal their neighbors' goods, and, in consequence, we are all agreed

that murder, arson, and robbery ought to be punished as crimes. Almost no one disputes these conclusions, least of all the very small percentage of persons who do, in fact, commit murder or arson or robbery. Even in the midst of the vile sort of sentimentality which sometimes surrounds a sensational murder trial, no special pleader is heard to argue, even by implication, that murderers ought to go unpunished. He only argues that, for some reason or other, his client is not really to be regarded as a murderer at all. In effect, this argument means that most persons in like situation with the defendant would have done exactly what he did. In the usual case, the argument is a bad one because it is not true — most persons in like situation with the defendant would not have done what he did. The technical objection to defenses based upon the so-called 'unwritten law' is that it is not written, but in the majority of cases the real objection is that it is not law.

What is even more important than the fact that most people do not commit crimes is the further fact that most people do not wish to commit them. The deepest of all the differences between the average good citizen and the average criminal is not a difference in will-power or self-control, but rather in the line of conduct which each is instinctively moved to follow. Where there is little will to obey, there is little obedience among either good citizens or criminals, and anyone doubting this may, I think, profitably ask himself how many laws he has actually been tempted to break and what the result of his temptation was. There is a statute in my own state which forbids the operation of an automobile, under any circumstances, at a rate of speed greater than thirty miles per hour. This statute sets up a purely *a priori*

standard of safety, which is at variance with that determined by current practice and judgment, and the consequence is that most owners of automobiles, who have habitually driven at speeds in excess of thirty miles per hour and believe that they have done so with entire safety to themselves and others, pay no attention to the statute. On the other hand, the great prohibitions of the penal code are founded upon a consensus of opinion and conduct just short of unanimity. If a man steals my purse he is said to be a robber — that is to say, a criminal. But if he sees no reason why he should not steal it he is said to be a kleptomaniac — that is to say, a madman.

But the effective obligation of law made by the whole body of the people is not limited to those subjects on which its terms have been incorporated and expressed in some formal statute or decree. No such statute, for example, enjoins the payment of what are sometimes called 'debts of honor' — or, less euphemistically, gambling-debts. Indeed, the whole of our legislative and judicial logic is against their collection. If I seek to recover a thousand dollars on a note, the statutes will place at my disposal the courts with their writs and the sheriff with his bailiffs. I can seize and sell my debtor's tangible property and I can attach debts due him by others, including, in some states, his wages and earnings. As a last resort, I can go into the courts of the United States and procure the appointment of a trustee in bankruptcy to take charge of his estate. But if I seek to recover a thousand dollars on a bet the statutes will not help me at all. And yet, year in and year out, the most carefully managed corporation, which investigates and reinvestigates every customer to whom it extends credit, cannot, with all the machinery of the courts within its reach, collect so large

a proportion of its debts as any gambler can collect without lifting a finger.

I am not arguing for or against the morality of gambling or of paying gambling-debts, any more than I was arguing, a moment ago, as to the wisdom or safety of driving automobiles at any particular speed. I am only concluding the last of three observations of fact, which may be restated as follows. In the first place, when the requirements of a statute are the same as those of common opinion, as in the case of high crimes and misdemeanors, the statute is almost universally obeyed. In the second place, when the requirements of a statute are greater than those of common opinion, as in the case of the operation of automobiles, the statute is disobeyed by nearly all those who are without the will to obey it. In the third place, when the requirements of a statute are less than those of common opinion, as in the case of gambling-debts, the latter is, nevertheless, almost universally obeyed, and it would seem — perhaps perversely — a little the more willingly because all the implications of the statute are the other way.

III

But those who assert that disrespect for law is one of the greatest of the ills from which our body politic is suffering do not always, or indeed often, refer to things done or omitted in violation of laws founded upon a general judgment and experience. On the contrary, they profess, without distinction or reservation, a belief in the principles of obedience to law and of law enforcement, and their expression of these principles ranges all the way from the recent declaration of a public lecturer that 'all lawbreakers are traitors' to the characterization as a 'dangerous doctrine' of any suggestion that a man may

break the law and remain a good citizen. All such statements depend upon a proposition in morals that seems to me to be untrue — namely, that every law ought to be obeyed; and upon a proposition in politics that likewise seems to me to be untrue, at least in a democracy — namely, that every statute, when duly adopted, necessarily becomes a real law and can be enforced as such.

The proposition that, as a matter of morals, every law ought to be obeyed will not bear historical examination for a moment. So far as treason is concerned, it would, of course, be easy to answer that the ordinary lawbreaker is not a traitor in the legal sense of that word. But nearly all the great heroes in English and American history, from the barons at Runnymede to George Washington, were revolutionists and traitors in very truth, and we reckon them the better men on that account, because posterity has concluded that they were ethically justified in revolution. Indeed, all our traditions affirm that laws ought to be subjected to a sort of moral referendum, and that, if a law is bad enough, forcible resistance and, if need be, treason are the parts of the hero and the patriot.

That good men sometimes break the law is, therefore, much less a doctrine than a fact. On the whole, it has been one of the characteristic and hopeful facts in the annals of Anglo-Saxon civilization on two continents and for more than a thousand years. Moreover, whether as doctrine or fact, it is in every way less dangerous than its opposite. The record of nations convinced that duty requires a blind obedience to every law and willing to act accordingly is a record of domestic tyranny or of foreign aggression, or of both. It is the record of every one of the Mohammedan States, of Sparta, and, in part at least, of Germany in the

years that ended with the close of the Great War. The world might perhaps spare its lawgivers like Justinian, but it can never spare its lawbreakers like John Brown. And so in the field of morals no casuist can say more than that men ought to obey those laws whose commands are righteous and disobey those laws whose commands are evil.

But in the field of politics no philosopher can say more than that men must obey the voice of sovereignty or rebel against it, and that every rebellion must certainly fail and be crushed or succeed as a revolution. Now, if we ask ourselves where sovereign power is to be found in the United States, we must answer, in the whole body of the people; and if we ask ourselves further wherein the American people is said to be without respect for law, we must answer, for the most part in the violation of precisely those statutes which do not represent the popular will and which sometimes do not even represent the will of a popular majority. But if sovereign power resides in the whole body of the people of the United States, it must follow, as a matter of politics, that those statutes which do not represent the popular will are not really laws, and that their adoption means nothing except that the machinery of representation has temporarily failed to function properly and has belied the will which it was called into being to express. It must also follow that such statutes cannot be enforced, because, if they could be enforced, the result would be *imperium in imperio*, — the 'supreme and irresistible power' of sovereignty existing at the same time in the whole body of the people and also in a 'subdivision of them,' — which is a political absurdity. This is, indeed, perfectly obvious on principle, but, upon a little consideration, it points the way to the truth about the source

and the significance of much legislation that is inexpressive of the popular will.

For the truth is that there are high-minded and influential men and women in the United States who have no confidence in democracy, and who seek to substitute for it an oligarchy founded upon wisdom, although they do not make use of that phrase. They honestly believe, for example, that if it were scientifically demonstrated that, by standing on our heads for one hour each day, we could become the parents of children who would grow to be seven feet tall and to a proportionally increased mental stature, and who would live for a hundred and fifty years, that fact alone would justify the enactment of a statute requiring all citizens to stand on their heads for one hour each day. I am not attempting to discredit a respectable theory by a foolish illustration. I am only concerned to set down in plain words what that theory means in terms of politics. If a statute in the suggested form were adopted in the United States and could actually be enforced, those unregenerate citizens who unwillingly stood on their heads for the required hour each day would certainly be obedient, and in due time they might become the ancestors of a race of supermen. But two conclusions are beyond the reach of controversy — they would not be free, and they would not be living in a democracy.

And so, things being as they are, nothing remains except to make the inevitable personal application. In this connection, as in every other, it is the essence of the adventure of life that one must act at one's peril. If I am incapable of making any distinction between my own goods and my neighbor's it is certain that I shall end my life in a madhouse or a jail, no matter what ultimate judgment posterity may

pass upon our theory of property. As Voltaire said long ago, 'He who does not have the spirit of his own age has the sum of all misfortunes.' But if I am so fortunate as to share with my fellow citizens their fundamental convictions about good and bad behavior I must, for the rest, proceed as well as I can, guided by that common sense of which a sense of humor is a not inconsiderable part, and which sometimes suggests a judicious mixture of the cardinal and connected virtues of prudence and fortitude.

There is no sanctity and, as I see it, very little sense in a statute forbidding the operation of an automobile at more than thirty miles an hour, and yet, if I owned an automobile, there are a number of considerations which might induce me not to violate the statute. I might be willing to coöperate with any effort, even an ill-founded one, intended to promote safety of travel; or I might prefer to subject myself to a small personal inconvenience rather than add anything to the steadily growing discredit of all the products of formal legislation; or, finally, I might think it foolish to run the risk of being fined in respect to a matter which is of little consequence one way or the other. But if I had a child, and a constitutional amendment were to be passed forbidding anyone to assert the truth of the theory of evolution, I should break

that amendment because I should think it morally wrong not to teach my child what seems to me to be true. I ought to have the courage to break it at all costs, and in spite of every sort of penalty. But the fact is that I should probably not be called upon to suffer any penalty, because no such statute could possibly be enforced in the United States except where people did not believe in evolution and where its enforcement would, therefore, be a matter of no moment, just as the Fifteenth Amendment cannot be enforced except in that part of the country where its enforcement is a matter of no moment.

This is so, not because any right can be beyond the reach of the sovereign power, but because the sovereign power in the United States is the people's will, and where the people have no will to command they can, of necessity, have no will to obey. Neither, in such case, can there be sanctity in any amendment or statute, however regularly adopted, nor any liberty in obedience.

And for myself I am content to have it so. The foolishness of the people is sometimes wiser than the wisdom of the few. Even if this were not so, I would rather be taught by wise men than be ruled by them. This is another way of saying that liberty is worth the price of a little foolishness.

VOL. 137 — NO. 5

B

HIPPOCLIDES DOES N'T CARE

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

THERE comes a moment to any climber when the height he has attained translates itself into the distance he may have to fall. Clisthenes, King of Sicyon, experienced this moment as his span of four white mares sprang past the boundary post and made him winner of the chariot race at Olympia, under the eyes of all Greece.

The chariot race at Olympia was a rich man's event, since none but kings and millionaires could breed or buy the necessary horses. Winning it therefore carried a social connotation over and above the distinction that might be achieved by any young whippersnapper whose good body, steady mind, and persistent painful training should enable him to crown his sweating forehead with a wreath of olive leaves. This, at any rate, was the way that Clisthenes looked at it.

Although Clisthenes was the fourth of his line to reign in Sicyon, he was conscious that he was still regarded as a newcomer. The conquered Dorians of his realm outnumbered his Achæans by three to one, and they were ill folk to hold down. To meet open rebellion and secret plot was in every day's work for Clisthenes. His little kingdom was surrounded by powerful Dorian states that resented the subjection of their brothers, and made him uncomfortable by every means known to diplomacy, from the apparently harmless organization of All-Dorian religious festivals to actual threats of intervention.

And Clisthenes had no son. It remained incredible to him that he of all men had been able to beget no offspring but one slender girl. He had bored the oracles with applications and smothered them with gifts; he had consulted doctors, osteopaths, faith healers, and occultists. He had tried a variety of diets and of wives. But he had no son.

In his peculiar position this misfortune hit him hard. Though he was far from being an imaginative man, his great desire and need had projected itself into a shadowy ideal son who was his confidant, his collaborator, and the extension of his ego, who would survive him and rid him of the feeling that death ends all.

He had come to Olympia with a practical plan in his mind for acquiring the next best thing to a son of his own. Of course the charm of the ideal son of his body was that he would have been a second Clisthenes. In spite of a reasonable amount of experience and a shrewd observation of other men's sons, he held the naïve conviction that his own son would have thought and willed as his father thought and willed — would have been, in fact, simply a second organism directed by the emotions and purposes of Clisthenes. This convenient state of things he could not hope to achieve by his plan, but a considerable amount of help and ease must accrue to him, he reasoned, if he should wed his daughter to the most

promising young man that Greece at that day had to offer.

His primary requirement was ability and his second was serious ambition. Of course there were minor ones: the young man must be healthy and presentable in appearance and manners, and if he brought a little money and a little family prestige, that would do no harm. But the essential was that he should have the brain to assimilate Clisthenes' idea and the character ruthlessly to push toward its accomplishment.

The winning of the chariot race, therefore, — which to many of the spectators doubtless seemed an end in itself so satisfying that the victor might hold his life justified without further effort, — was to Clisthenes merely the foothold from which he was to make the last spring of his slippery climb. While he was still the hero of the hour, he made the famous announcement that was carried to all the homes of Greece as one of the most interesting items of the news of the games. Far and wide the criers shouted his proclamation: —

'Whoever among the Greeks deems himself worthy to become the son-in-law of Clisthenes, let him come sixty days hence — or, if he will, sooner — to Sicyon; for within a year's time, counting from the end of the sixty days, Clisthenes will decide on the man to whom he shall contract his daughter.'

During the closing hours of the meeting at Olympia, this proclamation was discussed by the young men to the overshadowing of all other themes. The defeated contestants in the various events had even more trouble than usual to secure listeners to their explanations of why they had not won, and the victors had not the usual train of admirers and the envious to hang upon their words in the hope of learning the secret of success. In knots and

in couples, the flower of the youth of Greece analyzed and commented on the proposal of Clisthenes.

In a rough-and-ready way the position and the character of Clisthenes were well understood by people in general. Of the various dynasties of autocratic kings that had sprung up here and there in the last hundred years, this which he represented had as fair a reputation as any for decency of procedure. The bloody cruelty which marked some of them had never been employed at Sicyon. But the justice of the claim to rule was as questionable as elsewhere, and its very clemency smacked of weakness; at the worst it was timidity, at the best it was a bourgeois scruple. Even in the flush of his victory there was felt to be something absurd about Clisthenes; he was an outsider. Still, he was a reigning monarch, a rich man and an able one. The offer was very tempting to many a younger son and many an obscure young man from the less-regarded parts of Hellas. And then Clisthenes let it be known that he had made ready a foot-course and a wrestling-ground, so that the affair would be a prolonged sporting-event with all expenses paid. Many young men asked nothing better, and they signed up at once.

But the most distinguished youths hung back, not certain whether it was one of those things that are done. This kept Clisthenes in cruel suspense. If his offer attracted only the second-rate, he resolved to find a pretext for withdrawing. It was not until the hour of departure was at hand that the matter was settled, when it became known that Hippoclidides of Athens had sent in his name as a competitor. Now Hippoclidides was considered to be the wealthiest and handsomest young man in Athens. These qualifications were not at the top of Clisthenes' scale, but they weighed heavily with his

contemporaries. Whatever Hippocli-
des did became the fashion, and every
unmarried Greek of any pretensions
hastened to enroll himself as a candi-
date for the post of son-in-law to
Clisthenes.

A second young Athenian, Megacles,
of a rich and noble family, an intimate
and admirer of Hippocli-
des, gave in his name because his friend did, but
he had misgivings. As they journeyed
home together, he said to Hippocli-
des, 'If one should come out ahead in this
free-for-all, would one have to accept
the prize?'

'It would take a good deal of moral
courage not to,' answered Hippocli-
des, laughing.

'I wish I could see the girl first,' said
Megacles.

II

When the sixty days had expired and
all the candidates were assembled, they
found that Clisthenes had organized
a highly agreeable form of existence for
them. Means were at hand for every
kind of sport; periodic contests were
held to stimulate competition, and the
young men fought jealously for places
in the methodically kept lists. The
details of these tournaments Clisthenes
left to the suitors themselves. They
appointed their own handicapping com-
mittees, their own umpires, and their
own judges. This gave them a pleasant
sense of freedom, while it enabled Clis-
thenes to judge them in various lights.
Their impression was that his eye was
fixed on the score; in reality he was
observing the play of character as it
appeared in their arrangements, the
temper with which victory and defeat
were met, and most of all the inevitable
effect of natural power of leadership
in bringing certain youths to the front
and making their ideas prevail.

Every day a sumptuous banquet was
spread, at which Clisthenes himself was

present, and here he noted narrowly the
reactions of his guests to the pleasures
of the table and their aptitude for social
intercourse. Sometimes a man who had
done well at throwing the discus or at
the high jump in the morning lost more
than he had gained by bragging about
it at night, while a good loser rose
above him in Clisthenes' private list.
Their general intelligence the king
tested by starting topics dealing with
history or with the administration of
states or with the productive arts; and
he did not rely solely on table talk in
this investigation, for he knew that
many a man of ability is shy of speech
in company, so he singled them out
one by one for casual friendly chat with
a coloring of the accidental, so that his
interlocutor might be at ease.

Before many months were over, he
had, after repeated revisions and cor-
rections, reduced the list of possibilities
to six. Of these two came from Italy,
and, though their native towns were
not far apart, their training, antece-
dents, and views of life were as different
as well could be. Smindyrides from
Sybaris was a typical product of his
city, which was at that time at the
very height of its prosperity. In the
art of delicate living he surpassed all
the other young men; but part of his
programme was the physical exertion
that keeps the body fit and gives the
benefit of contrast to the softer joys.
And he had a hard vein of selfishness,
which led him almost unconsciously to
secure the choicest morsel at table and
the most favorable station in the
hunting-field. Clisthenes judged him
a strong man who would always get
what he wanted.

The other Italian was Damasus from
Siris, a studious youth and given to
philosophy. He also cultivated manly
sports, in order that his body might
support the fatigues of the mind, but
he was abstemious and an enemy

of pleasure and self-indulgence. Clisthenes was pleased with his precocious self-control, and found by conversing with him that he had studied with special interest the science of government and was familiar with the constitution of every state in Hellas.

From the Peloponnesus there were two possibilities. Laphanes of Pæus in Arcadia was as normal a young man as one could wish to see. He was frank of speech, afraid of no man, a good winner and a good loser, trusted by his mates, and sought for oftener than any other as umpire or as judge. His father was that Euphorion who once entertained the Dioscuri unaware, and thereafter kept open house for all on the chance of again receiving gods as guests.

The other Peloponnesian was a source of embarrassment and perplexity to Clisthenes, for he was none other than Leocedes, son of Pheidon, King of the Argives, and he therefore represented the most powerful and inveterate of the enemies of the King. Pheidon was an able man—it was he who established a uniform system of weights and measures throughout the Peloponnesus; and he was a violent, proud man—it was he who drove out the Elean directors of the games and himself presided over the contests at Olympia. He was the protagonist of Dorians everywhere and was notoriously of the opinion that the Dorians of Sicyon should rise and expel the alien dynasty. Why had this man sent his son as a suitor for Clisthenes' daughter? The obvious answer was that he saw the chance of an easy way to place a Dorian on the throne. But Clisthenes was not by habit necessarily satisfied with the obvious. As he studied Leocedes he seemed to find in the son his father's insolent temper. It was possible the young man had come on his own account, to seek independence from a too dictatorial parent. If

he could be won to Clisthenes' views, a heavy blow would be dealt his proud father. He therefore was kept under observation.

But by far the most attractive of the suitors were the two young men from Athens. They had much in common—good looks, good breeding, and good education; they could both recite Homer by the hour; but this accomplishment did not greatly appeal to Clisthenes, who had put an end to the contests of the bards in Sicyon because they sang the poems of Homer and these had too much to say of the supremacy of Argos. And they both had an indefinable and inoffensive air of superiority, which seemed to rest on no conviction of personal merit, but on the opinion that Athens was the leading city of Greece. They never said this. They listened with perfect courtesy to the praises of other states. Leocedes was somewhat given to vocal patriotism, and the young Athenians always agreed gravely that the Argives were great fighting men. But Clisthenes sometimes caught a covert glance of amusement exchanged, which gave him a comforting sense that they looked down upon the Dorians, as upon all the rest of mankind.

Megacles was a son of that Alcmaeon who made his fortune by visiting Cræsus, King of Lydia, whose rivers bring down gold in their sands. Cræsus entertained him royally, and as a parting gift bade him repair to the treasury and help himself to as much gold as he could carry away. Alcmaeon accepted the gift and took measures accordingly. He clothed himself in a loose tunic, which he made to bag greatly at the waist, and he put on his feet the widest boots he could anywhere find. Thus clad, he followed his guides into the treasure-house. Here he fell to upon a heap of gold dust, and in the first place packed as much as he could

inside his boots, after which he filled the breast of his tunic quite full of gold, and then, sprinkling some among his hair and taking some likewise in his mouth, he came forth, scarcely able to drag his legs along and looking like anything rather than a man. On seeing him, Croesus burst out laughing, and not only let him have all that he had taken, but gave him presents beside of fully equal worth. Thus this house became one of great wealth. Alcmaeon was able to keep race-horses and had won a prize at Olympia.

Megacles was by no means ashamed of the grotesque origin of his father's wealth. In the chaff with which the young men freely amused themselves at each other's expense, no jest turned up more frequently than the exploit of Alcmaeon, and Clisthenes, who was himself somewhat peppery and unduly jealous of his personal dignity, admired the good nature and the power of ready self-defense shown by the young Athenian.

In spite, however, of these good qualities, Clisthenes was inclined to think that Hippoclidides was the more intelligent man of the two. At the end of six months he was sure that one or the other of the Athenians would be his choice. The Sybarite fairly frightened him with his cold and calculating voluptuarism. Damasus tired him with his bookishness and his constant prate about the Ideal State. The two Peloponnesians were tied up with political questions that would at best mean trouble. Clisthenes therefore fixed his attention particularly on Megacles and Hippoclidides, and planned a test of their relative ability in practical statesmanship.

Up to this time the friends had enjoyed their stay in Sicyon, but they had hardly taken the contest with complete seriousness. Neither was sure that he cared to win, and they were

beginning to be somewhat bored when something happened that changed the whole complexion of the affair.

III

If Clisthenes had been asked how this dynastic plan of his affected his daughter, he would probably have said that her happiness was his prime motive. He was under the impression that he loved her dearly and that he was doing his duty by her more thoughtfully and elaborately than was the habit of fathers of daughters. To be sure, he had not consulted her; that was not from lack of affection, but on the principle that a parent of course knows best. He had judged it wise that she should not know what was going on until he had made his selection and was prepared to present her to her future husband. He was also of the opinion that she would be as well out of the house while it was full of strange young men. He furnished his guests with plenty of ladies' society in the way of flute-girls and the like, who imposed less constraint than his daughter's presence would have done, and he felt that she, they, and he were all gainers by the arrangement.

He would have liked to place her for the time in the protection of some woman of his own rank, but he had no acquaintance of that sort. He was therefore obliged to fall back on humble but faithful friends, a shepherd and his wife, who dwelt in a secluded glen in the mountains. A little house was built for the Princess hard by theirs. It was furnished with every comfort. Two of her maids attended her and slept with her, and men at arms relieved each other at the door.

Clisthenes, who was so ready to assume that his hypothetical son would have inherited his qualities, had ignored the possibility that his daughter also

might have done so. It would have seemed to him biologically impossible that his qualities should be housed in a female organism. Agarista had uniformly made herself agreeable to him, and he naturally inferred that his wish was her law. He saw with pride that she was fair, graceful, gentle of speech and manner; and that was literally all that he knew about her.

Agarista was at this time sixteen years old. She had arrived at a woman's discretion, but she still used the ruthless observation and logic of the child. If Clisthenes knew her only as a surface, she knew him through and through. Not only was she aware of the main lines of his project, but her servitors had furnished her with a close description of each of the suitors, and kept her informed of the result of each day's contest and of the events of the banquet hall. She had, in fact, a wealth of information that exceeded Clisthenes' own. She knew, for instance, that Smindyrides put on a fresh garment every day, that Damasus had a complicated system of thick and thin according to the weather; that the Athenians changed three times a day if they felt like it; while the Peloponnesians waited till they were fairly compelled by public opinion.

All this was interesting to the girl; it was as though a new book of Homer were recited to her day by day. But it stirred no emotional excitement in her cool young heart. She was far from sure that she meant to marry at all. She certainly had no intention of being bound by her father's choice. She had a vague idea of running away when the crisis became imminent and perhaps finding her way to the country of the Amazons, or disguising herself as a young man and creating a place for herself in some unspecified part of Hellas. For the truth is that Agarista had an interest of her own in life that

would have driven her father to fury if he had known of it.

If Clisthenes amused himself with projecting an imaginary son, Agarista was greatly occupied with an imaginary brother; and as these two young men must necessarily have been the same person, that person would have been the vehicle of contending purposes.

For Agarista wished that Sicyon might be restored to the Dorians.

From her first conscious memory, she had been ashamed of the relation of her family to the people. The devotion which immediately surrounded her could not hide the dislike and suspicion that lurked outside. Indeed, that very devotion, by the precautions that it took and the explanations that it gave, betrayed its apprehensions. Very early she learned that her people were newcomers in the place, maintained there only by her father's strong hand and wished away by three fourths of the citizens. Knowing that her father had no male heir, she had assumed that his dynasty would end with him. Now that his device for perpetuating it was clear to her, she longed for a brother. He would certainly have felt as she did, and after their father's death he would have won glory through all liberty-loving Greece by his renunciation of the succession. Vividly she imagined the scene: the slender figure clad in mourning, standing on the temple steps; the angry, almost murderous crowd below; the gesture with which he besought silence; the stupefaction with which his words were heard; the roar of surprise and joy and praise. He and she would go forth hand in hand, carrying nothing with them. The details of her dream happened to contradict at every point those of her father's dream, but the determination to have her own way was her father's own.

In giving his young guests the freedom of the country, the King had

called their attention to a flock of sheep grazing far up on a mountain-side and asked them to avoid in their hunting and even in their walks the ravine devoted to these animals. They were rare and costly stock from which he was breeding, and it was undesirable that they should be startled. In this glen Agarista was bestowed and, as she was commanded not to leave it, Clisthenes felt that he had dealt adequately with the chance of a meeting between her and the suitors.

The superficiality of this view would have been demonstrated to him if he had accompanied the Athenian friends one afternoon as they strolled in a beech wood bordering the forbidden slope. They were agreeing that their stay at Sicyon was becoming dull and wondering whether they could find a decent pretext for going home, when they heard a cry for help from the glen.

Forgetful of the taboo, they broke through the trees with drawn daggers and saw, as they ran down the hillside, that a small wolf had leaped on a shepherd, whose spear was lying out of reach on the grass. As they put on speed, they saw a young girl dart from the trees opposite them, catch up the spear, and attack the animal. Faster than ever ran the youths to the rescue, but without looking at them the girl heard them coming and shouted to them to keep off. Balancing between gallantry and the etiquette of the chase, they saw her neatly finish the animal and turn a laughing tomboy face to the shepherd. Then they ventured to speak, though from a decent distance, and offer their congratulations.

The girl turned to look at them, and stiffened at once into a young lady.

'Madam,' said Hippocles, 'we are trespassers. Our excuse is the cry for help.'

The girl bowed courteously and said

nothing, but waited for them to withdraw.

Megacles could not quite stand this. 'Madam,' said he, 'my name is Megacles. My friend is Hippocles. We are both from Athens and know no one in this land outside the King's house. If you are a mortal and not Artemis herself, may we not know the name of so brave and skillful a huntress?'

The girl hesitated a moment and looked from one to the other. They were a comely pair.

'I am Agarista, daughter of Clisthenes,' she said at last.

'Princess,' cried Hippocles, 'forgive us, but do not forget us!'

'Princess,' cried Megacles, 'your bag to-day is more than one poor wolf!'

And then, because the girl had nothing further to say and because they knew they had no business there, the Athenians saluted with respect and made an orderly retreat.

They walked thoughtfully home.

IV

During the next days all the contestants noticed a change of mood in the Athenians. Whereas they had not hitherto put forth full strength in the games, they now played with quiet intensity; and whereas they had hitherto yielded points to each other as against the field, each now became the most dangerous and determined adversary of the other. Their example was contagious; all the suitors increased their efforts, and the good nature which had hitherto presided at the contests gave place to the spirit of strict justice.

This tightening-up of the competition was agreeable to Clisthenes and determined him to take the Athenians into his confidence and offer them a practical problem. According to their relative success in dealing with it, he would make his choice between them.

Not all at once, but in a series of talks, sometimes with the two together and sometimes with each alone, he explained to them the difficulties of his position in Sicyon. It was fatiguing to rule from day to day by *force majeure*. He had tried by various means to alter the state of mind of his Dorian subjects. At first he had studied to humor them, had given their foremost men posts about his person and opportunities for making money. This had produced no effect on the Dorians, but had created a certain amount of jealousy among his own people. Then he had tried severity: increased taxation, increased military service, severe punishment for overt acts of disaffection. This method had been worse than unproductive — it had nearly led to the uprising he was striving to avoid. Next he had attempted to make them ridiculous. By ukase he abrogated the old Dorian tribe-names, which were the same in Sicyon as among the Argives. Giving to his own tribe the name of the Rulers, he called the other three the Pigs, the Asses, and the Hogs; but the men of Sicyon accepted the crude pleasantry, and it seemed to give more offense to their tribesmen in Argos than to them.

The malcontent of his subjects seemed to Clisthenes to centre about the tradition and cult of the hero Adrastus, who was a legendary king of Argos. It was difficult to find fault with what could be represented as a purely religious matter, but everyone in Sicyon knew that there was as much politics as religion in the worship of Adrastus. So much did Clisthenes object to the growing fervor of the Adrastus cult that he considered abolishing it with a high hand; but he had deemed it safe to consult the oracle of Delphi before committing himself. He had therefore made the pilgrimage and asked the oracle whether he might expel Adrastus from Sicyon. The

pythoness had given him this disconcerting answer: 'Adrastus is the king of the men of Sicyon; you are only a robber.'

It was this response that he laid before Megacles and Hippoclidus, and they discussed it in every aspect.

'The oracle was squared,' said Megacles.

'There is more in it than the mere money,' said Clisthenes ruefully. 'I have sent them enough myself to square the circle. There is an animus.'

'Incidentally,' thought Hippoclidus, 'it is the cold truth.'

Whatever the motive behind the oracle, the publicity always given to utterances of the god would be specially unfortunate in this case. Clisthenes regretted his own simplicity in putting himself in such a position. He was loud in his opinion that applications to the oracle should be considered confidential, but that was a side issue. He put it to his young friends that his position had been definitely weakened at home and abroad by the god's hostility, and that, while it was more necessary than ever to suppress the Adrastus movement, it was no longer possible to do so by direct methods.

What could his young friends suggest?

These confidences affected the Athenians differently. To Megacles it seemed that the situation was hopeless and the dynasty of Clisthenes a bubble. It was not worth while to blot out one aspect of a discontent which would at once present another. He felt a secret sympathy for the oppressed subjects of the upstart and a certain repugnance for the upstart; but he was by no means ready to say all this and make Clisthenes his enemy. The problem, therefore, to which he gave thoughtful days was not how to solve the King's perplexity, but how to dodge it.

Hippoclidus, on the other hand, was

enormously amused, and, while he thought Clisthenes an old rascal, he nevertheless was by temperament a supporter of the existing order. Moreover, he saw an opportunity to score, and for many days his thoughts were directed solely to finding a practicable means for getting rid of Adrastus.

Although the friends had hitherto been in the habit of discussing together all their experiences in Sicyon, on this topic they were silent. In fact there was no confidential talk between them after the day they saw Agarista.

Megacles was the first to make his report to Clisthenes, and he did so with a sinking heart, for he feared it would cost him the favor of the King.

'Clisthenes,' he said, 'I am a practical man, of positive views. I cannot deal with imponderables. If your dynasty is to survive in Sicyon, I believe it will do so in spite of Adrastus. The only method that seems to me to promise success is to recommend yourself to the people by just and kindly rule. Let them worship whom they will, but do you lower the taxes.'

This speech was not so displeasing to the King as the young man supposed, for Clisthenes had moods in which he told himself the same thing. Moreover, Megacles' manly and honest bearing as he spoke, his evident misgiving and the courage that overcame it, made an agreeable impression. He reflected that if he should finally fail in Sicyon, and should have to run for his life, this straightforward and courageous youth with the great resources he represented would be a harbor of refuge. He therefore answered Megacles kindly and still reserved the second place for him in his mind.

As to the first place, there was no doubt that it belonged to Hippoclidides. Clisthenes could see thought working in that young man; he could see that the problem was congenial to

Hippoclidides on its merits. He was taking it humorously, for indeed it had its absurd side, and yet he was taking it seriously. This attitude jumped with Clisthenes' own temper, and he was impatient to have Hippoclidides' plan take shape.

One day a messenger from Thebes arrived in Sicyon, addressed to Hippoclidides. After talking with this man in private, Hippoclidides begged audience of the King.

'Clisthenes,' he said, 'we must get rid of Adrastus, and we cannot put him out by force. The alternative is to make him withdraw of his own accord. I therefore make the following suggestion. The hero Melanippus was Adrastus' greatest enemy. At the defense of Thebes he killed Adrastus' brother and his son-in-law. At the same time he is just as good a Dorian as Adrastus. Let us put the two again to single combat. I have friends in Thebes to whom I sent inquiries and I have just received a reply. For a suitable consideration the Thebans will send you Melanippus, bag and baggage. We will give him the shrine and precinct of Adrastus, with all the festivals and sacrifices thereto appertaining. Then let him take care of his own.'

The King was charmed with the ingenuity of this suggestion, and he and Hippoclidides had their heads constantly together, planning the details. But there was misgiving in Clisthenes' mind. It was evident that to Hippoclidides the whole thing was a joke. He often shouted with laughter at the supernatural aspects of the dilemma, dramatizing the emotions of the heroes on finding themselves again confronted, and speculating on the trouble of mind caused to the devout by their rival claims. This disturbed Clisthenes, for, although he was quite ready to manipulate the grim shades for his own ends, he believed vaguely in the continued

existence and power of both and would have wished to treat them with respect.

And could it be that Hippoclidides was really frivolous?

However, the bargain was made with Thebes; and finally the sacred relics of Melanippus, a complete skeleton clad in ancient armor, arrived in Sicyon, were greeted by an imposing escort, among whom Hippoclidides wore as straight a face as any, and were installed in Adrastus' shrine with the reversion of Adrastus' rites.

For a day or two it seemed as though the transition from one hero to the other had been made without protest. Then one night the faithful worshippers of Adrastus introduced into the precinct now sacred to Melanippus a small shrine bearing Adrastus' name.

Next day an offering was made to Melanippus. As the priest raised it on high amid the silence of the crowd, a fearful sound was heard — the sword of Melanippus was rattling in its scabbard. The shrine of Adrastus was hastily removed, and the rattling ceased.

'I back the Blessed Melanippus,' murmured Hippoclidides to Clisthenes. 'We have seen the last of the Blessed Adrastus.'

Clisthenes was sincerely shocked. While admiring the fertile invention of his brilliant young colleague, he sighed at the impossibility of perfect attainment of one's wish. If only he could make a selective combination of the two young men, and set the blade of Hippoclidides' wits in the handle of Megacles' simple and solid character!

V

In the meantime Megacles had become unhappy. It was clear to him that Hippoclidides was to be the lucky man. He abused himself for over-

scrupulousness. He was distressed by the idea that Agarista would think he had let slip his chance in mere indifference. As the day of decision drew near, he made up his mind to see Agarista at all costs, to tell her — what could he tell her? That he disliked her father and was inclined to think the Dorians should be encouraged? No, it would n't be necessary to go into that; he would merely tell her that he was unlucky, stupid, unequal in every way to Hippoclidides, but that he was nevertheless, and would always be, her faithful knight.

Agarista had of course been informed of the intrigue against Adrastus and of Hippoclidides' responsibility for it. It shamed her that her father had been brought to the use of such claptrap and for so unworthy a cause. It seemed to her that the day of her flight was near at hand. She made ready her boy's dress and weapons, and put her jewels into a packet that could easily be carried.

Megacles turned to the art of bribery. It was unnecessary, because Agarista's servants all wanted to see more romance in the affair. They were, therefore, more than ready to induce the Princess to walk near her side of the boundary of her retreat at a time when Megacles was haunting the other side. And thus on a chilly autumnal afternoon the two faced each other, apparently by accident, among the rocks under the beeches, with about five yards of no man's land between them.

Agarista, recognizing the young man, saluted him civilly and was about to pass on.

'Princess,' cried Megacles, 'I am a stranger in this land. I come as a suppliant asking a boon.'

'What can I do for you?' asked she, thinking to herself, 'I too am a stranger in this land.'

'In a few days, Princess, the year of probation will have expired, and your

father will give you to Hippocles. He deserves you. He will keep Sicyon safe for you and your line. The gods forbid that your life should ever be troubled. But, if need should arise, the boon I beg is that you will remember you have a devoted friend who would give all that he has to your service.'

Megacles flattered himself that he had addressed the young girl in terms suitable to her innocence. Neither her father nor Hippocles could take exception to them. He did not realize that his spoken words made but a secondary impression on Agarista's attention. What thrilled her was the consciousness that she was receiving her first declaration of love from a highly prepossessing young man, whose eyes were full of pain, of supplication, and of controlled desire.

Agarista was well brought up, but she was human. She wanted to hear more of this.

'Megacles,' said she, 'you have been one of the suitors for my hand?'

'Oh, yes,' cried Megacles.

'But you have not really tried to win it?'

'Princess, I have done my best.'

'You have not helped my father in his difficulties with his people?'

Megacles turned pale. It suddenly struck him that loyalty to Hippocles obliged him to tell the truth.

'No, Princess,' he said sadly; 'that I could not do.'

Agarista's own heart gave a sudden leap. 'Why?' she asked eagerly.

'If it had fallen to me to win you,' cried Megacles desperately, 'I should have carried you home with me to Athens, and we should have left your father to amuse himself with the preposterous affairs of this unlucky little state. Now you know the whole truth,' said he miserably. 'Even for love of you I could not bring myself to plot against these poor devils. For heaven's

sake let them have the heroes and the tribe-names and the ruler that they want! If you and your father too would come to Athens with me, I could give you power and wealth that would make you forget you had ever bothered about Sicyon.'

As he finished, Megacles hung his head. It was a relief to have spoken out, but he had burned his ships.

Agarista did not speak at once, and when she did speak her voice was as gentle as ever.

'I am not offended, Megacles,' she said. 'I will remember all that you have said, and I thank you for your courtesy. Farewell.' And she left him.

Next day she said to her waiting maid, 'If one young man could cross my path so opportunely, I suppose another could.'

'Oh, madam,' cried the girl in alarm, 'it was pure chance!'

'Nonsense,' said the Princess. 'Have Hippocles there to-morrow.'

It therefore came to pass that on the day before the decision, when Hippocles' heart was beating high with the certainty of triumph and with the exquisite prospect of marriage with a wife he loved, a mysterious message reached him, bidding him walk in the beech wood just before sunset.

The chilly afternoon could not cool Hippocles as he patrolled the appointed spot. He was no cockscomb, and it did not occur to him that the Princess had fallen in love with him at first sight. He believed that all his work with her was yet to do and he was eager to begin. Very likely her father had told her he was to be her husband, and she naturally wanted to look him over. His heart was so full of true love that he was at no pains to prepare speeches. He waited for her in a rosy dream, and when he saw her coming he forgot the boundary line and ran to meet her.

She stopped him with an upraised hand, but he was near enough to see that she was pale and that her breath was labored.

Hippoclidides sank on one knee. 'Princess,' he said, 'let me speak first. It may be that to-morrow the gods and your father intend to make you mine. Whatever happens, you must know to-day that I am yours. We hardly know each other, but you are speaking to a man who loves you.'

'Hippoclidides,' said Agarista, 'is it true that it is by your advice my father has stripped the people's hero of his honors?'

'Yes, Princess,' said Hippoclidides, smiling.

'With what object?'

'To annoy the Argives,' said Hippoclidides. 'I hate all Dorians on principle and the Argives most. They are true to type in keeping your people unsettled.'

'But my people, as you call them, are Dorians. Do you hate them?'

'Princess,' said Hippoclidides, 'am I here to talk about Dorians? I wish them no harm, but they must be taught their place.'

Agarista paused a moment. 'Let us talk about ourselves, Hippoclidides.'

'With all my heart,' cried he.

'Forgive what I am going to say. I am a friendless girl. You say you wish me well. I take you at your word when I tell you what I have told no one else I do not wish to marry you.'

'But why?'

'I love someone else.'

'Not Megacles?'

'Yes.'

'Does he know it?'

'No.'

'Good heavens, what do you want me to do? Your father is going to marry us to-morrow.'

'You must refuse.'

'Never!'

'Do you love me?'

'Better than life!'

'If you love me unselfishly, you will wish for my happiness.'

'But I don't love you unselfishly! I want you for myself. Wait till you have a lover who loves you unselfishly, and see how you like it.'

'It cannot mean much to you; you have seen me only once.'

'As often as you have seen Megacles.'

'If I am married to you,' said Agarista sweetly, 'I shall kill myself.'

Hippoclidides walked to and fro in perplexity. 'What is the matter with me?' he asked at last.

'The matter is with me,' said Agarista. 'I want to marry another man. If you withdraw, my father will give me to the other man to-morrow. I ask you, as a gentleman, to make an excuse to my father and go home.'

'But that is impossible!' cried Hippoclidides. 'What an insult to him and to you!'

'It would be impossible to most men,' said Agarista, 'but you are so clever!'

And with these words she withdrew.

VI

The announcement of the decision was preceded by a banquet which Clisthenes had determined to make a great affair. He killed a hundred oxen, and invited the whole people of Sicyon in addition to the suitors. It was well understood among these that the choice would fall on one of the Athenians; suspense, therefore, was over for the rest, and they were prepared to enjoy with an easy mind the prolonged and arduous hospitality of Clisthenes. But the Athenians were visibly feeling the strain. They had been in the habit of walking to the dining-hall together, and they did so now. Talk stopped as they entered, and they were stared at as the spectacle of the day. As if they

were a novelty, men noted how tall they were and how well-favored. Each carried, on a gold wire bound round his head, the golden grasshopper which all Athenians wore to show that they alone of the Greeks were not immigrants, but the actual sons of Attic soil. Both were pale and a trifle self-conscious, but whereas Megacles' nerves showed themselves in an increased dignity of bearing, Hippoclitides' white face carried a grimace.

'He's been drinking,' more than one man whispered to his neighbor.

The banquet dragged to an end and was followed by the usual exhibition of music and oratory. Wine flowed freely and Hippoclitides became noticeably noisy. Clisthenes watched him uneasily.

Suddenly the company was dumb-founded by hearing Hippoclitides shout to the flute-player to strike up a dancing-tune. The man did so, and Hippoclitides rose and danced alone. His friends tried to quiet him, but he threw them off.

'Bring a table,' he yelled to the servants; and when it was brought he leaped upon it and, singing drunkenly the while, went through some Laconian dances and then those of his own land. Clisthenes half rose and laid his hand upon his sword. His face was scarlet.

Suddenly, with a whoop, Hippoclitides whirled over and stood upon his head, making his legs execute the dance-steps as before. It was so droll that the company shouted applause; but Clisthenes could bear no more. He shouted down the shouters, crying: 'You young fool, you have danced away your marriage!'

'Hippoclitides does n't care,' cried Hippoclitides, and continued to dance. And this is the origin of the proverb used throughout Greece.

Then Clisthenes commanded silence, and thus addressed the company:—

'Suitors of my daughter, well pleased am I with you all; and right willingly, if it were possible, would I content you all. But as that is out of my power, seeing that I have but one daughter, I will present to each of you whom I must needs dismiss a talent of silver for the honor that you have done me, and for your long absence from your homes. But my daughter Agarista I betroth to Megacles, to be his wife according to the usage and wont of Athens.'

Megacles, almost overwhelmed by the turn events had taken, struggled to his feet and stammered his thanks.

At a signal from the King, the Princess was led in, veiled, attended by a band of maidens. She took her stand submissively before her father.

'My child,' said the King, 'I told you this morning that you were to be married to-night to a young Athenian named Hippoclitides.'

'Yes, father,' said Agarista.

'I was in error,' said the King with some embarrassment. 'His name is Megacles.'

'Yes, father,' said Agarista.

'My good, obedient girl!' cried the King with emotion. 'Be as dutiful to your husband as you have been to me.'

'Yes, father,' said Agarista.

Megacles took his wife to Athens to introduce her to his family, and they never came back. Their eldest son was Clisthenes of Athens, who invented democracy, and their great-grandchild was Pericles, who invented Fascismo.

Clisthenes of Sicyon was the last of his line, and at his death the Dorians resumed control of the state.

DEATH

BY ALICE BROWN

If it be sleep, then God defend our sleep:
For we have yielded Him our young desires,
Our passion of sweet madness to o'erleap
This round of earth, outracing starry fires,
Our ardors straining toward dim aureoles
That seemed His signals on the midnight way
Where His true hosts of home-returning souls
Gleamed in the welcome of a rising day.
Our altar fires are out that once did burn
As the red sun. To earth we yield us up.
From her low door we came, and we return
Sure only of a bed, nor bite nor sup.
Now let Him who blows out our candle light
Defend our dreams from perils of the night.

BEE NO. 599

BY CHARLOTTE BURGHESS

I FEAR that I shall arouse antagonism by my suggestion that the modern entomologist may be regarded as far more dangerous to the peace of society than the inventor of a new poison-gas. For, although the new weapons of warfare may be destined to destroy thousands of human beings, the new methods and views now entering into entomological research will ultimately have a stranger effect on human destiny.

Such men as Wheeler of America and von Frisch of Germany have not only a tale of wonders to tell, but a moral to draw or to suggest, which must in due course influence philosophers, sociologists, and the people. They are giving us grounds — very practical grounds — on which we may talk of insect psychology, and when we study their works we cannot help noticing the remarkably close similarity between this psychology and our own. We shall also notice great differences, but the mere fact that one can now seriously compare the mind of a human being to the mind of a bee is a direct challenge to compare the relative organizations built up by those minds — not necessarily to the entire advantage of the former.

When a priest or a politician endeavors, sometime in the future, to convince a critical audience that the existing order among men is the best possible, he may be challenged by a heckler with the question: 'Wot abaht the 'ive?' And if he has any acquaintance with the facts I am about

to bring forward, his complacency may be somewhat shaken.

I

The greatest mystery of the hive — the problem of how, if at all, the bees communicate with one another — has been solved at last. The discovery is probably the most romantic story of entomology. Its solution is the achievement of a German, Professor Karl von Frisch, and the story of his experiments and researches, told in various scientific publications in his own language and not yet translated into English, will arouse the most intense discussion throughout the world.

It was proved by Herr von Frisch and other workers and observers that a given bee will as a rule frequent one, and only one, kind of flower. Again and again she will return to the blooms of a certain species, ignoring the efforts of all others to attract her. What is the cause of this singular devotion?

His first efforts to find the explanation led him to investigate the insect's color-vision. Everyone knows, of course, that plants, with certain exceptions, must rely on the help of these visitors — and in some cases of honey-sucking birds — to do their fertilizing for them. The floral laborer is worthy of his hire, and his wages are nectar. But how does the plant advertise its store of honey? Again, we know that it commonly employs two methods of communication with the insect world: scent and color. Those plants

that rely on wind and water for the continuance of their race nearly all have small, insignificant, scentless blossoms. They will not contribute to the joys of a garden, for they do not specialize in what the Germans call *Lockmittel*, means of attraction.

Von Frisch placed sheets of paper, which were divided into various shades of gray, under a glass plate on a garden table. Among the many gray squares was one of blue or of yellow or of red. If a tiny watch-glass containing sugar and water was placed on one of the squares, the bees would presently find their way to it. If the square was a blue or a yellow one, it was discovered with ease, and the bees rapidly learned to make their way to it without mistake. If it was scarlet or a certain shade of green, the experiment nearly always failed. By means of these experiments, carried on during many years and with several variations, he was at last able to construct a table of the bees' color-vision. It was then revealed that they see the world around them in much the same manner as a color-blind human being. Bright red — and particularly scarlet — is simply black to them, and orange appears as dark yellow. They are definitely attracted by a pure yellow, such as that of the buttercup, but incontestably their favorite color is blue.

The beekeeper who surrounds his hive with a blue garden will have an abundance of honey. Forget-me-nots, delphiniums, lupines, irises, and larkspur should fill his borders. He may also plant all the lovely 'bluey' reds that shade into crimson and purple, of which there are countless varieties among sweet peas and roses. Not only have the bees an eye for blue, but the color can be firmly impressed on their memory, so that if their hive is painted with it, it will be an infallible landmark for them. It appears that

they can also distinguish certain of the ultra-violet colors to which the human eye does not react.

In addition to the simple one-color blooms there are also those whose tints change as they fade, or others, of which the pansy is a good example, which bear stripes, bars, or spots of one shade on petals of another. The changing blooms furnish an excellent lesson in the mistakes that can be made when men seek to apply certain of their own experiences to beings of a different family. One variety of pea (*Lathyrus vernus*), for instance, changes the color of its blossoms from crimson to blue. To us this change is strikingly evident as we contemplate the fresh and the fading flowers; but von Frisch rightly points out that, as the bees react to crimson only on account of its admixture with blue, they will barely notice the contrast which we consider so marked.

A pretty hypothesis has been put forward to account for the existence of flowers in which bright lines or spots stand out against a dark background, or vice versa. One of the best examples of this is the wild pansy, with its golden rays on blue petals. It has been suggested that these paint their faces in order to use them as signposts, so that the visitors may find the way as quickly as possible to the store of honey secreted within. Evidence in favor of this theory is found in the fact that these painted faces all bloom in the daytime. Such adornment would, of course, be quite useless to those which open by night.

In spite of the many interesting new facts about the bees furnished by these color-vision experiments, von Frisch was dissatisfied with their results. They left still unsolved the chief questions to which he was seeking the answer.

He began to attack his problems

from another angle, and to investigate the bee's responsiveness to smell. He soon found that in them this sense is quite as intense as in human beings, and that the memory for odors is one of their chief characteristics. They can recognize a scent at just about the same degree of dilution as a human being, and the perfumes of certain plants to which the human nose is insensitive are quite accessible to them. Herr von Frisch soon proved experimentally that the bee's smell-organs are located in its antennæ, for if these were cut off it could still distinguish flowers by their colors, but not by their scents. The flower perfume appears to be partly a device for attracting the insect, but more especially one which provides the bee with a means of discrimination between the blossoms of various species.

The bee's knowledge of smell also plays an enormously important rôle in the hive. It is, in fact, the principal means of communication between the inmates.

II

Herr von Frisch began his new experiments by putting pieces of paper smeared with honey on garden tables. It was sometimes necessary to wait for hours, even days, before a bee discovered the new store of food; but when one had done so only a few minutes passed before numbers of others, increasing steadily, and all from the same hive, arrived to lap up the supply.

How had they been told the news of the discovery of the treasure? How were they able so unerringly to find their way to it?

In order to answer these questions, the investigator constructed a special observation hive. The combs were covered with protective sheets of glass, and apparently the inhabitants soon

became accustomed to the light. Now, as the hive contained between thirty thousand and fifty thousand inmates, it was necessary to find some way to distinguish a few of them from the others. Herr von Frisch invented a technique which may be of even greater importance than its first results. He constructed an experimental hive with glass sides, through which a colony of bees could be observed and controlled. More essential still, he found a means of identifying individual bees by marking them with spots of indelible color, arranged according to a code. He succeeded in marking 599 of them with five different unfadable colors, and he became so expert in his observations that he could, so he tells us, recognize his marked bees even when they were in flight, and pick them out in an instant from among a dense crowd of their sisters.

One may here interpolate a fragment of apian psychology which might depress poets and schoolmasters, but for which the children will certainly be grateful to the German professor. He has definitely contradicted the ancient legend of the Busy Bee. As each worker has her own particular floral clients and will have intercourse with no others, she is not called upon to labor continuously, any more than we are. When, temporarily, she enjoys a period of rest and reflection, she repairs to her own particular nook on the comb, — the equivalent, one may suppose, of our favorite room or club, — where she sits among her equals, drowsing away with as little regard for time as the laziest hobo. It is delightful to learn that in this respect the bees are extremely human, and vary individually in their choice of work or leisure.

Among all groups of honey- or pollen-collectors a definite scouting-system is in practice. If the supply at a given source becomes scarce, those who

frequent it will gradually become fewer, but from time to time one of them will return to see whether it shows signs of increase. This, again, is a matter of personal choice. There are no specially appointed scouts, as the termites have their special soldiers; each individual seeks according to her own keenness, and whereas some will go back no more than once, others will return two or three times, and search with eager determination.

The observer followed the subsequent actions of one marked bee who had filled her little crop with as much honey or sugar-water from a newly discovered store as it could hold. As soon as this is replete, she flies straight back to the hive, and first of all distributes the food to other internal workers who meet her near the entrance and, after sipping a certain amount themselves, carry it to places where it is most wanted. The honey-gatherer never, apparently, performs this task herself. She does something far more remarkable. She begins to dance.

If the reader has ever seen or heard of the old Cornish 'flower dance,' he will be able to visualize more easily the extraordinary behavior of the bee. In the Cornish dance people join hands, forming a chain that whirls through the streets, in and out of the houses, apparently aimlessly, for as long as they can keep it up. Some will drop out, and others will fall in, as the procession goes on. Our bee now begins a similar performance on the combs. In a state of intense excitement she starts moving round in a circle with quick, tripping little steps. After a few seconds she abruptly turns in the opposite direction and repeats her movements. She may carry out this dance from three to twenty times in the same place, her energy being, apparently, proportionate to the importance of her discovery.

She then stops as suddenly as she began, rushes back to the hive door, and flies as fast as her wings will carry her to the feeding-place.

But in the meantime her conduct has created a tremendous stir. She has begun her performance in the middle of a dense crowd of her fellows, bumping into them in the course of her gyrations. They turn their heads toward her to see what is happening, and as soon as their attention is attracted certain of them also evince signs of intense excitement, some creeping or hopping toward her from a distance of several centimetres. They endeavor to hold their feelers against her abdomen, and, as one joins the other, the first bee, like the first dancer in 'Follow-my-leader,' gathers a tail of others behind her. It is extremely comical to watch their endeavors to follow her every movement, which cause the tail to turn and undulate in the direction of the première ballerina. From time to time one will drop out of the throng, dash to the hive door, and fly off. Another will take a little time to think, will preen and polish her dress a bit, before she too sets out.

It has been found that bees which have also been marked to show that they belong to the group of the discoverer are, as a rule, among the first to take her hint, and they will detach themselves from the chain before she has finished her performance, while 'new' bees, those who have been temporarily resting or have had a meagre harvest in their own pasturage, will take a little longer to make up their minds. From time to time another bee who has found the feeding-place will return in haste and follow the example of the first explorer, starting dancing-chains of her own.

What precisely has happened? How has the dance conveyed to those who took part in it the location of the new

store? And how do they manage to find it so swiftly, going off, as they often do, in the middle of the performance? They do not attempt to follow the original dancer when she departs again, nor do they lie in wait for her at the hive door, but precede her to the new honey-market. Does she manage to convey to them by a secret sign the direction of the food and its distance from the hive?

In order to ascertain what had happened, Herr von Frisch placed at a distance of fifteen yards to the west of the hive a watch-glass full of honey, on which his marked bees had been fed. He put others at greater or lesser distances in all directions. Every glass in the neighborhood was flown to by new bees within the very shortest time of the feeding, return, and dancing of the marked ones. If the bees had not been fed, no dance occurred, and the provisions remained undiscovered for hours or even for days. Distance had no effect on the experiment. In one case a store was deposited in a meadow a full kilometre from the hive, with hills and woods lying in between. After a wait of four hours, the bees found that one too. As soon as they had begun to sip the honey, they were taken up with a little forceps specially made for the purpose, were marked with color, and their progress home was signaled by a specially placed chain of observers.

Now after the dance had taken place the new explorers, as we have seen, set out to seek the treasure. First of all they searched everywhere in the close vicinity of their home, and as they found nothing there they gradually extended the distance of their flight until they had covered the whole area as far as the meadow, where they were rewarded for their perseverance.

In the next experiment the watch-glasses were replaced by real flowers —

cyclamen blossoms, filled with a few drops of sugar and water. The result was identical, but it had an interesting sequel. When the cyclamen flowers were provided minus the food-store, they were still visited, and if they were placed next to blooms of phlox that also contained no honey or other feeding-material the phlox blossoms were ignored, while the cyclamen flowers were searched again and again with patient obstinacy. If the experiment was reversed, the bees would visit the phlox and ignore the cyclamen. Clear evidence was thus obtained that they could discriminate between the scents of various flowers, and that by means of the dance they could tell each other which kind of blossom to look for, by disseminating in their violent movements some of its scent, which clung to them and which was first taken in and then remembered by those with whom they came in close contact. If a new store of nectar was thus 'said' to be found in a cyclamen cup, all cyclamens, but only cyclamens, would be visited, until the coveted blooms containing it were reached.

Artificial flowers, sprayed with a drop of an ethereal oil like that of peppermint, could draw them also. After having satisfactorily visited one of these, they would show the greatest interest in anything in the vicinity of the hive which smelled of peppermint.

The fact that bees will search all flowers of a given species in this manner has great biological advantage for the plants. Von Frisch points out that if the original discoverer took her companions with her, straight to the source of her plentiful meal, large numbers of bees would cluster round a small group of blooms, while those in the immediate or more distant neighborhood would be neglected, although they might be of the same kind. Perhaps they might never be fertilized, in consequence, and

the bees would be thrown back on a restricted and speedily exhausted stock of honey; whereas the existing arrangement makes it certain that when a flower of a new species is discovered by the bee others of the same family will be eagerly sought for, and so their fertilization and perpetuation will be assured.

Careful observation revealed a new problem. The numbers of collecting bees appeared always to be in reasonable proportion to the amount of food available. It seemed as if, in this matter also, an understanding could be reached among them. In order to ascertain what took place in this connection, a new trial was made. A poor honey-harvest was imitated by substituting for the watch-glass shells some blotting paper moistened with sugar-water. In due course the bees came and fed on this, but they had hard work to fill their little crops, and when they returned to the hive they did not dance. In consequence, no newcomers arrived to sample the blotting-paper meal. The same held good when artificial flowers which had been provided with only small stores of food were substituted for an adequate supply.

Two places, equidistant from the hive but in opposite directions, were chosen for the next venture. At one the marked bees found an abundance of honey; at the other only a small amount was given. No artificial scent of any kind was provided in order to attract visitors; nevertheless the bees that found the rich store danced as usual, while their less fortunate sisters did not. As a result, ten times as many new seekers accumulated where the honey flowed generously as visited the spot where it was hard to obtain. Careful investigation at last led the observer to understand how the bees signaled their discovery of the plentiful,

though odorless, stock. The well-fed bees, as they flew or sipped, pushed out a small organ of their own, which serves them as a miniature scent-factory and is located in a pocket of skin containing glands at the end of the abdomen. By means of this they can produce a strong, fruity scent, which is discernible by the human nose, and which was found to have an enormously enhanced power of attraction for other bees, even at a great distance. It was this smell which drew new fliers over a considerable area to the abundant honey-harvest, even when the cup or flower containing it was scentless.

The pollen-gathering bees belong to a group of workers entirely distinct from those that collect honey, but they also have their dance, which is so distinct from the 'honey-trot' that a trained observer can discriminate between the two immediately. Its special characteristic is a kind of tail-wagging movement of the dancer, by means of which she rubs her little pollen-baskets on the faces of the interested onlookers, and particularly on their outstretched feelers. The pollen of each flower has its peculiar smell, often quite a different perfume from that of its petals, and it is this pollen scent which, when spread by means of the bee's movements, carries the news to her comrades that the flower is waiting to be fertilized.

Two groups of pollen bees were marked, one of which comprised wild-rose visitors, while the other was addicted to Canterbury bells. Some flowers of these two species were deprived of their pollen, so that after a while they were searched by isolated gatherers only. The anthers of the Canterbury bells were then taken out and replaced by pollen-covered anthers of roses, which were fastened inside the flower by tiny needles.

In due course a bee visits a Canterbury bell and flies back to the hive with a rich harvest of *rose* pollen. And now a curious thing happens. Dance as she will, she is quite unable to attract the attention of her own former companions. She is no longer one of them. But if she feels any disappointment at this unusual result it is soon mitigated by the delight shown by the rose-pollen collectors. These crowd around her, and soon fly off to confirm the news she brings. Now it is their turn to be perplexed. For naturally they fly to the roses, and finding no pollen, or only minute traces there, — it has been carefully removed in anticipation of some such behavior on their part, — they spend a long time patiently seeking it in vain. But as such practical jokes are at present the prerogative of human beings alone, they do not attempt to frustrate the trick by searching among the Canterbury bells.

This technique, by which bees may be marked and observed as individuals, has led to astounding results, and more will follow. It has enabled Röscher, a pupil of von Frisch's, to observe the life of individual bees from their emergence from the pupa cell until their death. He has now a community in which every single bee is marked and traceable.

Some people may find it difficult to think of a bee as an individual. In order to make it easier, I am going to substitute for the identification number used by Röscher in his experiments a name borrowed from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For Kipling — who, one presumes, has little use for human communists — has written the finest account of bee communism in English fiction, a short story entitled 'The Mother Hive.' His heroine was called Melissa — a charming and appropriate name, which I propose to adopt here.

III

Melissa is destined to be a sterile female, exactly like every other hive-bee except the queen and the drones, who have specialized in the sexual duties toward the community. It is not to be supposed that we need feel sorry for her on that account. She may be keen on her career or she may not, — there are more kinds of bee than the eternally busy one, — but she will have plenty of variety in her life. She will certainly not be so bored as a queen, doomed to go from cell to cell on her eternal egg-laying round. She will have many jobs to perform, which may sometimes overlap, and she will have at least one exquisite thrill which ought to make every worker's life worth living.

As soon as she has left the cell in which she has become a complete bee, she will have a good wash. She will take plenty of time for cleansing her whole body with her legs. She begins with her head and eyes, in order to rid them of the pupa skin which may still be sticking to them; then she will rub her feelers and wings and make some experimental fluttering movements with the latter. She may get hungry during the process, and if so she begs food from older bees, who will supply her with it. And so to work.

Melissa now begins to visit empty brood-cells in the nurseries, slipping in and out of some for a few minutes, ignoring some, and remaining in others for several minutes. If such cells are marked and watched after they have been visited by one or more young bees, one can invariably see, sometimes within an hour, that they have been visited by the queen, who has deposited an egg in each.

The peculiar behavior of the egg-laying queen, as well as of the cleaners, with regard to the empty brood-cells,

shows clearly that those which have been cleaned are distinguished by them from the others. During her walk through the nest the queen often comes to empty cells from which the young have crept, but which have not yet been cleaned. She puts her head in, appears to notice that they have not been prepared, and goes on. Soon a young cleaner arrives, who also sticks her head into the cell, and immediately creeps into it; others may do the same. If, after this, the queen returns that way, she pops her head in again, is satisfied that the cell is ready, and deposits an egg in it. It is not yet certain how the queen or the cleaner can distinguish between a cleaned and a 'dirty' cell. Owing to the darkness of the hive, optical impressions cannot guide them; probably the sense of smell does so.

Melissa can find no more cells to clean, or else she wants a rest, so she finds a comfortable place on the nursery comb and sits down — perhaps for hours. But this does not mean that she is just 'lazing about.' Experiments in lowering the temperature of the hive have shown that if it falls below a certain point crowds of bees that had been crawling around, apparently aimlessly, now cluster in a dense circle over the nurseries, in order to keep them warm. Melissa is not at this stage ready to perform any other job, but even her inactivity is useful.

From her third day onward her behavior alters. She now constantly visits the honey- and pollen-stores. She finds a full cell, remains there awhile, sucking, and then returns to the nurseries, beginning a search similar to her quest for a cell to be cleaned. But her objective is now a different one. She is now looking for a cell containing a larva. She pours over it some of the honey-pollen mixture she has imbibed. She has become a nurse. Again she

does not work like a slave, but like a citizen. Sometimes she will feed for a little while, and then, as if she considered her duty done for the time being, she may sit about, cleaning herself or just doing nothing. Then she suddenly begins work again.

Melissa does not feed larvæ indiscriminately. She will hunt around for a long time as if looking for a particular kind of cell. She is, in fact, looking for such as contain larvæ in the final stages of development. Now it is known that the food of bee-larvæ does not consist merely of honey and pollen. It has three ingredients: these two and a special component called 'jelly.' Up to the fourth day of their lives the larvæ receive this jelly from the older nurses, bees aged from six to thirteen days. Afterward they are additionally fed by young nurses such as Melissa, who supplement their diet with honey and pollen fetched from the store. This raises a peculiarly fascinating point, but it appears almost certain that the nurses of both groups are able to tell the difference in the ages of their charges. How they do so is not yet known.

After a short spell of such duty, curious things begin to happen to Melissa. She starts exploring the hive. Presumably she finds it exhausting, for she will sit down anywhere at any time for a rest. Whereas previously she would run away as if frightened when an excited old bee coming in with honey pushed her way into the middle of the comb and began an information dance, Melissa now finds herself quite interested in the strange event. She even ventures once or twice to take honey from the old girl. Exploring ever farther, she arrives near the door-hole. There is a constant crowding in here, a continual rushing out. Suddenly Melissa is caught up with an outgoing gang; infected by some strange new

enthusiasm, she is off with them. In a moment she has left the warm, familiar darkness behind, and is on the wing!

Melissa flies! I will venture beyond the strict accuracy of ascertainable fact and dare the surmise that she is happy, and that only in recent times has it been made possible for human beings to know just how happy she may be. We too spend most of our time in youth in dark, warm places; we too may one day rush to a jumping-off place; we too can wing our way into the air, into the blue sky and the golden sunshine. Throwing all caution to the winds, I suggest that it must be even more wonderful for Melissa than for us. And those who are so fond of asserting the superiority of the human over the insect race need not retort with reminders about honey-gathering and duty. Nothing of the kind! Melissa is flying for fun and for fun only.

It is worth insisting on this point.

It must be made clear [says Rösch] that the purpose of these early flights is not the getting of food, as has always been superficially stated in the literature. I have often offered drops of sugar water to bees who were beginning their first flight; they either sipped it casually or in most cases flew away from it. It is, on the contrary, often to be observed that on their return to the hive these creatures are fed by their fellows. In fact, this flight is to be considered purely directional. The young bee, immediately after leaving the hive, turns her head toward it, and, keeping in that direction, she flies in small circles around the place whence she departed. She is learning to understand her environment; she is storing memory pictures, which will afterward guide her. That the young bee does learn on her first flight I have proved by taking away from the combs marked bees which had just returned, and letting them loose at a short distance from the hive. They all found their way home, whereas a bee which had never yet been out was unable to do so on being liberated.

After this delirious excursion, which may be repeated again on a warm, sunny day, Melissa goes back to sober indoor duty. If the community is in a state of growth and has more young to look after than usual, she will continue her nursing for a while. But the first contact with the outside world has given her what for us would be described as new ideas. At any rate, she can now take over duties for which excursions and the ability to recognize her home on returning are indispensable.

At this time, which Rösch calls the second period in the hive, in order to emphasize the fact that Melissa does not become a field-worker immediately after her first flight, she does various jobs all more or less connected, such as taking the food from laden field-sisters, storing it, packing down pollen, removing rubbish and corpses, helping the young to break their cell-lids, and, finally, sentry-duty. If she were given to human sentiments and human ways of expressing them, Melissa could hardly 'grouse' on the ground of monotony.

One or two points in connection with these pursuits may be referred to briefly, though sentry-duty merits more attention. In order to find out just how the honey was distributed, Rösch made an ingenious experiment. He fed the field-bees of an observed community with red-colored sugar-water at a definitely chosen spot, and after they had carried back the first drops of it he found the same red color in several honey-cells. It was also seen that several intermediary bees, who had taken it from the gleaners to the store, showed a similar red coloring of the skin between the abdominal segments.

Another experiment. The bees who bring in pollen do not give any of it to their companions. They take it straight to the appropriate comb, look around

until they find a suitable cell, enter it, and stroke the two little 'drawers' of pollen, as they are called, off their legs. After taking a little honey, they immediately leave the hive again. But there is still work to be done there. The two lumps of pollen that lie in the cell must be smoothed down. On September 23, 1924, Rösch observed Melissa doing this. After she had left the cell, he artfully removed the glass, took the smooth pollen out, divided it in two, and laid the bits back in the same cell. Soon Saccharissa, who had been sitting near by, went into the cell in her turn, and pressed the divided lumps down tidily again.

When Melissa goes on sentry-duty, we find the first real test of her enthusiasm for the hive. His remarks on this subject are among the most valuable made by Rösch. As his account of his observations cannot be bettered, I will simply translate it here:—

It has already been ascertained that honey bees have a regular sentry-system. I noticed that various workers always remained in or near the door-hole. In the morning, when the first fliers start out, they are already there, and in the evening or in cool weather they are always near by.

They behave in an interesting way. With their feelers and half-opened wings they control every incoming bee, run excitedly to each one as soon as she comes to rest on the board, and do not permit her to enter until they have explored her thoroughly with their antennæ. They seek to attain even those hovering slightly above, with a 'snapping' movement toward them, standing on the back legs and waving the front legs and feelers after them.

If an unwelcome guest or a robber arrives on the board, a whole crowd of sentries immediately throw themselves on him, hold him tight with their mandibles, pull him about, and try to sting him. The battle does not always go in favor of the defenders, but such fights take place constantly. The sentries also react immediately

in the case of small stones, dead bees, or foreign bodies thrown on the board, all of which are carefully examined.

It was always thought that there was a special caste in the hive charged with sentry-duty. But, as is shown by watching marked bees carefully, this is not so. They do not remain long at the door-hole. This is the last task undertaken by each worker, according to age, before going on field-duty.

It is discharged with varying enthusiasm. I observed some bees that remained on sentry-go for one to three days, taking only short periods for feeding and directional excursions, immediately dashing to the spot when there was sign of a fight, with so much enthusiasm that they nearly rammed one another, while many others were much less keen fighters, remaining farther inside the hive, and often going back to 'store-work.' Bees at the preceding and following age-stages do not take part in defense or fighting, but go their ways quietly, even though a battle may be raging on the board.

And now Melissa enters on the last stage of her career, the gathering of honey or pollen. What makes her go out for the first time to the flowers? How does she decide to specialize in getting either honey or pollen? For no bee ever collects both. We don't yet know. But undoubtedly, when she first goes out, Melissa, having initiative, does not follow more experienced hunters. She seems to prefer free-lancing, and endeavors to discover a new source of food. Not only does this make her a valuable asset to the hive, but as new young bees are constantly streaming from the home it makes it pretty certain that no newly opened flowers in the vicinity will be overlooked.

We are approaching the end. For Melissa's whole life, with all its responsibilities, thrills, adventures, and dangers, will last in the summer only from four to six weeks. Veterans of eight weeks have been known, but are rare.

If she has the luck to be born at the right moment, she may hibernate with the queen and live as many months, but it will be a dim sort of life compared to that of the summer bee.

Our friend the moralist, who could never miss an opportunity such as this, has been at hand to suggest that Melissa actually works herself to death.

Certainly [concludes Rösch] an observer, peering into the crawling, wriggling crowd in the hive, might think that feverish activity reigned there. It is by no means certain, however, that this is the case, and it can definitely be said that the industry of the bee varies according to the individual. There are many bees that are actually lazy, whom one may see sitting or running about aimlessly for hours. Among the great mass this is not noticeable in unmarked bees. But I can well understand the surprise of a casual onlooker who, after watching some of my marked bees for a long while, could not notice any activity, and remarked that it was always the individuals one did not watch who were busy.

IV

So we may leave Melissa to an honorable end — since we have chosen a model bee as our subject — without being convinced that all of her sisters will have equally deserved it, any more than all of us do. But the nonscientific student may perhaps point out that there is no evidence that Melissa believes in immortality, or that she may not have a religion which tells her to do her duty in this world without counting

on the next to make up for lost time. According to Dr. Broad, Professor Taylor asserts that 'if we and all the human race will eventually die certain acts which it would be our duty to do on the opposite alternative will not be duties. And certain other acts which it would be wrong to do if we were immortal would be harmless and reasonable enough if the lives of ourselves and our fellows are limited to the three-score years and ten which we spend in this mortal body. The reasonable course of life on the latter alternative would be that which is sketched for us in Horace's *Odes*. Since this mode of life would not be wrong if we were mortal, we may conclude that we are not mortal.'

The evidence does not incline us to think that Melissa leads a Horatian life of pleasure. Her usefulness to her community is greater than that of many human beings to theirs, and on these grounds it may be urged that Melissa has a much greater claim to immortality than they have. She has no religion in Saint Teresa's sense, but some people — myself among them — may prefer the organization of the hive to that of the convent.

There are other alternatives, no doubt. But I claim that the fact that we are compelled to regard them from an angle of vision which must include the hive is proof of my earlier statement — that humanity has perhaps much to hope for and much to fear from the investigations of the entomologist.

WHAT IS A RELIGIOUS MAN?

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee.
— SAINT AUGUSTINE

Shoemaker Hankin spent his breath in proving that God does n't exist, and his life in proving that He does. — *Mad Shepherds*, L. P. JACKS

ONE has many thoughts in the midst of the ugly debates in the churches, in which good men bandy bitter words and brand each other as enemies of the faith. Often they recall the saying of Penn, that men who fight about religion have no religion to fight about; but that is going too far. By the very fact that religion is so decisive, and touches life so deeply, men who take it seriously will quickly flame into passion. For the same reason we must watch our words and submit our lips to a wise care, lest we injure what is holy to all.

I

After all, what is a religious man? It all depends, of course, on what we mean by religion, and here our thought is vague. Inevitably so, because every great thing opens out upon the Infinite and asks for unfenced frontiers. A definition is a wall we build around a reality in order to bring it within reach, and a wall has its limits; it shuts out more than it shuts in. A man may fence in a field, but never the winds that blow across it, nor, the sunlight that falls upon it, without which his field would be of little worth. No more can we fence in religion with a definition; it eludes our words and escapes.

Clearly a line must be drawn between religion and theology. One is the truth of life in its warmth and radiance, its joy and pathos; the other is a system of reasonings and conjectures, symbols and traditions, by which man seeks to justify, clarify, and interpret the faith by which he lives. Religion is poetry; theology is prose. It is the difference between a flower garden and a book of botany, a manual of astronomy and a sky full of stars. As one does not have to know the facts of botany in order to enjoy a bed of violets, so one need not be an adept in the mysteries of dogma in order to live the religious life. Men lived by the grace of religion ages before theology was born, or ever logic had learned its letters. Our theories of religion may be, must be, imperfect, and ought to be as revisable as are all the ideas of the human mind; but the wonder of the reality remains, a challenge and a consolation.

Our theology should be new in every generation, as the mind of man broadens with the processes of the suns. In point of fact it has been so. Each age shows us a changing Church that professes to remain unchanged, and denounces those who change it. Ever the truth abides and grows, — abides because it grows, — and it is seen by each age in a new light, in a new setting,

against a new background. The pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers warned his flock, at parting from them, not to come to a period in religion, but to expect further light to break forth. Still further light is breaking forth in our time: new ideas of the world and its laws, new visions of the spiritual order and its ideals, are at the door — if we have eyes to see and a heart for high adventure.

In the same way temples, altars, creeds, feasts, fasts, and solemn ritual words are not religion. They are efforts to realize and express the unseen element of thought and yearning which lies at the root of it; attempts to utter in symbol, or to invoke by sacrament, the mystery and the meaning of life. Religion is no abstract thing; it is life itself — ‘the life of God in the soul of man,’ as Scrougall said three centuries gone by. It is the living truth by which we live, the art by which we learn how to live — how to be, how to do, how to do without, how, as Dante said, to make our lives eternal.

The spiritual quality in humanity, by whatever name it may be described, is a part of our endowment, at once the fountain of our faith and the consecration of our life. It is the Eternal Mysticism, to express which some write rituals, others devise dogmas, and others sing anthems. Elusive, yet ineluctable, it takes myriad shapes, adding a radiance and a pathos to all the old, sweet, sad, happy human things: love and birth, joy and woe, pity and pain and death, the quest of truth and the love of beauty, the day of drudgery and the hour of divine surprise, the laughter and the liturgy of life. It is the grace and finer spirit of noble art, great music, and lofty literature, no less than of the piety of the race from the crude rites of early man to the life of Jesus.

Every man shares, in some degree, in the great mysticism of the race. By the very fact of his humanity, each man has a capacity for religion, as he has a need of it, whether he knows it or not; just as he is potentially a poet, though he may not be aware of it. One doubts the fact of an entirely irreligious person; but if he exists he is by so much less than human. In some men the spark is dim or dormant, but it is there, along with much else. As radium is found only in uranium, and then only a few grains of it in tons of alien matter, so ‘the light which lighteth every man’ may burn darkly; but it does not go out. Older than all creeds, deeper than all doubts, it is the account which life gives of itself when it is healthy and free. As deep as life itself, as various as the need and nature of man, it adds a lustre to his days and years, a ray of white light hidden in his clay.

So the religious man is of many sorts, according to type, temper, and stage of growth, and we ought to be able to know him in any garb. Rough, hard men have a shy, latent need of the Divine, but do not know how to say so. Women of the world, who seem to live only for fashion, are weary and ill at ease in the midst of frivolity, and a laugh often stifles a cry of the soul. Many who are reckoned as skeptics, and deem themselves such, long for a truth that makes all other truth true. In some, religion is a tradition, in others a superstition, in others a grim sense of duty, in others only a wisp of wistfulness. There are those who are unaware of its existence in their lives, and even deny that they possess it, thinking it means plate-passing and long prayers. Yet they ‘live by a faith the lips deny, God knoweth why.’ Whatever its form, it is deep, tender, holy, a temper of mind, a tone of heart, a haunting rhythm in the life of man.

Since religion is a Divine Life, it can no more be shut up in a creed or a rite than spring can be shut up in a garden; it takes all the shapes that truth and love and duty take. The greatest of all teachers did not use the word 'religion' at all, but always the word 'life' instead, saying that He had come that men might have life more abundantly. With Jesus religion does not consist in a few acts of worship and alms, much less in a set of dogmas; it is not one thing, but the spirit in which we do everything, if it be only to give a cup of cold water. Many kinds of life must be lived, and no one kind has a right to be called religious, to the exclusion of others. Every task is sacred, the humblest no less than the highest, which makes for growth and service; and all things are holy which draw men into fellowship and promote justice and beauty in the earth. So far from limiting life, religion sanctifies it, sets it free, shakes the poison out of all its wild flowers, and reveals the eternal values in the arts and acts of each day.

II

It may be said that, in the view here set forth, if religion is everything, it ceases to be anything. Or else if all thoughts, all feelings, all acts are, or may be, religious, it embraces what is included under morality, and we are using more words than we need. Of course, for purposes of analysis we may isolate one aspect of life, separating religion from morality, but in actual experience they blend, they intermingle, they are interwoven. Life is one, personality is one. Indeed, my point is that religion, as the Latin word for it implies, is the unifying spirit of all life. One thought runs through it, whether defined by Cicero to 'rethink' or by Augustine to 'rebind': the idea of a tie by which things are held

together, a thread on which things are strung; a power of cohesion and coherence.

More and more religion is regarded, not as a separate faculty or interest or instinct, but rather as a unity of interests — the organizing spirit among the values of life. A picturesque example may be found in the life of Anton Chekhov, the Russian novelist, to whose art we owe so much. Something happened in him, whether real or imaginary, to cut the tie which gives unity and continuity to life, scattering ideas and events like beads in disarray when the thread is broken. It was an appalling experience, as he describes it, leaving him a sad, weary, bewildered man, wondering 'whether life, of which we know nothing, is worth the tormenting reflections with which our Russian minds wear themselves out.' In one of his letters he writes: —

'In all the thoughts, feelings, and ideas which I form about anything, there is wanting the something universal which would bind all these together into one whole. Each feeling and thought lives detached in me; and in all my opinions and in all the little pictures which my imagination paints not even the most cunning analyst will discover what is called the general idea, or the God of the living man. If this is not there, then nothing is there.'

No wonder he is utterly alone, like a tiny island in a vast sea. Each man stands by himself; fraternity is impossible. Things are not related; they happen haphazard. Facts pile up pell-mell, without sequence or significance. He knows what Lange called 'the comfortless conglomerate of finite events.' He sees clearly; he etches vividly; he can fix a fleeting impression in a flashing phrase. But life has no plan, no purpose, no meaning; it is just a jumble. Ideas are deceptive; ideals, as in the

Black Monk, are a mirage; work is unmeaning monotony; each day is an idle tale ending in ennui, futility, and the fatigue of despair. So dismal does life become when the mystic tie is cut. What a fate to be marooned on a desert island in a world where there is truth to seek, love to win, evil to fight, and beauty passes with the sun on her wings!

Such a man is sick; something has hit him and he goes lame. Yet his experience, if it be only imagined, does show us that the basis of life and the secret of sanity is a sense, vague or vivid, of the 'something universal' which unites things into a whole. As Bruno said, God is the principle of connection in things, and things are connected by the Meaning to which all their partial meanings contribute. Nature and events, as Goethe held, are the language of God, silent and incessant, of which we may read here a word and there a stanza. They are facts, but they are also symbols, and have meaning beyond the facts. That is to say, everything is somehow the voice of God, if we have ears to hear and hearts to understand. To find meaning in the world is to begin to live in it and to love it, and where love is, there God is.

By a religious man we mean one who is aware, dimly or clearly, that his life is one with a vast Kindred-Life, in whose near-neighborliness and far-friendliness he and all men are united to fulfill their duty and destiny. It does not matter by what name, if any, he speaks of 'the Nameless one of an hundred names'; he knows that he is neither an alien nor an exotic in the world, but a soul at home, albeit seeking a country. There is much in nature to appall, much in history to dismay, but by a wise sanity he trusts a hidden gentleness behind the hardness of life, a meaning in its mystery, a purpose in

its pitiful broken beauty. If to-day the universe is vast beyond his dreams, he still rejoices with Emily Dickinson when she sang of the hospitality 'of our old neighbor, God.'

As has been said, it ought to be the joy of a religious man to recognize the precious thing called religion, in what guise soever it may hide. In whatever degree of development or form of manifestation, it is a voice out of the heart of life, an undertone of melody by which we have hope that a medley of sound will yet become a great world-song. Our theories of it, about which we debate so hotly, may be of much or little worth; but the reality itself is of vital import in the life we live together and the life we live alone. Surely it is an error to draw hard and fast lines in a matter so intimate and inward, least of all to mar the comity of man, when, as Wesley saw, all partake, in some degree, of the common sacrament of the spiritual life in which each finds strength for to-day and hope for the morrow.

Often enough the man we call an atheist, and who regards himself so, is a deeply religious man, though he might deny it vehemently: he only rejects our idea of God, which may be equally far from the truth. By the same sign, a reverent agnostic may be more truly spiritual in his thought than an eloquent cleric. Many a man goes to church, as the thing to do, and repeats the creed in every iota, while God is not even real enough to him to be doubted. His mind is absorbed in Steel Common or the score of the game. The oft-quoted lines of Tennyson are true; there is more faith in honest doubt than in a casual conformity to a conventional creed. At least, a man who has only a stoic resignation to an inner decency is no less religious than a pietist who talks of God as if He were a man in the next room.

One thinks of Peter Cartwright, who in a political campaign denounced Lincoln as an infidel. The two men stand before us fully revealed, one a fiery evangelist dealing damnation round the land, the other a grave, kindly man, honestly unable to accept the crude theology of his day, whose faith in his early years, so far as it was explicit, took the form of a moral fatalism in which miracle and prayer had no place. Yet surely, if ever of anyone, we may say that the soul of religion was in Lincoln, — 'a kind of poetry,' his wife put it, — despite his doubts and a melancholy which made the sky as gray as a tired face. In later life, under the burden of woe unspeakable, he was driven to his knees because, as he said, he had nowhere else to go. It is a part of the surprise and grandeur of his life that, with his early skepticism and his growing cosmic piety, he should be accounted one of the most Christlike men of his age.

Such facts suggest the need of a clearer eye for the realities of religion, and less worship of mere words; more insight, more understanding, more toleration. The life of the spirit is holy whatever shape it may take, alike in the hushed awe of the agnostic and in the lives of the saints, in new cults of groping souls and in old and lovely liturgies. Only it may be rather thin betimes, and one needs to be on guard against unrealities of all sorts, especially in our day of 'lost allegiances,' so to name it, when we are in danger of a new kind of cant, not in the Church, but outside among a host of folk who tell us that love is God, and work is worship, and the green fields are a temple, as indeed they are; though lip service is no better out of doors than in. As someone has said, a lot of paper money is being circulated in the form of fine phrases with little bullion behind it.

One may have a deal of sympathy with men in their feeling in respect of the Church and its dogma, in view of the angry agitations of the hour; but the feeling may go too far. Tolstoi told Gorki that many fail of faith from shyness. More fail for lack of loyalty, effort, discipline, by which we keep spiritually fit, putting habit on the side of the inner life. The neglect of social worship is the more amazing in our day, remembering its appalling spiritual loneliness. It may be said that if men want God they will find Him, now as always; but to ignore the law of fellowship by which we learn together what none may know alone is to make the quest harder. It is not wise to forget those forms and symbols and old and sweet customs in which are enshrined the wisdom and faith of the past, and lose thereby the mystic continuity of inheritance in the deepest things of life.

III

Still the wonder remains how so many sincere people do keep religion and everyday life in separate compartments. The explanation, no doubt, lies in the way in which they have been brought up to think in regard to such matters. Much of what is called religion, as usually interpreted, conveys nothing real or helpful to the average man; it contains little to link on to life as he knows it. Its outlook is remote, its imagery alien. Its ideas and insights need to be restated in the terms of our time, in plain everyday speech, so that men can understand it, lay hold of it, and attempt to live up to it. No idea of religion is worth anything that does not have a vital effect on character, in which the eternal values are revealed and attested.

Much of our teaching has gone awry chiefly in the stress it has laid on belief rather than on life. According to Jesus,

with whom our best instincts agree, our religion does not consist in what we believe, but in what we see, what we do, what we are. One does not forget that life is profoundly influenced by belief, as belief, in turn, is clarified and confirmed by life — matter itself for an essay. Yet a man may believe all the creeds and have little moral worth or spiritual loveliness; he may believe in the resurrection of the body and be dead of soul. As Carlyle said, the religion of a man is not the creed he professes; not that necessarily, often not that at all, since men of all degrees of worth and worthlessness sign all kinds of creeds. His religion is his life, what he acts upon and knows of the meaning of life and his duty in it.

In the meantime, we want finally to get rid of the idea that a bad man who believes a creed is more religious than a good man who does not. As Jesus put it, the sheep and the goats are not believers and unbelievers, but the unselfish and the selfish; those who serve God better than they know, and those who profess but do not. Religion is not safety; it is service. It is not a plan by which we escape Hell and get into Heaven, but a life of fellowship and ministrant good-will, uniting us with the stream of goodness that was in the world before we came, and will still

be flowing when we are gone. As a rule the best men are not those who are most sure of their salvation, or think most about it. They are those who, while aware of their own failings and limitations, do not indulge in morbid reflections on their own spiritual state, but put their power into a life of love guided by truth. Many a man who has only a hazy idea of what it means to love God is really doing it all the time, in the most real way, by helping his fellows along the road.

If such words seem to be trite, they are none the less true, truer by far than many a dogma; and it is by such things that we learn that religion is not a thing apart from life, but life itself at its best — a tie uniting us with 'the Love that moves the sun and all the stars,' with our fellows in fraternal righteousness, and with ourselves in an inner unity and order. It is one with our capacity for joy and wonder, our feeling of mystery surrounding our lives, our sense of duty and pity and pain, our latent kinship with all creation; the subtle but invincible sense of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, — a fellowship in dreams, in joy, in tragedy, in aspiration, in fear, in faith, in hope, — binding the dead to the living and the living to those yet unborn.

SYRUP

(In Praise of Cooking)

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

'BOIL until the syrup spins a thread three inches long,' says the cookbook. Syrup will spin a thread longer than that if you wait — not a sticky-looking stringy thread such as it spins at first, but one of fairy cobweb fineness, spanning the whole distance from your upheld spoon to the boiling kettle, and floating delicately outward, blown about a little in the warm air. The witch who made the clear-candy windows of the sugarplum house in the fairy tale could doubtless have caused syrup to spin a thread that you might measure by the ell.

The cookbooks and the cooking processes are full of this unexpected witchery of form and phrase. 'Take,' suddenly demands another rule, 'three fourths of a cup of sea moss.' Sea moss, of late the free rider of the surf, now to be measured by the cupful, for blanch-mange! All sorts of exquisite and literary-sounding things the most prosaic cookbook bids you 'take': perhaps a bay leaf, or a gherkin, an allspice berry, pearl barley, chicory, aspic, kumquats, a spray of thyme, a stick of cinnamon, two or three anchovies, a blade of mace, Canton ginger, truffles — the cookbook is quite next door to *Alice in Wonderland* or 'The Eve of St. Agnes' to read.

Some day I intend to make a list of all such literary groceries and buy samples of them all, and then go skipping about in all the cookbooks, day by

day, cooking everything that I come to, undeterred by lack of any unlikely ingredient, such as tarragon, angelica, or a peppercorn.

The thread-spinning done by syrup — indeed, the whole savory jargon of cookbook diction — will always typify for me the delicate charm of concocting pleasant foods. Whether experimenting with a lordly foreign dish or mixing up the simple stand-by of every day, the born cook finds an abiding satisfaction in the perfect climax, that eager moment when the magic ingredients, blended with heat, time, attention, intuition, and a light hand, have emerged at length, a finished, delicious thing to eat. Especially is it a satisfaction when every item of a menu group comes to that point on schedule, texture delicate, color right, flavor to gratify Oscar the Chef, all precisely timed. That moment, like the *stretto* in the fugue, is thrilling, but not placid.

'A good cook,' observed an eminent Frenchman, 'is not necessarily a good woman with an even temper. Some allowance should be made for the artistic temperament.' *Oui!* Thrice *oui* to that! As the most conceited cook on earth, I speak. Invade not our precincts when the steak is being taken off the broiler, when the mashed potatoes are fluffed to a marvel, when the mushrooms are plump and excellently browned with butter in their sauté-pan and the salad is curled and crisp on ice.

If summoned expressly, you may come, but not to chat.

'If anything makes me crazy,' exclaimed a gentle kitchenetteer of my acquaintance, 'it is to have two men come out and lean up against the wall and talk to me when I'm just ready to serve a meal.'

'I know!' said I with fervor. 'That's one thing I simply cannot bear. It drives me wild.'

'But,' remonstrated my friend's husband, looking at me in pleading protest with his kind gray eyes, more than the average eyes considerate and courteous in their glance, 'it's always so interesting to talk to a woman when she's wild.'

If you feel that way about it, then is your time.

A scientist once spoke in my hearing of the 'moment of momentum' and the 'moment of inertia.' He should not have let fall those choice words in my presence if he did not want me to take them and twist their meaning to suit my turn. To me — though I know better — the moment of momentum means the moment just before placing the viands on the board; and the moment of inertia is a certain moment nearly an hour later, when Theodore Haviland and Josiah Wedgwood and Wear-Ever aluminum imperatively call.

We will not speak of the moment of inertia; not even in a whisper will we speak of that. There are, as Mr. Guppy used to say, chords in the human heart. But of the moment of momentum we will speak. To all novitiates in the art of cooking, I have many times described that nervous moment thus: It is like — I have told them — the opening moment in the Wild West Show, most dear to the heart of Buffalo Bill. Those who have seen Colonel Cody entering in the lead of his cowboys will remember that momentum: Buffalo Bill, white hair flying, riding

gallantly, followed at full tilt by his whole show — cowboys, bronchos, mustangs, Indians, calliope, and pony express. Sweeping around the ring, the Colonel would toss crystal balls high into the tent-top and shoot them to flinders in the air, his great horse all the while galloping at full speed. This was Buffalo Bill's peak of pride, this precisely punctual entrance of his hurly-burly show. Unscrupulous sharpers knew his weakness for beginning exactly on the dot; they knew that if they could buttonhole the Colonel two minutes before opening-time he would sign anything, buy anything, deed away anything — *anything* to get rid of the interruption to his mood. His lawyer had to station a bodyguard just before the show.

That is the way a brisk cook feels when her viands are ready to file in. And if her audience suddenly deserts her at this point, and flees to post a letter or wash its hands, she is full wroth. The audience can never understand this. 'To what end wroth?' inquire her clients. 'We know the supper is delicious. If things cool a bit, it will be our own fault, will it not? Why does she care?' But she cares — she cares. With special zeal she has brought her forces together, perfectly conditioned and coördinated, at a sort of culinary crossroads. And she likes her family to remain present at that rendezvous. Thus, also, with regard to guests.

'Henri!' cried an old French general to his chef when distinguished guests were late. (I translate freely.) 'Henri! The first courses are routed, demolished, a stampede, a debacle! Do what you can to rally the entrées!' Whether in France or in the Yukon, where food cools or burns still more quickly, the prudent visitor does well to appear at the moment set.

To act as cook and hostess for guests,

both at the same time, is the final test of the versatility of the soul. Think from how much a real cook — using the word as the English butler speaks it, ‘cooook’ — is excused. Cook need only say to the butler, ‘The wittles is up.’ Then she may imperturbably watch the fowl, or the ‘weal-and-hammer pie’ for the servants’ kitchen, while the grand folk sit affably abovestairs at their soup. But it takes a pretty knack to assemble the ambrosia and the nectar of an evening meal and then come in, emulating the spirit of the Elephant’s Child, ‘a little warm, but not at all excited,’ lead the guests to the dining-room, and preside, stirring the conversation now gently, now briskly, with a skillful spoon, and spicing it to taste. Yet many a modern home-maker is attaining to this prestidigitating skill, in view of the size of the endowment fund required to sustain a plain cook and a maid.

This may be rather trying to the high-bred hostess, gently reared, and she may be tempted to bundle the whole matter off to a dinner at the club; but if she conquers her circumstances adroitly the effort is worth her while. If she is resourceful, she finds with joy that hers is an art which is never misunderstood. She need not wait for posterity to acclaim her gifts after she is dead. Her laurels are contemporary. Her kinsmen salute her. Her celebrity is here and now. Especially is this true if her family is pleasingly voluble and explicit in its speech.

We who cook read with distress that Benjamin Franklin’s father never allowed any member of his family to comment on any article of food at any meal. We cannot help wondering about the quality of the cooking of Mother Franklin; or, assuming her an artist, whether she liked this stringent rule. For cooks eternally do thrive on praise. If nobody commended our wares, our

craft would be an empty ritual. Our best masterpieces vanish so quickly that no sign save cherished compliments remains to cheer us on. Besides, M. X. Marcel Boulestin, that epicure, says this: ‘Do not be afraid to talk about food. Food which is worth eating is worth discussing. And there is the occult power of words, which somehow will develop its qualities.’

The occult power of words! Words of judicious praise do make us vain, but they also make us better cooks. We batten on renown, especially among our dearest kin. You need not flatter us promiscuously — on our goblet of orange juice in crushed ice, for instance, equally with our coffee-making. But there are specialties for each of us on which we are pleased to have our praises sung.

For instance: A certain charming mother of grown sons is famous for her ‘filled cookies,’ a toothsome confection which few can make so well. The cookie looks like anybody’s cookie on the outside, but it is all heavenly with a dreamlike *confiture* when you arrive within. The maker of them was visiting, one vacation, at the summer place of her eldest son, a banker of considerable prestige. For this son’s small boys she decided to make some of her old-time filled cookies; and she did so, and set them away for a surprise in the spacious cookie-jar. As it happened, the banker and two of his cronies, a lawyer and a clergyman, were going fishing before sunrise the next morning, and convened at the banker’s house to put their traps into his car. And those three responsible citizens stole those famous cookies — stole them all. How could mere children, they reasoned, appreciate the filling of those celestial tarts? They would only swallow them without contemplation, plying sand-shovels with the other hand. And so the fishermen took them for their

lunch. Only ponder it: a lawyer, a clergyman, and a banker; the first knew the law, the second knew the Gospels, and the third one knew the combination of that safe—and so made off with those filled cookies under cover of the gray concealing dawn. But the gentle cook promptly made another batch for the younger set, and accepted the bold theft as a fitting tribute to her fame.

My own grandmother is famous for her buns. Not ordinary buns, — those breadlike, squat affairs with a burned currant or two on top, — but superbuns — light, light, tall, tall, raised to a feathery maximum. They are snowy inside, with tops of fragrant biscuit-colored brown and four large raisins to them, one on top, one near the bottom, and two others enticingly dispersed between. These raisins are not little modern ready-to-wear raisins, but great cluster-raisins, each one seeded accurately by hand. Whenever my grandmother had been making buns, she would telephone to our house, in our young days, and say this only: 'Ask Geoffrey if he loves his grandmother.' This was code for buns. And Geoffrey would thereupon whiz out of the drive and up the street on his bicycle right away. Our father did not chance to know about this code, and one time answered the telephone when our grandmother called up.

'Of course Geoffrey loves his grandmother!' exclaimed my father. 'I don't need to ask.'

'Well, ask him anyway,' she persisted. 'He'll know what it means.'

'I shan't ask him any such foolish question,' protested our father. 'What does it mean?'

'Endicott!' firmly remarked our father's mother-in-law. 'Never mind what it means. You ask Geoffrey if he loves his grandmother, and tell me what he says.'

Later, our father, still fulminating, asked the question. 'Oh!' yodeled Geoffrey. 'Buns!'

It is pretty well mixed up with love, this cooking-craft. The world pokes fun at men for their susceptibility and for the homely pathway to their hearts, but the situation comes rather near to elemental things. Observes Dr. Johnson, 'A man seldom thinks of anything more earnestly than of his dinner.' This is to me the most lovable picture of the great lexicographer that we have — just before dinner, thinking earnestly. It is to that state of mind we simply love to cater — not altogether to curry favor, but to meet the appreciative, appropriate mood. I think few cooks would cook *in vacuo*; not one cook in a hundred will bother to cook much for herself when she is alone. Few cooks are even gourmets; when a rule says 'Season to taste,' they season to the known tastes of their client, not especially to their own. That is why we must call cooking a craft, not accurately an art. An art one would pursue without the least hope of an audience, would one not? I am not sure. I only know that the able cook is vastly stimulated by all rumors of her fame.

And that fame of ours is solid, unshakable through our lifetimes. It just escapes dying with us. Through oral tradition in a tribe, the repute of it lives on for a little while at least, a pleasant memory, somewhat wistfully considered, like the gentle fame of a minor poet. I have now some rules for clam chowder and for the choice accessories of a proper clambake for which my great-great-grandmother out of Rhode Island was justly famed.

Indeed, if you go back far enough, you find 'receets' — I am so glad Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich says 'receipts' — that have a romantic glamour. Go to the cookery books of early England,

and learn how to make a Pulpatoon of Pigeons, and how to Pot a Swan, and what should be the 'faire ingredients' of Flummery Caudle, King William's Posset, pickled Broom-Buds, Orange-flower Water, and a conserve of Rosemary and Sage.

Or, if you want real antiquity, look up the rules of ancient Chinese cooks. One may there learn how to make Hard Immortal Food, Soft Immortal Food, and Food of the God of Law Horn. Hard Immortal Food contains, among many other things, 'east melons.' Learn to make a dish containing twenty pairs of duck-feet, with bamboo shoots, mushrooms, and water chestnuts. Investigate the possibilities of lotus nuts, shark fins, lily-root pudding, fungus, bean sticks, winkle chop suey, and why shon pigeon.

If you prefer things Early American, then seek out the famous Salem cookbook, *The Compleat Cook's Guide*, wherein one finds choice rules from 1683: Orangado Pye, Pottage, and Hedg Hogg Pudding, 'temper'd well in a pewter difh.' One cannot resist pirating part of the rule: 'To make a Chicken Pye.'

After you have Truft your chickens, then raife your Cruft of the best Pafte, lay them in a Coffin clofe together with their bodies full of butter, then lay upon and underneath them, Currans, great Raifins, Pruans, Cinnamon, Sugar, whole Mace and Sugar, whole Mace and Salt. Then cover all with good ftore of butter and fo bake it. Then pour into it white-wine, rofe-water, fugar, cinnamon, and vinegar mixt together, with Yolks of two or three Eggs, beaten amongft it, and fo ferve it.

That is the Amen and the Selah to all good rules for cookery: 'And fo ferve.' We might emblazon it upon our coat of arms, along with a mixing-spoon couchant, a rolling-pin rampant, and an egg-whisk passant on an apron

checkie; and underneath all the motto: 'fo ferve.'

It has its ancient literature and its traditions and its fitting ceremonies, our good craft; and, rightfully considered, it awakes a thoughtful mood.

I do not mean by this that cooking calls for a heavy intellectual turn; look at the darky mummies down South, measuring molasses by so many 'glups.' Everyone who ever poured molasses from a jug will know what constitutes a glup. No, cookery may not always be dependent on colossal brains; but it does call forth certain reactions that do the vivacious mentality no harm. I am not sure just how to put the reactions into words — a pure essence of gloating, for one thing, perhaps. You come out well with an angel cake, and you stand and worship its lovely macaroon-like crust — not crust either; what shall you name its finish? Exterior angel-flake? Anyhow, you gloat. You also invent sometimes, and circumvent, and train your talents all upon some delicate manœuvre of the craft. You are instigated, wide awake. The mere act of baking properly quickens the circulation and greatly restores the mood. You cannot cook well and remain lackadaisical for long at the same time. The mere contact with refractory substance awakes a kind of healthy vigor: what the old-time Scotchmen called 'sconce.'

There you stand, all your faculties at a focus, your glance intent, your judgment in demand. It behooves you to pay attention and to keep the fire right, using your implement like a magician's wand. You are absorbed, vigilant, watching for the peak of the process, the pitch of perfection, the very single instant of felicity, Very Moment of Very Moment, when the omelet is precisely ripe for folding or the oyster stew exactly right for pouring, or when syrup is just about to spin a thread!

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE?

BY WALTER F. ISAACS

I

THERE remain a good many artists and critics who have not given up the conviction that a picture should express something of the aspect of nature. They do so under certain limited modern criticism which would lead them to the strange conclusion that looking like nature has nothing at all to do with the qualities of a good picture and that the painting of the future will be abstract. Prophecies in art are unreliable, but, with a kind of photographic realism at one end of the scale and abstract self-expression at the other, it is folly to suppose that the best painting will not lie somewhere between the two extremes. Efforts at self-expression without reference to nature have not been productive, and, since none of the most important of the modern extremists seems to be going in that direction, it is difficult to explain why there are so many journalists using space in proving the futility of it.

Most of us who have painted have gone through periods of questioning as to whether the definition of a picture presupposes the representation of nature — involving, of course, good composition — or whether it presupposes merely the rendering of forms, regardless of whether we find them in nature or just invent them. Such questions in the minds both of artists and of laymen are the result mainly of inaccuracy in the identification of ends and means. One says that Sargent had skill but

had nothing to say, and that Rembrandt had both skill and something to say. Another tells us that such a radical as Picasso deals only with the means, the mechanics, of painting and that he never arrives at expressing anything. What then is it to have something to say in painting? Is it to represent familiar objects, to make beautiful designs, or just to express one's self regardless of either? Inasmuch as the most successful of the modernists use natural forms in one way or another, and inasmuch as an overpowering drift toward representation has prevailed since the time of Giotto in painting, and earlier in Gothic sculpture, it is difficult to resist the doctrine that the soundest basis for painting is to be found in the expression of some phase of the visible characteristics of nature.

The American painter and teacher, William Morris Hunt, told his pupils that any striving for self-expression without observation of nature was like rowing with only one oar. This seems to have been sound advice, but as a comprehensive digest of the painter's philosophy it should refer to three elements. The character of a work of art is determined, not alone by nature and the artist's preference, but also by another factor which intervenes in the form of the technical equipment. These are the three principal influences that shape the ends of art. The expression of nature and the artist's

emotion will be effective only in proportion as he shows an intelligent consideration of the material means at his disposal. The artist who sets out to record his observations of nature soon discovers that only certain elements in his visible surroundings are within the range of his power of expression, and he further finds that certain of these elements are of much more æsthetic value than others. He must then determine the most effective use of his materials in order to express the best in what he sees before him and at the same time to allow the greatest amount of freedom for self-expression. He must know what is adapted to paint and canvas and what is essential. It is just here that a great deal of lost motion has occurred in American painting all along the line, from the Hudson River school, in their striving for the grandiose, down through impressionism to ultramodernism.

Inness made progress by developing a more accurate expression of certain limited phases of nature, and that has been true of the majority, if not all, of the most important painters. Inness in his earlier days was much concerned with the description of large panoramas, but as he matured he inclined toward the treatment of simpler subjects and the expression of finer qualities. This parallels closely the development of Renoir; Corot's work too became less panoramic as he grew older. Simplification in seeing and in technique are paramount issues. The artist, his medium, and his visible environment are all factors in the creative activity. The tendency in the best contemporary painting is not so much toward an abstract art as toward a more intelligent adjustment of these three prime influences; and this tendency gains strength through the fact that this is the manner in which the great traditions are carried on.

II

Upon setting out to represent the appearance of things, the painter soon discovers that the aspect of nature is a complex affair. What does nature really look like? Complications appear at every angle. It becomes evident, for example, that perspective is a compromise and holds good only under certain conditions, — our system being different from that used by Oriental artists, — and that other means of representation, such as light and shade, seem to be natural only when we are used to the convention. To an Oriental a shadow as rendered by our most facile painter is but a dark smudge where there would otherwise be clearly defined form. Manet saw light in terms of flat expanses, while Monet saw it in terms of the colored shadow, but they both saw accurately. Yes, and they both saw falsely in terms of Hokusai; for he expressed concepts of objects and not fleeting impressions of the moment. What seems to be true to one group seems to be false to another. There is little that is absolute in the appearance of nature. The problem of naturalism has, however, played a large part in Occidental painting, and in the past century there has been an amazing variety in the methods used in treating the aspect of nature.

The evolution of representation in painting since the middle of the nineteenth century has been a progression in the direction of closer observation — observation not merely of the length and breadth of objects, but of their exact position in space and of their relation to light. The many varieties of style that have resulted testify to the many possible ways of seeing nature. Each great method that has been called true has been true only in a limited sense. We may see nature as an impressionist sees it if we think as

impressionists. Blue shadows on snow are clearly visible when our attention is on color, but they seem to disappear when we contemplate the material of the snow. What we see depends very much on how we focus our attention.

The kind of close observation that has æsthetic significance is of a specialized character. It is not just a question of having the keen vision that one would expect of the expert hunter or a railway engineer, but of being sensitive to certain interrelationships of forms in space. To illustrate this, suppose three artists to be painting in the interior of a forest. They are not equal in ability, and their results will vary accordingly. The first and least proficient draws the forms of the tree trunks accurately, and by use of perspective informs the observer that certain trees are farther in the distance than others. The casual observer is inclined to be satisfied with this, as a representation of nature, inasmuch as it gives certain information in a rather clear manner, as might be done by an ordinary snapshot. Suppose that the second artist not only describes the shapes and colors of the objects, and by the variation in sizes suggests that some forms are in the distance and others in the foreground, but is able to give in addition to this something of the real effect of the depth of space — that clearer relief which is revealed by a stereoscope. The observer would, upon seeing this work, decide that the first picture did not really look like nature.

But there is a third artist. He observes the same motive. He is the most sensitive of all. He does not see more details, or see the shapes any more accurately than the other two, but in observing, as the second painter did, that some trees stand behind others in relief, he notes that they are at fixed distances from each other, and he

memorizes carefully the very sensation that he experiences in the eye muscles as his vision passes in and out among the tree trunks. All of this he faithfully transcribes on his canvas, so that the one who observes his picture is not only informed of certain facts, but is made to experience the sensation of looking into a forest. The third man 'gets the effect' more successfully. It is probable that he has described less accurately the details of the forms; he may even have distorted them intentionally in order to gain the desired result. This result is not a description of facts, but an expression of quality. The first artist transferred knowledge to the observer; the second one expressed feelings in a vague manner; while the third expressed definite feelings in an exact manner.

Many artists fail to realize, just as Messonier did, that simplification is necessary to any accuracy of expression (expression being distinguished from description). In like manner many people have missed the point in Cézanne's work because they did not know that much of his distortion was due to simplification that followed after close observation. Modern painting has developed in the direction of the subjective interpretation of nature. It is a progression from the point of view of rendering the known facts to that of recording the perceptions, and finally to that of expressing the feelings. Discussions of postimpressionism on this basis are more to the point than when on the basis of representation versus abstraction, for, with the single exception of Kandinsky and some others who aim at expressionism, postimpressionists are much concerned with the emotions that spring from the perceptions. Clive Bell's insistence that representation is gradually being discarded is unfortunate, inasmuch as artists will never be able to go very

far in the creation of forms without observation of nature. To be sure, the value of forms is in the æsthetic emotions that they arouse and not in the fact that they recall familiar objects, but that does not rule out representation, unless by representation we mean mere photographic description. Truth may not be the chief end in painting, but it has in the past been a valuable adjunct. Beauty has often been reached through truth.

Our perceptions, upon analysis, take on endless variations. It has been pointed out by able writers, such as Roger Fry, that our habits of seeing have been developed for purposes that lie quite outside the field of art. We are trained to see the differing features of objects, the labels which facilitate identification for practical purposes. We look for those features which enable the scientist to make classifications, and which tell us whether the man in the street is friend or stranger, and whether an approaching automobile is of one style or another.

All of this leaves out a large part of the function of the artist's vision. It does not take into account the many factors of visibility that are common to all objects. The practical man has not the time to contemplate any characteristics except the distinguishing ones. For example, he takes it for granted that objects exist in three-dimensional space, so there is no reason why he should observe that phase of his surroundings with any particular care. His threshold for observation is advanced several points. But if we are to have any understanding of the problem of painting, we must recognize the importance of a more complete kind of observation. The vision of the artist must include those many other phenomena associated with the perception of solid form in space. Two forms may differ in certain respects but be

alike in other features common to all objects existing in the same plane and in the same kind of light. A circular plinth and a square plinth are different in the character of their shape but might be alike in the plane that they occupy in space and in the light that they reflect. Each might arouse in the observer the experience caused by the sight of a receding plane. In painting, the individuality, or character, of an object is no more important than the fact of its existence as a three-dimensional form in open space and in light. The fact that an apple is a three-dimensional form lying on a horizontal plane before a vertical background at a certain distance is to be considered before the particular form of the apple. 'First strive for a possible head,' said William M. Chase to his pupils in portraiture, 'and then the particular character.' Not only was this good advice to his students, but it points to an angle of approach in the criticism of art that is significant. Sargent ranks below Franz Hals, not because he seized upon the characteristics of his sitter less skillfully, but because he observed the head existing before its background and did not perceive so accurately as the old master would have done the exact relation between the ovoid and the vertical plane. The importance of character in painting is not to be minimized, but if it is the flower of art it must be rooted in the supporting structure of three-dimensional space.

To make this more apparent, let us try to imagine what feelings would be experienced if one were to receive the gift of sight after years of blindness. Certainly there would result a freshness of vision that is difficult for us to imagine. Should we be concerned at once with whether eyebrows were high or low, lips curved upward or downward, or whether the maple leaf had five points or nine? Should we not

stand in awe before the astonishing phenomenon of space expanding before our eyes? Eyes that had no habits; eyes that had not been dulled by having seen space for half a lifetime; eyes that had not been trained to forget what space looks like — what should we see with such freshened vision? To a native of the Congo who has never seen white men, all white men look alike because he is so much concerned with the strange whiteness that he overlooks the differences; while, conversely, the white man sees only the differences in his own group. What then does a white man look like? What does he look like to another white man? What to a Bushman? What do you suppose he looks like to his horse or his dog?

A little study of the relative character of the appearance of our surroundings soon leads us to recognize the fact that there may be many different ways of representing nature, all being true. Which of these many truths shall be expressed, since they cannot all be rendered — at any rate in one work of art? The artist is limited by his technique and must select essentials. Scientists are alert to the relative values of truth, and it is no less important that artists should be so. A picture can be only one man's interpretation of some selected phase of the aspect of nature, and upon the quality of his judgment in this selection depends very largely his rank as an artist.

It is obvious that under given conditions certain kinds of exactness are more important than others; in landscape, for example, the expression of the great planes of earth and sky as compared with certain small details that might occur in the scene. Shall the artist be true to essentials or to incidentals? Much of the work of the best radical moderns, such as Picasso and Matisse, is often a truthful expression of the larger interpretation of

the aspect of nature. One truth they express is the effect of receding forms — that is to say, the depth or relief of nature; light is another; and form with definite contours is one, and that is something of importance. Even Rembrandt in all his greatness does not give us clearly defined forms. Much of the form is lost in the misty black background. But that is Rembrandt's method. If you would accept him, you must accept the devices which he uses. You must get so used to them that you forget that they are devices. Picasso has a different set of methods, and, as they are different, so are his truths different. He expresses a different phase of nature. It is not that we would rank Picasso as high as Rembrandt, but rather that it is neither accurate nor very important to say that the one is true to nature and the other is not. Naturally a good deal of the misunderstanding between layman and artist is due to the fact that they require different kinds of realism. The casual observer in the museum who asks why painters do not represent nature as it appears often does not realize that the expression of some elements of nature is not technically possible and that some others have little æsthetic value.

The problem of truth to nature, then, may be approached from many different angles, and the artist does well if he finds expression for some limited phase of the aspect of space and light. His tasks are difficult. While he seeks one quality, another slips away. Although he seems to progress, nature flees on ahead and leaves him bewildered.

III

Thus far, I have referred to the problem of analyzing the perceptions. Other phases of the artist's problem are to be noted, for the perceptions

make up only one of the three influences that shape the ends of art. The artist's materials inject a strong influence into the whole procedure and must be taken into account, for artistic effect is impossible if the materials are inappropriately used. Not the least influence on the artist is the character of the space within which he forms his picture. It is generally rectangular, — although in mural painting there are many variations, — pictures being made rectangular for convenience and for appropriateness in hanging. The adjustment of the motive to this space is of the greatest importance.

For a typical case of overlooking this principle, consider an instance of this kind. A lover of pictures — a man whom we may call Brown — visits the studio of an artist — let us say Smith — and upon looking at his work is somewhat disappointed and speaks in this manner: 'Smith, there is something about your work that is not like nature. Those real hills that I see from your window here seem to roll back with a freedom and ease that refreshes the eye. Nature has a spirit of abandon, of flexibility, of continuousness, that one rarely sees in paintings. In your pictures those hills look as if they were in strait-jackets. You seem to have matched the colors well, and your contours seem to be accurate, but where is the essence of open space? Forms in your pictures seem to exist with effort.'

Now Smith, if he is given to reflection, might well answer: 'Yes, now I see it all clearly! I have forgotten to reckon with the limitations of my means. Nature framed in rectangles is not nature as it unrolls in reality, in infinite spaces. Those spaces in nature transcend all our rectangles. The richness of the scene that I have attempted to paint has been turned to insipid dryness, and those tones that I matched

so carefully are not the same tones at all, now that they are squeezed into this little rectangle. Yes, you are right. It is the aid of composition that I have missed. But I will tell you where I have seen the things that you speak of. I have seen them in the paintings of Masaccio, and of Michelangelo, and I have seen them in the work of Cézanne. They are to be found in the history of art, both old and modern.'

The dialogue need not be continued to make clear the importance of composition in spaces. The difficulties involved are apparent when one considers that our normal field of vision is approximately circular and has undefined edges, and that a picture is rectangular with very emphatic edges. Even if one believed that the art quality depended solely on representing nature, as few do to-day, the need for skillful compositional adjustment could hardly be overemphasized. In addition to this, there are one or two other phases to the problem of the use of materials that must be mentioned. A second characteristic of the artist's canvas is that it is flat, whereas nature is deep. The mural decorations by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library exemplify the use of a flat effect in decoration. In pictures also the same principle applies, but in a different manner. A technical distinction is often made between pictorial and decorative art. In pictures some expression of the depth, or relief, of nature is expected, while in decoration it may be entirely absent. But even in pictures some of the flat quality may well be expressed. The complex emotion that comes from the contemplation of the flat canvas, which mysteriously carries with it an expression of the third dimension, is a large element in the pleasure that is to be gained from pictures. In Occidental art it is not

a well-developed feature. It is so little understood that it has not been given much thought by most artists: moreover, it is so subtle that few find any solution for the problem, even if they do consider it, for it is more than the flatness of decorative art; it must be pictorial and express the appearance of space and light. Manet made a conscious effort to achieve flat painting, and he had a dislike for the modeling in strong relief of his contemporary, Courbet. Flat painting was more completely realized in Cézanne's later work and is probably best understood to-day by Matisse. The finest examples of flat painting in the history of art, I believe, are the Chinese paintings of the early periods from about the tenth to the fourteenth centuries. Nothing in the realm of art more keenly penetrates the mysteries of space than those irresistible creations, which are at the same time so flat and so deep.

Thus the physical form of the picture and certain mechanical limitations constitute the second of the three great influences on art.

IV

There remains to be taken into account the third factor, or the artist's self-expression. It is not exclusive of the other two factors, for they have their significance in terms of it, but the problem is considered here in a subjective light. Modern æstheticians have made much progress in the direction of analyzing the artist's feelings. Probably the æsthetic attitude is identified more closely to-day than ever before. Contemplation has been pretty well defined. The definition in general seems to be something like Münsterberg's idea of close acquaintance with an object, rather than an understanding of it. Such definitions correspond very well to the practising painter's

experiences. Few people, except painters themselves, have ever fastened their attention on visible form with enough concentration to enable them to attain the æsthetic attitude. They look at an object, but they do not look long enough and with enough variety of emphasis to gather anything but a superficial idea of its appearance. Agassiz required his pupils in science to look at the specimen, to look long, and to look again; but that, as observation, was entirely different from æsthetic contemplation. It called for another kind of emphasis.

Just what is the nature of the æsthetic attitude? I referred to the possibilities in observing an apple lying on a horizontal plane. Imagine this apple, please. It is a large, red apple. Its widest dimension is near the top, and it tapers toward a narrower base on which it rests with its full weight. (We are sensing its very existence.) It is thick as well as wide. If we ran a hat-pin through it, as Hogarth might have suggested, the pin would pass through a good deal of material before it broke the peel on the opposite side. (We are conscious of its internal matter.) If we ran the pin through near the top, where the bulge is, more of the pin would be covered than if we ran it through at a lower point. The pin could be passed through the apple at an infinite number of angles. As we look at it, we may allow our eyes to circle the perimeter, observing the kind of tracing made. (We are surveying it with a different emphasis.) We might still see it differently. We might first observe the top, where the stem is, and then allow our vision to sweep downward on both sides at once, as if we passed both hands respectively down the right and left sides of it. It would then suggest one's own shoulders, or the sides of a Greek vase. There are other ways in which we could look

at it. We might look at the centre, where it projects, and think of its thickness, or our eyes might begin at the point of support and travel upward and outward, around its swelling form. All of this, of course, is a process of exhausting the possibilities in the observation of visible form.

But in the process of this contemplation my eye is attracted to the vertical side of a box, just beyond, where I see the words 'New York.' Ah, yes! I am aroused with a start. The apple will probably be sold on the market. My mind jumps to New York, to San Francisco, to apple orchards in Wenatchee, to dollars and cents — and the æsthetic attitude is gone. The two attitudes do not mix. If you face in the direction of contemplation, your back is toward the attitude of the practical response. When you begin one activity you must stop the other, unless one is subconscious.

To be conscious of the results of such observations as are described above, one could hardly do better than observe the rendering of an apple in some of Cézanne's still-life paintings, particularly if it is compared with the work of a mediocre artist treating a similar subject. Among the painters of earlier periods Chardin, Corot, Vermeer, and countless others among the masters could be studied to advantage in this connection. The æsthetic feeling in its pure form finds expression in the paintings of the one who can well be called America's greatest landscape painter, the late Albert P. Ryder. The casual visitor to the Metropolitan Museum may pass them by unnoticed, for they are not conspicuous, but those little pictures would count heavily in a summary of the Museum's treasures.

To analyze the works of the best painters requires very subtle discriminations. Quick judgments are hazardous. It is futile to search for qualities

which the artist had no intention of expressing. It is a false basis of approach that often causes errors — errors both of praise and of condemnation — in the judgment of art. With a right point of view must go great sensitiveness, without which many paintings are unjustly condemned and others are praised for fine qualities which they do not possess.

V

The actual nature of the æsthetic feeling is, of course, not easily described. Current discussions in the field of æsthetics, however, have been very much to the point in defining terms, and the emphasis that has been laid on the physical senses reveals the fundamental nature of the æsthetic attitude.

It is with the elemental sensations that we find the vocabulary of this language which is intended to transfer the finer emotions of life. This, however, is not the same thing as saying that the art experience exists on the low plane of animal life, but rather that any elaboration of a superstructure must inevitably rest on a foundation of the physical sensibilities. However lofty and spiritual our pictorial aim may be, we cannot attain it by going around or starting above this sensuous element, but we must go through it, carry it along with us, and in some mysterious manner weave it into the fabric of the elevated philosophy which we hope to formulate. Certainly there has been too much theorizing on the social value of and the spiritual message in painting, without an adequate knowledge of the ways and means of pictorial expression and the possibilities and limitations of such expression. The enjoyment of a work of art and the æsthetic contemplation of a natural object require

a concentration that prevents any practical response. The observer, becoming absorbed in the object of his contemplation, seems to feel his own identity flowing outward toward the object. The thing observed is thus cut off from its surroundings, and stands in complete isolation — except where it is a part of an organized group, and then the group is cut off.

Such concentration is what arouses the æsthetic experience, and the success of the artist depends upon his ability to give a good report of his æsthetic feelings. The ability to shake off at times the tendency to make a practical response to forms is essential in the appreciation of art. It is the first step in learning to see from the artist's point of view.

Much more toleration for the artist would result if the layman had a greater understanding of these three conditioning influences on creative work. The many-sidedness of the problem of the perceptions, the given conditions in the materials, and the inherent right of the artists to some choice in the matter must be granted to ensure common ground for artist and public. Ability to appreciate presupposes ability to get used to the artist's devices, especially new devices, and ultimately ability to be undisturbed by devices at all — to see through to essentials. If we can do this, we shall be able to know what is best in any form of art, whether it be sixteenth-century painting or post-

impressionism, and we shall be able to identify those works which have the devices and nothing else. With this in mind, we shall know that such an expression as 'truth to nature' is meaningless if unqualified, and that at best it is only one side of the art-triangle. Knowing something of the artist's means of expression will lead us to avoid looking in pictures for that which belongs to sculpture; in decoration for those things which come within the province of pictures; or in any form of art for that which is extraneous. The painter, as he faces this threefold problem, must realize, just as the layman must realize, that the importance of a picture depends not so much upon how many truths it expresses as upon the æsthetic value of the particular quality expressed.

The beginning of the artist's philosophy is in eclecticism. He must analyze his perceptions and select those things which are desirable and possible. The beginning of the appreciator's philosophy is in practising the æsthetic attitude. The reagent for either is the inquiring mind, which does not wait passively to be stimulated by whatever form of art happens to be convenient, but seeks out the excellent. Psychologically, the outstanding characteristic of modern art is its challenge to the passive mind; and the same may be said of the art of any period, if one refers to those qualities which have made it endure.

CHANGELINGS AT OUR HEARTHSIDE

BY WALTER SAMUEL SWISHER

IN the old days there was a definite technique for getting rid of the changeling. In this third decade of the twentieth century, with all of our psychologies and pseudopsychologies, our varied and variegated educational 'methods,' our lectures on 'personality,' — with Sigmund Freud looming in the offing, — we seem to have lost that ancient art. Whether for good or for ill I am not prepared to say. I can, indeed, conceive of a modernized version of an ancient tale in which the changeling, with his elfin smile and his witching ways, so endears himself to the goody who fosters him that she will not let him go! This is heresy, and no properly reared child would tolerate such trifling with fairy lore.

As a matter of fact, we face a serious dilemma in our education. We have suffered a sea change, and the results of this metamorphosis, while they may not be rich, are, in the minds of many observers, at least strange.

It is evident that the methods and aims of education are not what they formerly were — 'formerly' referring to the nineteenth century. In those halcyon days education was a fairly well-defined process. It might be surveyed from two points of view — that of the teacher and that of the taught. Every student knows that these points of view were not the same. From the teacher's point of view, it meant imparting knowledge, giving the student a body of fact, a fund of information on a given subject, literary or scientific. Methods of imparting

knowledge differed, but a favorite was what may be termed the 'main-force' method. The teacher was there and the knowledge was there. If the student refused to take his medicine, he must be made to take it. It is not a pleasant analogy, but have you ever seen a veterinary give a reluctant horse medicine? The student naturally resented the main-force method. According to his native independence of character, his resentment varied in degree all the way from watchful waiting, through armed neutrality, to active resistance. He was not docile. The reason is not far to seek. He was young, and the young, unless they are victims of an abnormal upbringing, are not by nature docile. He could not see that the body of knowledge which he was supposed to absorb bore the remotest relation to himself and his life interests. The student resented what he considered the professor's assumption of superiority, his supercilious tone, his contempt for the intelligence of what he called the 'student body.' What upstanding young man would willingly consent to being even a comely member of a 'student body'? Let there be no mistake: I am here speaking of the main-force method and its exponents — not of professors in general. Even in those bygone times there was no more a genus professor than there was a genus student. In the main, I believe, the stricture holds.

In my student days 'Why?' was a forbidden question. The teacher

spoke *ex cathedra*. The weight of his authority, the strength of his reputation in his chosen field, were supposed to be sufficient to carry his dicta. His lecture might well have begun with the formula: 'By virtue of the authority vested in me by this Board of Trustees'; or 'By this School Committee, I now announce so and so to be the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.' And now he is in full swing, turning off rounded periods in mellifluous tones, reading glibly from lecture notes dog-eared and yellowed with age — one suspects that he could give these lectures verbatim without notes, so often have they been ground out before so many generations of students. But suddenly there is an interruption. Someone in the rear of the lecture room has raised a meek small voice, though in the ears of the questioner it sounds like thunder, and asked the question, 'Why?' The lecture is interrupted; fifty pairs of student eyes are turned on the questioner. The professor, like an errant star, is thrown with violence from his orbit — the orbit round which he has safely coursed for thirty years. The universe totters on its foundations. Someone — a freshman, of course: no one else would have the temerity — has dared to ask Professor X the question, 'Why?'

In those days to ask why was to blaspheme, to show disrespect for the equator. The student was supposed to receive docilely and gratefully the pabulum which the professor provided. Examinations might even mean turning back to the professor almost word for word the information which he had imparted to the student. This is not an exaggerated statement. A student of my acquaintance gained an entirely undeserved reputation for brilliance because he had an admirable — from the point of view of getting high marks

— method of briefing his lecture notes and memorizing the brief. This memorized brief was the basis of his answers to examination questions given by the professor in whose department he was majoring.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the professor resented the question 'Why?' because he could not always answer it, or because it threw him off his orbit. Let the passage of the years bring me tolerance — it may have been because an answer to the question would have constituted too great a digression from the lecture, and that in the enlightenment of lectures to come would be found the answer to the student's questioning. Or it may be that only fuller life and wider experience could answer this 'why.' Many of the 'whys' for which I sought in vain for answer from my professors have been answered by life itself. For though man must be persistent, he must be patient.

Nevertheless, all change comes round and all progress is possible because someone with irritating persistence asks the question, 'Why?' There is enough inertia in the world to make it remain forever in statu quo were there not forever some heretic arising to question old traditions, old sanctions, old conformity. From the evolutionist's point of view, content with the status quo is fatal, conformity to existing standards is disastrous. Fortunately there are enough questioners in every generation to shake us from our complacency with their 'whys.'

Somehow the older educational methods in our colleges, built upon English and Continental ideals, — education for 'gentlemen,' — no longer satisfied. We may have been too utilitarian in our ideals, for we are a generation of workers and we tend to make accomplishment the criterion of success. However this may be, we

did question these older methods and ideals, weighed them, and found them wanting. Wherein did they fail? We had neglected the human element. Buried in curricula, obsessed with the glories of the past, we forgot that we must do more than impart knowledge: we must educate human beings. We turned to a study of the beings whom we were educating. Shades of Fröbel and Pestalozzi! The path was clear, but our blind eyes had missed it!

And now education is 'developing' or 'unfolding personality.' It is 'releasing energy,' attaining 'self-realization.' The learning-process was first through 'apperception,' then it was by 'assimilation,' and finally by the 'project method.' Young ladies speak glibly, though somewhat ignorantly, of 'introverts' and 'extraverts,' of 'repression' and 'self-expression' — Freud and Jung loom in the offing. Shades of the prison-house no longer enclose the growing boy. He goes to an out-of-door school where the Dalton method is in vogue. His summer is spent at a boys' camp under the supervision of counselors who are students from college and university and are themselves feeling their way to freedom, self-expression, self-realization.

There are student federations for world peace, international relations, and the like, which hold meetings and discuss serious social and economic questions. Far from being discouraged by older and 'wiser' people, these are actually fostered and encouraged! It is a part of the new freedom, and the new gospel teaches that it is better to hold wrong opinions and form wrong judgments — to be corrected later in the light of further experience — than never to decide at all. Former generations learned by the 'trial and error' method; why should not this generation?

The market is flooded with books and

pamphlets on developing personality, filled with a pseudopsychology designed to catch the half-educated — a pseudopsychology that is pernicious in so far as it assures the reader that 'affirmation' will bring him health, wealth, and happiness, whereas the veriest tyro who studies life at first hand has begun to learn the lesson that things of value must be earned with the heart's blood.

Under this inexorable pressure of the present upon the past, this merciless scrutiny and questioning of old things, there is a transmutation of values. Whereas the old education emphasized preservation of old values, the handing-on of old traditions, the storing of precious old jewels in precious old caskets, — in a word, conformity, — the new education emphasizes independence of mind, self-sufficiency, self-expression, self-realization — that is, nonconformity.

Now for the dilemma of modern education. The unconscious aim of the older education — Freud and Jung loom nearer — was to make of the members of the coming generation replicas of members of the generation just passing, as nearly exact as possible. That was not the avowed aim of education; it was implicit in the method. Men and women like to be comfortable. To be comfortable — to our shame be it said! — most of us have to live with people of opinions, standards, and conventions like our own. We have wanted our children to be like us — better than we, improved models, but still of like substance. The dilemma of modern education is that, while theoretically we recognize the rights of individual judgment, modern education is turning out a generation of nonconformists who are different from us, and we don't like it! We find changelings at our hearthside! We are almost tempted to fill an eggshell with water and boil

it on the electric toaster to see if they will not laugh, and then, when they have laughed their elfin laughter, to see whether an elf-wife will not appear to bear them away and restore to us our own. We do not know our own children! We question whence they came, where they are now, and whither they are going. We are filled with foreboding, because they are not like us. We have hatched ducklings, and, in spite of our indignant, flurried cluckings, they have taken to the water. That is the dilemma of modern education: it has not produced what we expected, and we do not see how our world can be stable unless old things are handed on down the ages.

The new generation does not agree with us in dress, opinion, social standards, or conduct. These sons and daughters dare to disagree and to find their own paths to life. They do not actually bite the hand that feeds them, but they nibble at it, tweak a finger perhaps, all the time purring gently! They will purr, but they will not conform.

The young people of my generation rebelled at times against their elders. The young people of to-day do not trouble to rebel: they quietly go their own way. Perhaps it is this trait that nonpluses us more than any other; rebellion we might comprehend, having once rebelled ourselves, and meet it with the severely repressive measures which we believe it merits. But to go quietly on their own way, not even troubling to rebel! We are like musty old tomes in a dark corner of some forgotten library. No one troubles to read us — we are shelved.

That is what irritates us beyond endurance and makes us break forth on platform and in print, inveighing against the younger generation, their dress, their opinions, their conduct (Freud and Jung are now close at

hand) — we are *ignored*! Our indignation is a 'compensation formation,' a 'defense reaction' because the control of affairs is slipping from our hands.

This dilemma suggests a larger question. Does civilization depend for its preservation upon continuity, upon the survival of old values, upon 'constants,' upon traditions handed from father to son? Or does it depend rather upon some heretic's, some non-conformist's, wresting it violently from old moorings where the current is sluggish and barnacles are beginning to encrust its hull? Must we be caught up out of our inertia, borne violently away from lotus-lands where soft breezes play, faint perfumes abound, and quiet pools mirror the dreams of old and half-forgotten things? Must every age do violence to the age that is passing? These are serious questions. Scientists tell us that a world where volcanic action has ceased is a dead world, that were it not for earthquakes the sea would in time eat away the land. Must the world be moved forward by volcanoes and earthquakes to be moved at all?

Three broad thinkers in three countries write despairingly of our civilization, which they believe to be on the decline. They are William McDougall in America, Flinders Petrie in England, and Oswald Spengler in Germany. Petrie and Spengler, from consideration of the past and of certain racial, social, and economic questions, hold that every civilization describes a curve, a kind of parabola: a sharp upward curve covered by a few centuries, a long level without progress or retrogression, and a sharp decline covering but a few centuries. They believe that we are now entering upon the decline of our civilization. What will save it? They are pessimistic. They hold that it cannot be saved.

Two questions occur to me. One is: Are we developing the individual at the expense of the social order? Some biologists, among them Julian Huxley, hold that individuality is developed late, phylogenetically late, in the rise of human culture. It depends, as Sherrington phrases it, upon 'integrations upon progressively higher and higher levels,' levels impossible to the primitive mind. Lévy-Bruhl speaks of a 'primitive collective mentality' — the tribesman cannot think or act apart from his tribe. He is bound up with it, part and parcel of it.

There is nothing of the tribesman about our young people. They can think and act apart from the tribe in a way that makes us elderly, primitive tribesmen open our eyes. If Huxley, Sherrington, and Lévy-Bruhl are right, and individuality is attained late in the history of human culture, does not such individuality mark the most highly civilized man, and are we not then on the right road with our modern methods of education, which are designed to create, foster, and develop the individual? This, however, is not the second question which occurs to me.

The second question is: Do we want to preserve our present civilization at all costs? Is it worth saving? Has it brought man peace, contentment, satisfaction of his legitimate needs and

desires? I speak of man in the mass, not of a few favored individuals. Nowhere is there evinced greater social solidarity, a greater uniformity of opinion, more of the group spirit, than among ants. Recently I saw an army of large red ants emerge from their hill, attack and carry off an army of black ants. Some they killed, some they kept as slaves. What of the black ants? Is our civilization worth saving if we could save it?

Finally, — and this question does not seem very pressing at the present moment because to most of us the event appears so remote, — what will happen to us when our civilization does finally collapse? The catastrophe will not be spectacular and cataclysmic — not like the collapse of a city in a few seconds when an earthquake shakes it to its foundations. It will be a slow disintegration — as in the case of Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. I should like to live a few hundred or a thousand years hence to see it; but then, perhaps I should not recognize this collapse when I did see it.

What happened to the people of Babylonia, of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome? The people were not destroyed; they were merged in other races. I hope when we are merged in some other race it will be a race superior to ours.

A FRIEND OF THE GREAT LE FEVRE

BY KENNETH PHILLIPS BRITTON

It was during our senior year that Dr. Peterson came to Williams to head the department of Archæology. We had just become seniors and were taking Life and Letters — both visualized with enormous capitals — very seriously, and so, of course, we attended all the faculty teas to which we were invited. 'Getting acquainted with the faculty' was one of the many cultural duties which our new gravity required. There was so much to be gained by an intimate knowledge of those great minds who functioned for a small salary as our teachers. And, astounding though it was to us when we first discovered it, their wives were charming, and even, at times, intelligent. We cultivated them and danced with them at the faculty dances, and they gave us tea, and their husbands gave us better marks.

So it was not surprising that, when the president gave a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Peterson, we were all of us — Mal and Chick and Ed and Fritz, Jack and Spike and Peter and I — among the first to go down the line.

Mrs. Peterson met with our instant approval. She was a wisp of a thing, fragile, with smoky graying hair and rather prominent blue eyes. She was not young; in fact we marveled that one so old — she was over fifty — could still be attractive. Her hand clung to ours just a second longer than did the capable hands of the other faculty wives, creating a pleasant impression of helplessness. She smiled a trifle wanly as if to say, 'You will be

nice to me, won't you? I have so little in common with these poor secluded ladies with whom I have been thrown. I have been accustomed to debonair and sophisticated men — like you.'

Yes, it was a remarkable smile and said all that. We were entranced at once. Never before had a smile suggested that we were debonair and sophisticated. She appreciated us, and we appreciated her. We carried her innumerable cups of tea after the receiving line broke up, and lavished her with attention and small talk. We formed a conspicuous and admiring group about her as she sat, lost in a billowing chair in the president's library, flattering and being flattered. And the wives of other professors came and saw that we were conquered, and wondered who would dance with them and planned larger and more expensive teas.

The college dramatic association was at the time rehearsing for its winter trip. *Lady Windermere's Fan* was to be presented, and Wilde was a favorite topic of conversation among the few of us who attempted to establish a high æsthetic standard for the rest of the college to follow. (The rest of the college, of course, did not follow, but we had the exquisite privilege of feeling their intellectual superiors.) One of us, I think it was Spike, — he was always a trifle tactless, — asked Mrs. Peterson if she had read the play. She ignored the gauche suggestion that she might not have read it and pretended not to see the withering glances

we flashed upon him. Smiling remisscently, she remarked, 'Oscar never really liked that play. He told me once that it was only a literary ash-bin, filled with the sweepings from his desk.'

'Did you know Oscar Wilde?' we asked with one accord.

'Oh, yes. Very well indeed. I lived in London during the last of those delightful naughty nineties. Of course, he was old then. But so charming. So kind-hearted.'

She sighed faintly, and we sat a moment in silence, respecting her memories. Then we asked her rather timidly if she knew many of the other bright figures of that period.

She knew them all. She and Aubrey used to have tea together in a queer little place in Soho, and Aubrey would sketch upon the napkins rough ideas for the next issue of the *Yellow Book*. And Henley had once said something dreadful to her. Perhaps, when she knew us better, she would tell us what it was. But not now; there was no use urging.

We never learned what it was that Henley said, for our friendship with Mrs. Peterson was not very prolonged. But it was an intense friendship, really a worship, while it lasted. We all agreed that there was no one like Mrs. Peterson. Her store of anecdotes was inexhaustible. Whistler and Beer-bohm, Manet, Monet, and Renoir, the shy Gauguin and the bristling Shaw, were all close friends of hers, and she delighted us with tales upon tales of those golden days when brilliancy was a social requirement and morality merely a topic of conversation.

We gathered in her little living-room every afternoon at the end of our four-o'clock classes, and she told us the inside story of little Soames. She it was who had told it to Max so that he might include it in his *Seven Men*. She was sorry that he had changed

the story, had veered slightly from the exact truth, but naturally he was forced to tone it down a little. We had never thought that such a man as Soames had existed, but she assured us that he had and that she had known him well. She told us startling things about Maurice Le Fevre — Maurice, our hero, the greatest influence upon modern letters, the author of that dog-eared *Men and Women* which held the position of honor on Peter's shelves. And she confided to us that she used to buy Whistler's neckties for him. Plain colors they were. No stripes. No checks. Just soft pastel shades in China silk. Once she had included among her purchases a vivid orange scarf, but he had refused to wear it. She still had it somewhere, and, running impetuously from the room, she brought it to us, a wide bright stripe of silk, and we handled it reverently and worshiped Mrs. Peterson. She bought Whistler's ties for him. She let us look at the tie which that great man had refused to wear. She was a friend of Maurice Le Fevre.

We sat late that night — and many other nights — in Chick's room, praising Mrs. Peterson. At last we were living and learning. Our experience was vicarious, but what of that! Were we not knowing the great men of the past as intimately as anyone of our age could ever know them? We blessed Mrs. Peterson, for she had made us superior to the barbarians around us — poor benighted barbarians who had never handled the necktie which Whistler refused to wear and did not know the inside story of little Soames. We even boasted a little in a dignified way and patronized the juniors and sophomores. And everywhere we talked of Mrs. Peterson. When we could not escape the invitations of Mrs. Jenckins and Professor White's wife, we bored them with our praises

of their rival. We invited members of the faculty to Sunday dinner and repeated Mrs. Peterson's anecdotes. We snubbed our fraternity brothers, because they refused to appreciate the wonderful opportunity of knowing Le Fevre and Manet and Shaw third-hand. And we took our idol to every concert and lecture, game and dance, that broke into the glorious monotony of our college existence. For three months hardly a day passed that we did not sit at Mrs. Peterson's feet and absorb her fascinating knowledge.

It was Spike, I think, who first threw doubt into our minds. We had taken the lady to tea one afternoon and had listened avidly to her description of Anatole France's family life. She had known the great ironist well — had visited his home time and time again. She and old Madame France had been the closest of companions for many beautiful months at the old lady's villa outside Nice. And she recounted witty Gallic tales of the great man's childhood, tales which his mother had told her with that delicate ironical expression which her son had inherited.

That evening Peter and Mal and I climbed the ancient stairs of West College and threw ourselves, with our customary lack of ceremony, upon Spike's chairs and divans. The fire was bright and the room, as always, comfortable and attractive. But we sensed at once an unpleasant atmosphere, emanating, it seemed, from our host's brooding face. He sat curled up in an armchair by the fireplace, staring moodily at the flames. One arm hung limply over the side of the chair, his hand barely grasping a fat red book. Every line of his body expressed a tragic depression, a disillusionment. We were startled, so startled, in fact, that we were silent.

At last one of us spoke.

'What are you reading, Spike?'

The tragic figure moved and replied huskily, 'Biographical dictionary.'

His tone, rather than his statement, threw us somehow upon the defensive. We felt instinctively that some idea or ideal was to be attacked, but we had no inkling of the direction from which the blow was to come. So we sat uncomfortably still and waited for the thrust.

It came. But it did not register immediately.

'Anatole France's real name was Thibault.'

Even then we did not see the naked feet of clay which Spike was so ruthlessly disclosing.

'Well,' said Peter.

'Well,' said Spike. 'His mother's name could n't have been Madame France, could it?'

Blank consternation filled the room. We were aghast. Of course it could n't. It must have been Madame Thibault. Mothers did n't adopt the pseudonyms of their sons, no matter how famous they were. Mrs. Peterson must have made a mistake. But what a mistake! Not to know the name of an old friend. It was impossible that she could have misled us deliberately, could have lied to us. For, had she lied about France, we should be forced to conclude that she had lied about some or all of the others whom she claimed for her friends. She might not have known Le Fevre. She might not have purchased Whistler's ties. But that was unthinkable. Loyal we cast out our doubts, and loyally we sought an explanation. It was Mal who discovered it.

'Probably "Madame France" was the name her friends called her. That's quite possible, you know.'

'Yes,' we all agreed, — all except Spike, the dour iconoclast, — 'yes, that is quite possible.'

A load was lifted from our minds. We had an explanation. Any explanation that was plausible would have done, for we were not ready to throw over our idol. We craved more enlightenment, with its attendant sense of superiority. We earnestly desired to believe, to be able to believe. Without further discussion we accepted Mal's proffered explanation and said good-night to Spike.

But the seeds were sown, and they grew in secret to weeds of an enormous proportion that clogged the receptivity of our minds. They formed a screen through which passed few of her tales. Occasionally a particularly circumstantial memoir penetrated to our belief, but most of the legends fell by the wayside. We kept our doubts close hidden, however, and the lady continued to recite story after story of our heroes. We tried to act credulous and enthusiastic, but it was only when she spoke of Le Fevre that we truly believed. Her acquaintance with that great man rang true. Her memories of him were so intimate, so detailed, as to be absolutely convincing. And when she described a certain hilarious cabride in the Bois de Boulogne, she completely routed — for the time — our unhappy doubts. Other people, even chatty magazine-writers, told similar tales about Le Fevre. So we consoled ourselves by saying, 'Anyway, she's a friend of Le Fevre.' And that, to a group of serious thinkers, seniors, men about to go out into the world and improve it — that almost compensated for any discrepancies which we might discover in Mrs. Peterson's never-ending saga.

Any about-face of opinion, no matter how closely guarded it may be kept, is apt to make itself known to outsiders, and our less cultured fraternity brothers and our quondam faculty hostesses seemed to be aware of the disturbance

and doubt which possessed our minds. Our old friends among the faculty wives very nobly bade us return to their hearty, less pretentious hearths and drink their orange pekoe unseasoned by heroic anecdotes. We returned occasionally and tried half-heartedly to praise Mrs. Peterson. I am afraid we were not very successful, for we had all by this time secretly and separately concluded that our historian was a romantic artist, amusing, but weak in veracity. Being seniors, we had no desire to be amused unless we were enlightened at the same time.

At Mrs. Peterson's we maintained our old standard of interest, but that charming lady was beginning to lag in her conversational efforts. She no longer regaled us with the half-shocking misfortunes of Austin Dobson. She ceased to describe the turmoil of Shaw's rooms, and Whistler's neckties faded from pastel glamour to a gray and unmentioned obscurity. From time to time she talked of Wilde and Le Fevre, but her remarks had become generalizations which might have been gleaned from any of a number of lighter magazine articles.

So we made excuses, pleaded examinations and special essays, and left her tea-table before our disappointment should become patent. Our pristine enthusiasm was sullied with doubt, and only a great revelation could restore it.

The revelation came, as revelations do come, in time. It began with Spike, who, with the cruelty of the young and the sincere, rushed into Mrs. Peterson's living-room one evening and announced breathlessly that Maurice Le Fevre, the great Maurice, was to lecture at Williams under the auspices of the Athenic Union. Spike was secretary of the association and had advance information. It was also clear that

Spike did not believe that Mrs. Peterson had ever met Le Fevre.

She took the announcement calmly. Too calmly. The rest of us did believe that she was the close friend of the master that she claimed to be, and we expected her to clap her hands and to plan to entertain him. Instead, she sat very, very still and murmured, 'I wonder if he will remember me after all these years.' And she refused to write him, to meet him at the train, to entertain him.

We were so disappointed that we were cold with anger. We did not believe a single word that she had ever uttered. We left shortly, indignant, thinking of revenge. She had lied to us. She had never been a friend of Le Fevre. Her actions branded her as a malicious, deliberate charlatan. We hoped sincerely that she did n't think that we believed everything she said.

We brought our long-festered doubts into the open and planned our vengeance. We would force her to meet Le Fevre. We would confront her with her own callous lies. And how we should enjoy her suffering! We even went so far as to confess to a few friends outside our charmed circle that we were beginning to have grave doubts of the lady's ability to speak the truth.

The news of Mrs. Peterson's incipient downfall spread quickly. We had been a trifle obnoxious, perhaps, in our superior knowledge of the past masters, and not a few of our acquaintances awaited with undisguised pleasure the toppling of our idol, hoping that we, too, would be injured in the debacle. Everywhere we were greeted with sarcastic chuckles and inquiries as to the health of Mrs. Peterson.

Then came a message that Le Fevre was ill in his New York hotel and had canceled his engagement. We were all a little glad, for, after all, Mrs. Peterson

had been an intimate friend for three months and we still had some shreds of decency left in spite of our indignation. We returned to her tea-table and found her in the best of spirits. She talked charmingly of the past, supplying us with a great fund of information concerning the man who was unable to speak to us. She was witty, brilliant — and almost convincing. And she continued to expatiate upon the charm of the man, the beauty of his massive leonine head, and the firmness of his wide thin mouth until a telegram came to Spike, saying that M. Le Fevre was recovered and would arrive in town the next evening to say a few words about the new Briot Plan of Scholarships and to receive for that splendid piece of idealism any donations the college body might feel it could give.

Mrs. Peterson was silent, but firm in her refusal to have a tea for the visiting celebrity. She accepted, however, our invitation to sit in the front row with the officers of the Athenic and to chat with the visitor after the lecture. Poor Mrs. Peterson. She could not refuse; our many references to her past friendship with the man were too frank in their sarcasm to permit her to retire. We were challenging her and she knew it.

Brave Mrs. Peterson. We really expected a message the following day announcing a sudden illness. We should scarcely have blamed her, for we were practically certain that her supposed acquaintance with Le Fevre was entirely fictitious. But she was waiting for us at a quarter past eight in her small reception-hall, looking more fragile and appealing than ever. Her large blue eyes were dark-ringed, and she seemed old and tired. The eight of us were stern and polite; she would receive no quarter from any of us.

As we took our seats in Jesup Hall,

a number of people bowed to us, and Mrs. Peterson remarked quietly that there was quite an audience. Perhaps she knew that a number of those present had come more to see her baited than to listen to the speaker. If she realized the fact, however, she disclosed her knowledge of it by no gesture or word. Sitting upright in her seat, with her hands clasped, she looked neither to the right nor to the left.

The president of the Athenic stepped forward, introduced M. Le Fevre, and asked the ushers to pass the contribution boxes quietly. Then he bowed to someone off-stage and returned to his seat.

Accompanied by a polite applause, the speaker stepped upon the platform. He was a smallish man with stone-gray hair immaculately cut and brushed, and a rather small head. The 'wide thin mouth' which we had admired in Mrs. Peterson's descriptions was short and very loose. We turned automatically toward her and accused her silently. The speaker was in no respect like the image of Le Fevre which we had worshiped. He did n't look a great deal like his photographs, and he resembled not a whit Mrs. Peterson's too graphic picture of him.

The lady was obviously confused and was barely able to answer our relentless questions with a murmured, 'He has changed a great deal.'

Except for that remark she said nothing during the short and rather disappointing speech. When he bowed and stepped to one side at the conclusion of a rambling résumé of the Briot Plan, she drew herself up and smiled at us as if to say, 'Now we shall see.'

The president announced that the offerings of the college had been most gratifying; Le Fevre thanked us briefly and courteously; and the audience began to file out. A few hung behind,

and we knew that they were the audience for our private performance, the keen huntsmen who wanted to be in at the death. We rose and approached the great man.

Mrs. Peterson was noticeably flushed, but she betrayed no fear. Indeed, she wore all the gestures of a charming lady about to greet an old, old friend. We were impressed in spite of ourselves, but the agony of self-reproach that was to bear down upon us like a torrent had not yet been unloosed. We were still eager for the crash.

The crash came, but it did not so much as move Mrs. Peterson from her secure pedestal. It was the group of eight revengeful, serious-minded seniors who were overwhelmed. Mrs. Peterson advanced with both hands extended.

'My *dear* Maurice,' she said, 'I do hope you have n't forgotten me — Dolly Lampson. Dolly Peterson now. After all those wonderful days in Paris.'

The great Le Fevre stared at her a moment, a trifle bewildered, it seemed to us. Then his face brightened and, taking her proffered hands, he bent over them.

'Dolly Lampson. Forget you! Ah, nevair-r-r-e! It would not be possible. Those wonderful, wonderful days.'

We heard little of the ensuing conversation, for we were too stunned and too ashamed of ourselves. Also we were busy regaining our self-importance and reinstating Mrs. Peterson in our affections. Gone were the unkind doubts. Forgotten was every cruel thought. She was once again *our* Mrs. Peterson, the friend of the great Le Fevre.

The conversation between our idols was one-sided, because Mrs. Peterson was particularly gay and loquacious. Le Fevre laughed constantly at the memories of old times that she evoked,

and supplemented her remarks with knowing gestures and friendly glances. Unfortunately the triumph was shortened by the approach of the president of the Athenic, who announced wistfully that M. Le Fevre had insisted upon returning on the 10.12 train. He wished that he could be persuaded.

But no! The great man had important business elsewhere. But he turned as he reached for his hat and laid a last sprig of laurel upon Mrs. Peterson's now-cluttered altar.

'Had I but known, my dear Dolly, that *you* were here, I should certainly have planned to stay longer,' and he bent upon the lady the most complete look of admiration we had ever seen.

We walked home on clouds. We almost kissed Mrs. Peterson at the door. We sat late in our rooms rejuvenating our vicarious friendships with Wilde and Shaw and Whistler. And on the following day we hastened to Dr. Peterson's house as soon as the clock struck four.

We must have appeared pompous and haughty as we crossed the campus that afternoon, eight of us and Mrs. Peterson, on the way to the tea-shop. Our noses were back in joint again and completely in the air. But we received a number of glances of genuine admiration as we passed groups of students. We were slightly hilarious, all of us, and as we neared Jesup Hall, that scene of last night's triumph, we

broke into undignified laughter at one of Mal's sallies.

A head was thrust from a window and an excited voice called out, 'Spike! Spike! Wait a minute.'

It was one of the minor members of the Athenic and he joined us at once, breathless and nearly in tears. It took some coaxing to find out the trouble, but, when he had regained his breath, the words tumbled out in a confused stream that froze our hearts.

He had been in the Athenic office, he told us, when the chief of police had come in. He had been most unpleasant. Le Fevre's secretary had wired that the master was dangerously ill and had been for weeks. What was the meaning of these ridiculous newspaper reports? The speaker of the evening had been a scoundrel and a pretender. Furthermore, he had disappeared with the voluntary and generous contributions of the student body. The chief of police had said —

We did n't listen to the rest. We turned to where Mrs. Peterson stood, her gray sport-hat pulled a trifle more dashingly than usual over those clear blue eyes. Her hands were thrust more jauntily than was customary in faculty circles into her gray-plaid coat.

'Boys,' she said gayly, 'has n't it been the most glorious, ninety-day, free-for-all rag, as dear old Arthur Christopher Benson used to say!'

She straightened her hat, and her eyes seemed to us unbelievably wicked.

We wondered.

AND WHEN THE PRINCE CAME

BY ROBERT HILLYER

MAY the castle lie in slumber
For another thousand years,
Beldame fallen by her spindle,
Sentries full-length by their spears.
Sleeping hands no toil shall cumber,
Sleeping hearts no love shall kindle,
Sleeping eyes are void of tears.

May the blue flame in the hallways
Burn like tapers by the dead,
May no clarion of duty
Rouse the old King from his bed,
And the Princess, may she always
Lie in peace, for Sleeping Beauty
Blossoms only to be shed.

In my vision I had bound her
To my fate, a mortal wife
Wakened from a sleep immortal
By the urgent kiss of life.
But I left her as I found her
And above the southern portal
This I lettered with my knife:

'Loves there are that feast in giving;
Slumber still — my love was such;
Bonds that strengthen as they sever,
Lips that pause and will not touch.
Sleep, Beloved, safe from living;
Sleep, Beloved, safe forever
From the one who loved too much.'

SURGERY IN THE WILDERNESS

BY MARY W. GRISCOM

'You may have her. You know you can cure her if you will; anyhow, she is no use to me.'

Thus did the Chinese villager hand over the wife of his bosom to the mission ladies. There were two of them in that jungle station, far from all other Europeans and without any medical training. The poor woman who was of no use to her husband had a terribly infected hand, and the natives had tried all the medicines and the incantations they knew, before seeking the mission. Just as 'Teacher' was struggling to deal wisely with such a problem, a passing coolie left a note saying that an American woman doctor expected to pass through that station and stay overnight. Permission was given for the Chinese woman to lie on the floor of the schoolroom until I came.

Coming meant travel by chair, from six in the morning until nine at night, over mountain ranges of Fukien Province, fording or ferrying a wild river sixteen times, with five men who spoke no English — and I spoke no Chinese. The one man who had worked for Europeans knew that if we stopped I should want hot water; if I gave him rice he was to cook it and return it in the vessel in which he received it; for sanitary reasons I preferred that it should not be handled. We went through tiger country; in fact a tiger had been killed near by but a few days before. Robbers abounded, but I was saved from them by a well-grounded reputation for having no money. When

robbers are caught in these mountains, they are tied up by the queues to any safe post until someone happens to be going toward the proper authorities. The trip is then made with the queue tied to that of the guard. The 'road' — by courtesy — was mostly steps cut into the mountain-sides, and when the coolies were tired and wanted a rest they calmly dropped me, trusting that I would thereafter walk a bit.

Finally I arrived and inspected the hand, agreeing that it was *ko li ab adee* (oh, very dreadful); but, since it had been infected for weeks, I decided that to-morrow, after sleep, would answer. The husband could get another wife, since this one could not work; but, should anything go wrong with this one, he would probably feel that I had mishandled her in order to 'make medicine.'

I was traveling without equipment, since heretofore I had worked only with other doctors, in their hospitals, and my dismay was intensified by the utter lack here of all the needed things.

'Oh, we have some instruments,' quoth the teacher cheerily. 'A nurse once left us some, for just such emergencies.' I was cheered, until I saw them: a large, horn-handled jack-knife (such as a small boy adores, until he finds that it will not cut), a pair of scissors, and an old artery-forceps! Instruments! A large jar of Epsom salt was also produced to gladden my eyes.

I knew the Chinese name for washing-

soda, and sent for some; it was a dirty brown product, but I made a solution, boiled it to sterilize it, and spent hours in cleansing and soaking from the hand the accumulations of weeks of filth and Chinese medicines combined.

If entire confidence on the part of all the onlookers helped, they did their best. The teacher loyally assisted with the Chinese language, and told them what she chose; I knew not what she said.

At last all was (comparatively) clean. I cast aside the horn-handled knife, and with the scissors I amputated the gangrenous fingers and cut away what had to be removed, and then used a strong solution of the Epsom salt to allay the pain, about which the poor worn woman said so little. She was so patient that it hurt me—for it was a similar infection which had crippled me and sent me forth, so to speak, from a big city practice to work in the jungle.

The day off had delayed my coolies more than they liked, so that next morning our procession must move on. Before going on to the next doctor and the next hospital, I carefully instructed the teacher to prevent the woman from going home as long as there was a possibility that Chinese 'medicine' might be applied, and also issued threats to the woman, through the teacher, as to what might happen should she not obey directions. Then I was off for two more days of travel, through more mountains, over more streams, sleeping at a wretched roadside eating-house, on three planks with the bark still on them, and stopping to rest in a pink temple with a bronze cow in charge. Then there were more operations, but with the hospital supply of instruments at my disposal. After that experience, needless to say, I always carried a pocket

case of instruments and a bottle of alcohol for disinfecting purposes.

The following year, in these same mountains, I spent ten weeks operating where never surgeon had been known before; operating with the knowledge that, should the patient die, four of us, English and American women, would probably be mobbed for having cut up a Chinese woman to 'make medicine.'

One patient, after a serious abdominal operation, wished to rise, to ascertain whether she was 'in Heaven or on earth,' judging by whether or not she could walk. I persuaded her to stay in bed by assuring her (through an evangelist) that I had done much cutting and, should she move, the next thing I would lop off would be her head. She smiled and kept very quiet, and lived, and we also survived; and her husband's older brother gave me a 'tablet' commemorating my activities. It was pea-green, six feet long, and its chief inscription, in large gold character, was 'Resurrected from the Dead'; then, in smaller character, came the patient's name and a description of her 'large and dangerous stomach,' which had been removed by the two doctors, giving our names. This was presented with great ceremony, to an accompaniment of drumming, trumpeting, and a fearful din of firecrackers and mob noises. Then I received a coop of chickens, a basket of eggs, and a pink-eared rabbit, all honorable gifts in that region; also two dollars for the operation fee, and a pair of lantern earrings, to light me into the path of possibly being born a man in the next incarnation and thus attaining immortality.

In the meantime the hospital helpers were making hay, by exhibiting the tumor and telling the story, at so much per person, on the side of the

hospital farthest from the house. After that, patients were carried in daily from all over the mountains, even from one hundred miles away, to be cured by the 'spirit,' for they thought no mortal skill could safely 'open the stomach.' Some of these I could help, but many were in hopeless condition.

Previous to this, I had received news of my former patient with the infected hand. The mission teacher wrote that the husband came in, bringing the entire village with him and saying that his wife's hand had got well, that she was again of use to him, and that there must be something in that Jesus religion!

THE TRUTH ABOUT ADVERTISING

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

A YOUNG man who had just joined the staff of one of the larger advertising agencies sought his boss in some perturbation. 'I wish you would tell me the truth about this advertising business, chief. Is it all bunk?' To which his employer replied, 'There is just as much bunk in advertising as there is in law or medicine, or for that matter in literature and life, but it is never necessary to use bunk to practise advertising successfully.'

That young man's state of mind was the natural result of his reading. He had been recruited from the profession of writing, and he still followed the animadversions of the ultra-intellectual world, which has lately concerned itself with the inconsistencies, the waste, and the smugness of advertising. In short, with the 'bunk.'

The pages of those delightful magazines distinguished by good writing, distinctive typography, small circulations, and no advertising, offer some interesting points of view to the professional advertising man — who

unfortunately does not as a rule read them.

Gilbert Chesterton, hearing that 'truth in advertising' is the slogan of those advertising clubs which two years ago invaded England with so much tumult and shouting, goes through a recent copy of *Punch* in the character of Diogenes searching for an honest advertisement, and finds it not. Gilbert Seldes — hoping, no doubt, to list advertising among the lively arts — peruses the *Saturday Evening Post*, and reports the literary style of the advertisements as lacking in a sweet reasonableness. William McFee finds the floor of his post office at Westport littered knee-deep with circulars cast off by disdainful recipients, and deplores the destruction of forests to make the paper for so futile an end. And Joseph Pennell, who is pleased with few things, apparently despises advertising more cordially and with stronger adjectives than he does any other manifestation of our commercial civilization.

Then there are the fiction-makers, with less restriction and more imagination. The younger men, most of them after brief experiences inside advertising organizations, have seized upon the excellent opportunity for satire which modern business affords, and we have Felix Reisenberg's *P. A. L.*, Will Irwin's *Lew Tyler's Wives*, Roger Burlingame's *You Too*, Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Christopher Morley's *Ginger Cubes*, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, Sherwood Anderson's *A Story-teller's Story*, and *Bunk, Lottery, and Bread and Circuses* by William Woodward, all presenting advertising as a sort of gigantic conspiracy, fostered and maintained by highly paid advertising men, whose interests, like those of the priests of ancient religions, lie in keeping up the great illusion, and who go about their work with their tongues in their cheeks. Sometimes the conspiracy is imagined as directed against the business man, but the popular conception is that the public is the victim, and that manufacturer and advertising agent are working together to put something over. This something may be higher prices for worthless goods, creating unnecessary wants and desires, or exterminating a competitor making a better article at a lower price; but generally just misleading people with bunk about memory courses, hair-restorers, or correspondence schools.

The Federal Trade Commission is even now engaged in prosecuting all advertising agents for conspiracy in restraint of something or other, and not so very long ago a Congressional committee sat in judgment on an advertisement in which display had been obtained by a liberal use of white space. It was gravely determined that, as the advertisement was not big enough to fill its space, the advertiser must be trying to evade his excess-profits tax.

The slogan, 'It pays to advertise,' acquired its currency through use by George M. Cohan as a title for a play. Admitting that advertising pays, whom does it pay?

It pays the professional advertising man beyond doubt. It also pays the manufacturer who uses it to increase his business. But the crucial question is, Does it pay the public? Are the people as a whole better off for advertising? Is it a benefit to mankind? And who pays for the advertising? Is the cost of advertising added to the cost of the goods? Would it be desirable, as writers have suggested, to remove advertising from our commercial fabric, and should we be better off without it?

II

Mr. Stuart Chase has written a book entitled *The Tragedy of Waste*, in which there is a chapter discussing the 'waste of advertising'—not, as one might think, the admitted waste incidental to the present practice of advertising, but the far more sweeping indictment that advertising is itself economic waste. Perhaps we cannot do better, in an inquiry into the question whether advertising is a benefit to mankind, than glance at this chapter, which is written with spirit and documented with figures, for it presents what may be called the complete case against advertising. Here are all the stock arguments. Advertising is the life-blood of quackery, 'pink pills and muscle-builders.' It stimulates desires for super-luxuries. Billboards spoil the scenery. Advertising creates no new dollars. Its purpose is to drive one article out of the market and replace it with another, soap chips against laundry soap. The author quotes Edward Bok's estimate, made in this magazine, of one and a quarter billion dollars

spent annually in advertising, and avers that the desire to evade income taxes is responsible for a large part of it. Among his authorities he quotes that redoubtable patent-medicine man, Ponderevo, in H. G. Wells's *Tono Bun-gay*, and a humorous skit by Don Herold from *Life*. His remedy is restriction of advertising to something like one tenth its present volume, the administration of that ten per cent to be governed by an impartial scientific body, and he asserts that this would release for productive occupations some 600,000 men now engaged in advertising work.

This arraignment will have no weight with the professional advertising man, or with the manufacturer who has successfully employed advertising to sell his goods. They know that this superficial catalogue of drawbacks and disadvantages does not even so much as recognize what advertising is. But the average man gives it serious consideration. It chimes in with his own experience. He sees what is on the surface, and does not credit to advertising the advantages it provides for him. No one familiar with advertising history would bring up patent medicines at this late date, though, strange to say, they are still one of the stereotyped crimes attributed to it. The fact that proprietary remedies are fighting for their lives, greatly reduced in numbers, with few real advertising mediums open to them, is due to a movement started by Edward Bok, when editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and magnificently backed by every real advertising man. It was no burst of altruism. The advertising profession has the same interest in exterminating false, fraudulent, and misleading advertising that the stock exchange has in barring wildcat stocks, or the medical associations in suppressing quacks, or the bar associations in excluding

shysters. Advertising depends on the confidence of the public, and any betrayal of that confidence weakens the effect of honest advertising. Out of such efforts has grown the Vigilance Committee, which has worked so aggressively in bringing to punishment those using advertising to mislead and to defraud that the first award of the Bok medal for distinguished service to advertising was made to this committee.

There is still much of such worthless advertising, — patent medicines, cures of all kinds, physical and mental, memory courses, will-power developers, beauty enhancers, all that 'you too' stuff, — but the advertising man is not to blame, and the amount of it is negligible beside the body of legitimate advertising. Few reputable mediums are open to it. No advertising agent of standing will accept it. And the forces which are slowly closing in and eliminating it are set in motion by advertising men.

The so-called 'billboard' is another unfortunate instance. The author really means painted bulletins, which are the only form of outdoor advertising that disfigures rural highways. The poster board, formerly the billboard, is confined to the cities, where it frequently hides vacant lots at least as unattractive as the poster boards, which can be and are being made into something much better. But let us admit that the poster board, and its more offensive brother, the painted bulletin, are frequently eyesores, blots on the landscape, offensive to sensitive people. Surely a people that tolerates so many hideous structures in its cities cannot make a special case of these particular edifices when there exists a necessity for them as great as for the gas tanks, freight cars, train sheds, workmen's cottages, and other utilitarian and unbeautiful adjuncts to

town and city life. Also the movement to better them is coming from within. The company that now controls most of this outdoor advertising is making it a part of its policy to erect neat and attractive stands, to place them where they will not mar the scenery, and to censor what appears on them. Finally, billboards are a small part of advertising. Eliminate them all and the question before us would remain, as large as ever.

As for that legend which still crops up, as immortal as the snake's tail which does not die until sunset, that the business man spends money for advertising to save it from the tax-collector, it is difficult to disprove because it is impossible to prove. It is mere suspicion. No instances have ever been given. I have never heard of one, and do not know an advertising man who has heard of one. But why should a presumably intelligent manufacturer or retailer prefer to give his money to an advertising agent to buy space with rather than to a tax-collector to buy airplanes with? The money is gone, in either case. The only possible answer is that he gets some advantage from advertising. But if he gets an advantage, if advertising helps him to sell his goods, why is it not a fair supposition that he makes his advertising appropriation to get this advantage rather than to evade taxes? If he built a factory with the money, or bought raw material with it, would he be suspected of so disposing of the money to evade taxes?

This tax situation seems to be what the Greeks called a dilemma—not the modern two-horned dilemma, but a syllogism which ran something like this in the schoolbook I studied:—

Epaminondas the Cretan says: 'All men are liars.' But Epaminondas the Cretan is a man; therefore, a liar; therefore what he says is not true, and all men are not liars.

VOL. 137 — NO. 5

But in that case Epaminondas spoke the truth, and so forth.

Advertising is useless and worthless. Those who spend money for it have an ulterior motive. That ulterior motive is evading the excess-profits tax. But the advertising thus bought increases sales, and increases profits. Those who use it, instead of reducing excess-profits taxes, increase them. Therefore they could not have invested in advertising for that purpose, so they must have bought it with the intention of making their business bigger, which would necessitate their paying still more excess-profits taxes. About all the comfort the suspicious folks at Washington and elsewhere can get from the situation is that the excess-profits tax does not act as a deterrent from advertising.

But these things are all by the way. They do not affect the real current of our inquiry. To prove that advertising has drawbacks and disadvantages is nothing. It has lots of them. So has making goods. So has selling them. So has business. The question again reverts to this: Does advertising, with all these disadvantages, real and imaginary, its pervasiveness, its vulgarity, its hypocrisy, its exaggeration, its use for unworthy purposes, its admitted wastefulness, its lack of wholly scientific methods, does it serve a useful, necessary purpose? Is it a benefit to all of us, or only to those of us who use it or produce it?

III

In considering the value and necessity of advertising, we must accept the present civilization in which we live. To discuss whether advertising would be necessary in Utopia is futile, though that is the argument of Stuart Chase. But life being what it is, in this country and at this moment, could we have

what we now have, without advertising? Since most people live by making and selling goods, can they go on making and selling goods without advertising?

You see, we are all in the same boat. We cannot divide ourselves into two classes, a large one consisting of ultimate consumers, and a small one exploiting them by advertising. We each live by making and selling something, and the more we make and sell the better we live. We cannot say, 'I will sell my goods to you by advertising, but you cannot sell your goods to me.' It is the right of each to advertise and sell. This interchange of goods constitutes what we call business. When we say business is good, we mean there is a brisk exchange of commodities and money. When it is slack, the interchange has slowed up. There is just as much money in existence, and, except for the fact that production is slowed down in dull times, there are just as many goods in existence, but both are static. The money remains in the pocket, the goods remain on the shelves.

Here are three men: A makes soaps, B soups, and C sealing wax. A needs sealing wax, but does not buy it because business is not good, and he cannot afford it. His source of income is B, the soap-buyer, and B is n't buying any soap. The reason B is n't buying soap just now is that the soup business is not good. No one is buying soup. Does A sit in his shop, longing for sealing wax, and wait for customers? No. He advertises. He tempts B with pictures of soap, with text about soap, to create a desire for soap on the part of B. By this effort, by breaking up the inertia, he starts a movement. For when B buys a cake of soap of A, A has money, which he uses to buy sealing wax of C, and C immediately supplies himself with soup from B. Nor has A's example been lost

on B and C. They too make efforts to sell; that is, they advertise their respective soups and sealing wax to each other, and to A, and thus keep up the merry exchange, which spreads to cabbages and kings, and to the other letters of the alphabet. That is, A's natural efforts to sell the soaps by which he makes his living are extended by advertising. All selling is advertising, and all advertising is but an extension of selling. The day A opened his soap shop and tacked his sign over the door he began to advertise. And all advertising is but an extension of the first instinctive effort to sell what one has to sell.

Going on from this primitive picture, we all know, of course, that in these days the maker seldom sells direct to the public. He sells to the retail dealer, who in turn sells to the consumer. We will skip over the jobber, who is merely a cog in the distributing machinery, to simplify our story. Now the retailer is merely a convenience. His store is on Main Street in your town to save you the long journey to the factory where the goods are made. It is of the utmost importance that your particular store should have the goods you want. If it does not, then you suffer the inconvenience of waiting until they are sent for, or of hunting another store which does have them, or of buying a different article in place of the one you want. Your material life consists of a long list of named products, utensils, commodities, foods, wearing-apparel, toilet articles, tools with which you perform the operation of living — feeding your family, keeping house, dressing yourself and your children — playthings and work things. Not all of these articles are vitally necessary. Some of them may have been adopted through the persuasiveness of advertising. But there is an irreducible minimum which you cannot do without, our modern

civilization being what it is. It is manifestly convenient to you that the shops in your town have these things in stock when you want them. The fact that they are there is the result of what is technically known as distribution, and without advertising distribution would be impossible.

Whether it is better for us to live nationally, as regards the goods we consume, or locally, is too large a question to discuss within the scope of this paper. The fact remains that we do live nationally, that by far the greater quantity of goods now made is sold to the country as a whole — or, if not yet nationally sold, that is the goal aimed at. It is this fact that has evolved what is disparagingly called 'big business.' It means that a manufacturer can count on a market comprising the whole United States. More than that, he must count on the whole United States if he is going to manufacture a large enough quantity of goods to reduce the cost to the point where he can compete with other manufacturers of the same goods. We will ignore for a moment the purely competitive side of this. It is true that two products of the same kind compete for the trade of the consumer. If there are five tooth-pastes all equally good, one brand would be sufficient. But that allows nothing for the instinctive individuality of choice, for the spur that competition offers to improvements in quality and reductions in price. If there were only one brand of tooth-paste in existence, it would be necessary to create another, for the benefit of the tooth-paste consumer.

The interest of the consumer and the interest of the manufacturer are here identical. It is to the best interest of the manufacturer to have his goods sold in the retail stores of every town in the country, and it is to the best interest of the consumer to be able to buy

those goods in any town in which he happens to be or to live. The only way the manufacturer can obtain that distribution is by being able to assure the local dealer who buys the goods that he will be able to sell them. And the only way to give that assurance is by advertising to that portion of the public which constitutes the customers of that particular dealer's store.

If it is good for us, the public, to have goods made for us, it is good to have them sold to us. And if the printed word is added to extend the word of mouth, that is merely a change of degree rather than kind. I am not here interested in advertising from the point of view of the advertiser, or of the man who makes his living by preparing advertising. Both have their problems, and those problems are a part of my job. But here I am trying to look at it as one of the public, using my technical knowledge to correct the errors into which writers outside of the profession, and some inside, fall when they try to reckon the good or ill that advertising does to all of us.

The fact that there may be too much advertising is incidental, just as the fact that there may be too many motor-cars. If there is overproduction in any line, the economic laws will take care of that. The manufacturer who makes more goods than he can sell will go broke. But overproduction of anything is not proof that production is economically wrong.

Nor is the way that some advertisers use advertising any argument against it. I shrink from many of its phases. But the fact that some advertisers show bad taste, selfishness, stupidity, even the fact that these things apparently profit them, is also a detail. There is even more on the other side — unselfishness, altruism, and far-sightedness. By such a criterion one

could condemn literature, or art, or government.

The question before the house is simply this: Is advertising a benefit to the public as a whole? Is it necessary, to retain the desirable phases of our present system of living? Does it impose an unnecessary burden of cost on the ultimate consumers of goods, becoming thereby an economic waste? Or does it, in short, add to the sum of human happiness?

IV

When I was a boy, — about fifty years ago, more or less, — mother used to buy a bar of Castile soap half a yard long and four inches square and saw it up (she kept an old saw for the purpose) into cakes an inch thick. The cake was as hard as Stonehenge, and the corners sharper than a serpent's tooth. It took weeks of use to wear it down so that it comfortably fitted the hand.

To-day we have a cake of toilet soap — a great many of them, in fact — just the right shape to fit the hand, just as pure as Castile, scented if we like, tinted to match the bathroom decorations if we prefer, reasonable in price; and when we want another cake we go to the nearest grocery or drug store, and there it is.

And not only toilet soap. We have seen the evolution of shaving-creams, safety razors, and tooth-pastes, as well as soap powders, laundry chips, washing-machines, vegetable shortenings, self-rising flours, electric sadirons, vacuum cleaners, hot-water taps, aluminum cooking-utensils, refrigerators, and kitchen cabinets — everything, in short, that constitutes the difference between our mothers' kitchens and our wives'. The amount of sheer drudgery that has been taken out of housekeeping in fifty years can be realized only

by comparison, by drawing the illuminating parallel.

An iron, soft-coal cookstove; a reservoir at the back the only source of hot-water supply; the green-painted iron pump in the wooden corner-sink for cold; drinking-water from the pump outside; saleratus instead of baking-powder; hog lard instead of vegetable shortening; butter and milk hung down the well by a string to keep them cool; heavy iron pots and skillets to be lifted, to say nothing of the coal hod; dishes washed by hand; no device to alleviate the frightful labor — no rubber scrapers, scouring-mops, metal-ring dish-rags, wire brushes, drying-racks, or cleansing-powders; baked beans an eighteen-hour job; oatmeal an overnight operation; sugar, salt, dried fruit, pickles, crackers, rice, coffee, pepper, spices, lard, bought in bulk, scooped out of open boxes or barrels or tierces, exposed until sold, and dumped on a sheet of paper laid on the scales; molasses and vinegar drawn from the wood, and between whiles the gallon measure standing around, proving the adage that molasses attracts more flies than vinegar. Food was unclean, there was no sponsor for its quality, and it came to the kitchen almost in a state of nature. The housemother became a miniature manufacturing plant before the food was ready for the family to eat. And the preparation of meals was but a small portion of the housewife's burden. There was cleaning — with no other implements but a rag, a broom, and a turkey wing. Clothes were washed with a rub-rub-rub that wore the zinc from the washboard.

Put such a kitchen beside the one pictured in most advertisements selling kitchen equipment, or those complete ones shown in the housekeeping departments of the women's magazines: 'How to furnish the ideal kitchen.' Or, better still, take a modern housewife —

not the delicatessen and can-opener type, but a real housekeeper, who keeps her house and takes pride in it (there are such even to-day) — and put her in an old-fashioned kitchen like that described above. She could not do in a week what my mother did every day of her toil-bound life. To keep house with what was available half a century ago was an art handed down from generation to generation, which happily has been lost, except among the newly arrived foreign-born.

You say I am contrasting a poor woman's kitchen of fifty years ago with that of a woman of means to-day. Not at all. What my mother contended with was what they all had. If she could have afforded it, she would have hired another woman to struggle with it. It was not a matter of wealth at all. It was a question of facilities available. That was all they had — raw materials, a few crude tools, and 'elbow grease.'

The amelioration that has come about in fifty years is due directly and indirectly to advertising. These things did not come into existence because women demanded them. Women did not know they were possible. They exist because there was a method of distributing them, of teaching possible buyers what a help they would be, of educating the housewife while offering her the means of applying what she learned, and of doing it on a large scale. And the strongest urge to invent desirable labor-saving devices has been this same possibility of distributing them; that is, selling enough of them to make it worth while. Sometimes advertising supplies a demand, but in most cases it creates demand for things that were beyond even the imagination of those who would be most benefited by them. A woman knew the use of a broom, but she could not imagine a vacuum cleaner. There-

fore she could not demand one, even though she was aware of that vague unspoken demand that has existed from the beginning for some lightening of the terrible drudgery of keeping a house livable. The vacuum cleaner was introduced by educational advertising. The advertising was done partly by manufacturers anxious to sell vacuum cleaners and partly by electric-light companies anxious to sell current. The spread of electrical housekeeping devices has followed the increase in the number of houses wired for electricity, and that too has been brought about by advertising, by the selfish desire to do more business, to sell more goods. But the result has been a public benefit, an increasing willingness to spend money to lighten the human burden, to cut down the waste of human energy spent in the operation of living.

No vacuum-cleaner factory could do business as a neighborhood proposition. Only a national market would furnish enough business to make the manufacture economically possible. And a national market is possible only through advertising. And that advertising must be educational. It must teach the sound economy of paying more to get the greater benefit. The woman's time and health and strength are worth more than the difference in cost between a broom and a cleaner. But not all of these improvements are in the vacuum-cleaner class. Most of them add nothing to the cost of upkeep. The greater number lower it. They teach the use of something better that costs less.

V

I do not think I am claiming too much in giving to advertising the credit for the great change in housekeeping that we have seen. I have had to observe it very closely for thirty

years, and I have to some extent helped to bring it about. Some may be inclined to think it is due to the women's magazines. It is true that they have directed their editorial energies to the same ends, and with remarkable results. But it should not be forgotten that it is advertising patronage that makes such magazines possible. It is the revenue from the advertisers that pays for the services of domestic economists, physicians, interior decorators, cooks, dressmakers, and other experts who teach women better ways of doing things. More than that, while such departments are conducted with the primary purpose of being helpful to readers, they furnish an excellent background for the advertising. Magazines with constructive departments on the care of babies, cooking, interior decorating, housekeeping, dressmaking, laundry work, and all the other activities which go into home-making, are preparing audiences to listen to manufacturers who sell sanitary nursing bottles, infant wear, prepared foods, salad oils, paints, fabrics, wall papers, electric mangles, and washing-powders. This is no reflection on those departments. It is meant for praise. The editors of such departments are frequently men and women of the highest professional character, and the advertisers who are permitted to use space in such magazines are often subjected to rigid censorship, not only as to the real utility or value of what they sell, but also as to the way they talk about it. Some magazines maintain laboratories for testing utensils and foods for household use offered in their columns.

Behind the successful and intelligently conducted magazine is the advertiser, who buys space and makes the magazine profitable, and so the educational work of home-making magazines should be credited largely to him.

Advertising is not an end. It is a means to an end. So the question is not, Is advertising desirable? but Are those ends desirable, and is advertising too great a price to pay for them? To those who look upon advertising as merely the selfish effort of manufacturers to induce them to buy more goods, it seems that the world could easily do without it. People say to themselves, 'I do not want to be persuaded to buy more goods,' and that should settle it. As far as they are concerned advertising is unnecessary. For the manufacturer who uses it, advertising is a means of selling goods, but its present proportions are due, not to the manufacturer's desire to sell goods, but to the real public need it supplies.

A familiar paradox is the man who tells you with much earnestness that he never reads advertising and does not believe in it. And as he sits there he is dressed from head to foot in advertised goods. His office is equipped and his home is furnished with advertised goods. How did they get there? Because they were the things most accessible, the ones for sale in the stores where he bought, the ones the salesman showed him, and the ones that most exactly met his needs. It was not necessary for him to read the advertising. The advertising he did not read distributed the goods, brought them within his reach, geographically and financially, and keeps them there for his benefit—better things than he could buy for the same money but for the tremendous savings that quantity production brings about. And most of them would not exist, to say nothing of being distributed, if there had not been advertising.

But advertising adds to the cost of the goods. You still hear that. So does production add to the cost of the goods, and so do traveling salesmen, and retail

stores, and jobbers' percentages. Everything that is done to a manufactured article and all handling of natural products must be added to the price that the customer pays. But nothing is so well established as the simple fact that, the more you make, the less the cost of each. And not only is cost of making lessened, but also cost of selling, including cost of advertising. And the cost of selling can be and is lessened until the advertising costs nothing.

Why does a tailor-made suit cost more than a ready-made? Why do custom-made shoes cost more than the product of the Lynn factories? It is difficult to prove these things by tables of statistics because prices of all things have advanced so in the years since the war. But consider the motor-car. Nearly everyone is interested in this product of advertising. Nearly everyone is aware of the continual improvement in the cars and the steady lowering of price, due to quantity production. Some are as much concerned over the congestion of motor-cars as they are over the congestion of advertising. They feel that there is too much of both. Granted in both cases; but the only alternative is to turn the page back to mediæval times, when each village was self-contained, or forward to one of the many Utopias which promise enough of everything and not too much of anything. The point is that we cannot eat our cake of accessible and convenient apparatus of living and have our cake of freedom from advertising, freight trains, industrial villages, steel and cement construction, riveting hammers, congested highways, and the other annoyances of a prosperous, material, mercantile age. It's a fair question whether or not our modern life is worth while, but that has nothing to do with the question here, which is, If our modern life is worth

while, and we want to continue it, is advertising necessary to that end?

It is related that a man was going along a London street, deep with mud, when he spied a straw hat floating on the surface. He poked at it with his stick, and discovered that the hat was on a head. 'My land,' he exclaimed, 'is it as deep as that?' 'It's deeper than you think,' replied the head. 'I'm on a bus.'

We cannot go any deeper into this question. Advertising is a machine for making it easier to live the way we now live. If the way we now live is not desirable, all right; but that's the bus, and not the hat.

VI

Advertising, then, is a means to an end, the end a worthy and desirable one. Not even those who are annoyed by it would surrender what it brings for the sake of being rid of it.

In this respect it resembles the railroad. The railroad is also a means to an end. That end is transportation. No one since Ruskin has seriously maintained that railroads should be abolished because they are noisy, dirty, and ugly. They are noisy, dirty, and ugly; but the necessity of moving passengers, mails, and freight from place to place outweighs the æsthetic drawbacks. Whether a railroad must be noisy, dirty, and ugly is something for the future to decide. Probably not. But neither are the shortcomings of advertising essential to its success. They are due to the present imperfect method of administering it. Advertising reflects the crudeness, vulgarity, and materialism of the age. Some day we shall have ideal advertising, but that will be when our industrial plants and transportation systems have also become ideal.

Objections to advertising based upon

advertising itself, the amount of it, its persistence, congested pages of magazines and newspapers, mail cluttered with circulars, painted bulletins marking attractive scenic spots — all these are incidents of advertising.

We are pleased when a railroad adopts electrification and puts its trains underground, or when it designs and builds a station that is an architectural ornament to the city, or when it traverses a district of scenic beauty, giving the passenger a by-product in his journey. So advertising is aware of the opportunities of making itself more attractive, while not jeopardizing the ends at which it is aimed. Such results may be called the by-product of advertising. In the total they are tremendous and should not be overlooked in a fair appraisal of the real part that advertising is playing in our civilization.

The physical form of advertising has undergone a great improvement, and the improvement continues. It was gradually realized that art had power to move minds, and that the sordid, material ends of advertising were better served in proportion as advertising became more attractive. The physical properties of advertising are composed of picture and text, and both have had for some years careful consideration by minds trained in taste. Sober observers who do not speak loosely, and who have no reason to praise advertising, have repeatedly said that the art of printing owes its recent progress more to advertising than to any other influence.

Each year the Institute of Graphic Arts arranges an exhibition of commercial printing. A rigid censorship is exercised, and a comparatively small number of examples of printed advertising is selected for exhibition. After being shown in the Art Centre in New York, this exhibition is sent on its

travels. Two and sometimes three duplicates are made, but the requests from various art-societies, museums, and galleries in the country for the privilege of showing this exhibition are more than can be granted.

These specimens are produced by the earnest desire of the advertiser to give the printed message the most perfect typographical form, that it may be pleasantly received and easily read, and by working along these lines there is produced what typographical experts consider good printing.

Even more remarkable has been the record with art. The commercial artist is extinct. He has disappeared. The men who produce advertising art are the men represented in the art exhibitions. There is no longer any distinction, and no stigma attaches to art used for business. Artists realize that advertising offers them an opportunity as great as any in the world to-day, not merely to be well paid for their work, but also to realize their artistic ambitions, without sacrifice of their standards or their ideals. There is nothing essentially debasing in art applied to a purpose. The great pictorial art of the world, the art of the fifteenth century, was applied art in a strict sense. Those altarpieces, triptychs, murals, depicting the mysteries of religion and the lives of the saints, that adorn the churches of Italy, France, and other Catholic countries, were really applied art. Commissions were given to the artist by the Church or by some wealthy prince, subject to certain restrictions and limitations; but within those limitations the artist found it possible to express himself and produce a work which is preserved, not because of its primary purpose, — that of selling the Church to a populace which could not read, — but because even under those conditions the artist produced great art.

As artists realize the truth of this, and, more important still, the manufacturer learns the secret of buying the best the artist has in him, the result becomes evident in the pages of magazines and newspapers, in books, printed matter, and, to a lesser degree, on the poster boards. If such work is good art, and if it is well reproduced, as much of it now is, advertising becomes a humble picture-gallery for millions who never see the inside of an art museum.

Nor should the effect of this influence on the goods themselves be overlooked. Much of the improvement in the artistic quality of the goods — textiles, rugs, furniture, jewelry, porcelains, glassware, domestic architecture, and interior decoration — is due to the reflex influence of a powerful and influential body of artists working in close proximity to the factory that produces the goods. The advertising artist is asked to design a package, and to 'dress' the goods better. The next step is to get artistic opinion in the designing of the goods themselves. Sometimes the patterns of fabrics are made by the men who produce the advertising of them. Colors selected by a manufacturer of enamels are revised by an artist to supply a palette adapted to the new taste in color. As the motor-car slowly moves toward that ideal and natural form and shape which is to be its ultimate expression, artists, sculptors, and architects are being called into consultation with automotive engineers to make the form express the purpose. The carriage, as we know it, was a slow evolution. In the course of time it acquired a pattern which satisfies us and which we feel is the happy and logical shape of a carriage. But it had a thousand years for its evolution. In less than twenty-five years the automobile has gone a part of the way from an ugly machine to something more

nearly approaching good design. And the influence that is bringing this about is the artist who creates the advertising — the necessity for the product to live up to the advertising. Now and then a purely imaginative color-scheme for a motor-car made by the advertising artist is adopted by the factory for the actual car.

The necessity of living up to his advertising lifts the manufacturer to new levels, and so we arrive at another by-product — the effect that advertising is having in raising the standards of business. And this applies not only to the aesthetic appearance of the goods but to business practices and standards. A business which advertises, which puts its name before the public and puts its trade-mark on the goods, has entered into a contract with the public, with its customers. It must live up to that contract. It must make good. It is in honor bound to justify the advertising. It has given a hostage to fortune. It can no longer escape responsibility for its products or goods or service. And this effect is beneficial, and ensures, on an average, better goods and better service. It is responsible, in a way, for the welfare movement. Welfare movement was originally a talking-point. Manufacturers learned that saying their factory or plant or store was a pleasant place to work, and that conditions were healthful and comfortable, was one way to sell goods; and in order to say these things it was necessary to do them, and conditions became better. Other manufacturers emulated the pioneers. Not only did advertising bring this about, to a large extent, but it works to continue it.

A still more remarkable by-product of advertising is coöperation. One charge brought against business is that it is competitive; it aims to displace another man's goods and sell one's own;

one advertiser's gain is another advertiser's loss. All business is competition. Through advertising it has been brought about that manufacturers in one line unite to advertise their common product. For instance, paint is necessary for the upkeep of buildings; there is a national economy in keeping paintable structures painted and thus protecting them from the ravages of the elements and the depreciation of time. Makers of paints and varnishes and other finishes unite in coöperative advertising, unselfish advertising, which does not aim to sell any named product, but merely teaches people the wisdom of painting in their own interest. The result is to make more people paint, which creates a demand for paint, and all paint manufacturers are benefited. The whole industry benefits, but the public benefits as well. Such advertising takes nothing from anyone. It contributes to the general prosperity of the country. It makes the visible physical property of the country more valuable.

Such coöperative efforts are being made by the manufacturers of Portland cement, tile, brick, stone, and lumber; by the growers of fruits, such as oranges, raisins, and nuts; and the

public is the gainer. Consider the case of oranges. When the growers of oranges first united to teach people to eat more oranges, the average consumption was thirty-nine per capita per year. To-day it is fifty-eight. The producers of oranges have a larger and more stable market for their fruit. The public is benefited by eating more oranges, and no one has gained by taking a market away from someone else. They have gained by making their natural and normal market a better market than it was before, and they have sold the people something that is good for them and taught them habits that are endorsed by dietetic authorities.

But such aspects of advertising are, as I have said, by-products. They offer a pleasant prospect for the future amelioration of the manifestations of advertising to which many justly object. The actual public benefit of advertising is that it creates a rapid interchange of commodities and money, producing what we know as 'good times,' and, by effective distribution, brings within easy access and at easy prices the vast number of articles with which we live and which make life less difficult, smoother, more restful, more efficient, and more worth while.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT CARDINAL

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

THERE are moments when we seem to see not through a glass darkly but face to face; then the beauty and power of life stand forth with the vividness of revelation. Such a moment has just passed.

Not a fashionable quarter of Brussels — one near the Gare du Nord; an unpretentious hospital, a plain room. Ten o'clock in the morning; a tall candle burning amid the clinical bowls on the stand beside the iron bed. Two white-robed sisters kneeling, one holding the oxygen tube; doctors, clergy in black and purple kneeling and standing; the family, the cook and valet, two or three friends — a dozen about the white bed. All prayers, affection, centred on the great gaunt figure lying propped against high pillows; at the throat a scarlet ribbon carrying a small gold cross, a touch of red embroidery, like a badge of courage, relieving the white gown. Eyes softly closed, and on the extraordinary forehead, the noble face, an expression of calm resignation, of smiling serenity so transcendently beautiful that there could be no weeping, only from time to time the prayers for the dying softly chanted. Another dozen priests and friends in the adjoining room, as near the door as possible in order to share in the benediction of that spirit still radiating faith, love, paternal tenderness, from a definite place, but so soon to leave that place — that body.

Indeed, as we wait we are scarcely

conscious of the body; the illumination of the face seems almost to descend upon it, as from a spirit already free. We search for a word as the hours pass — ten o'clock, eleven — and find 'apotheosis.' At twelve the sun breaks through the clouds, and, as a bell sounds, the lips whisper 'Angelus.' One, two — the light still suffuses the face. The sister with the oxygen tube and the sister now holding the candle move a little closer to the bed. And at three o'clock, in utter quietness, the light goes out.

The strong, sensitive hand lies still on the coverlid and we pass to kneel beside it. Then out through the corridor where others wait, and with difficulty through the door against which the crowd presses, into the street. In an awed voice a woman says: 'Three o'clock — the hour when the Christ died.'

In one of his pastorals the Cardinal wrote: 'We are in this world to learn how to die.' He had learned. Nor had dying, for him, been the act of a few hours or weeks. Rather a long face-to-face with death. Almost a year before the operation, he felt that he had not much longer to live; the feeling grew to conviction, and conviction, alas, to certainty. But neither presentiment nor certainty could disturb his serenity or trouble his courage; with customary mastery of himself he ordered his days, carrying on, it seemed, even more than his usual activities.

In July he wrote to his sister-in-law: 'It is time to prepare myself for the great voyage.'

That very month we were several times in Malines, yet how little we suspected what was in his mind. With what poignant contrast are the pictures of this week of January 1926 set against those of July 1925 — black against crimson.

In July occurred the festival of Malines's patron Saint, Rombaut, celebrated but once in fifty years. The towers and *pignons* of the Flemish town, Monsignor Mercier's home during these twenty years of his episcopate, were beflagged and garlanded. Belgian holiday crowds packed the streets. We looked down from a balcony above the square, while the Cathedral bell boomed and the carillons showered melody on the procession: banners catching the wind at crossways, staves topped with feathery flower clusters, platforms banked with red roses, carrying silver reliquaries, the Antwerp Madonna in stiff gold brocade, burgomasters and city councilors, children with garlands, aged with banners, purple-clad bishops with their crooks, and, following all, what a figure of old-world grandeur — the Cardinal in scarlet robes, long train upheld; the striking forward-sweeping movement, the impression of radiance as of light from an inner life illuminating his face, his hand outstretched in blessing. As he passed, though there seemed no inch of surface on which to do so, the crowd dropped to its knees.

Seventy-four, and already facing a mortal illness; yet he insisted on following in and out the winding streets to the end, a march of almost two hours.

Four days later we were again in Malines in response to an invitation from His Eminence, and were passing

through the palace garden to the familiar little reception-room, there to experience once more, and for the last time, his welcome. We found him in particularly happy mood, much pleased with the attitude of the celebrating crowds. And soon — since we always, with him, went back to war days — he was giving us an account of recent progress in reconstruction, telling us in conclusion, with satisfaction, that since the Armistice over one hundred churches of northern Belgium had been rebuilt. As was his habit, too, he talked with my husband of Mr. Hoover. 'Ça, c'est un homme!' he had remarked once to his nephew. And 'That is a man!' sums up the comment of last July. He spoke this time of Mr. Hoover's synthetic mind that sees the goal and moves straight toward it, — the world's great need being this type of mind, — of his American it-can-be-done spirit, which was akin to the Cardinal's own. Keenly interested in the United States, he asked questions about conditions there, especially about the agricultural situation. When talking with him one always had the sense of an interior calm, of adjusted balance expressed in his every word and considered judgment.

And how charming with Jean, fifteen! 'You know, mademoiselle,' his blue eyes twinkling, 'I am seventy-four. Do you not think I could tell you something? . . . And are you,' shaking a finger at her, 'properly learning how to write' — deliciously teasing — 'like your mother? You know it is your mother who has made me popular in America!'

'Yes, she has just written a sixteen-page letter to her grandmother describing the procession.'

'Excellent!' he laughed. 'Now there is but to continue!'

So in precious intimacy the last visit ended. We went out from the little

room with a feeling of happiness and peace.

Once the Cardinal said: 'As everybody, I have enjoyed and I have suffered in my life, but I have never been unhappy. Neither in years of peace, nor of trial, nor of success, have I ceased to keep in the intimate depths of my being repose and silence.' To how many has he given this sense of peace. 'Once a year,' wrote Hilaire Belloc, 'I go to Malines to receive the blessing of the greatest figure in contemporary history. That gives peace and helps me to bear the burden of life.'

It was our last visit to the palace, but not to the Cathedral, for three days later we attended the pontifical Mass, the climax of the Saint Rombaut festival. From the very arches to the base of the gray-stone columns hung scarlet oriflammes and brilliant smaller squares flung out from the sides of the nave. On a gold-draped base rested the rich *châsse* of Saint Rombaut, lighted by golden lamps and nine-branched silver candelabra. Beyond the glory of color, faintly veiled by incense from swinging censers, the altar; and before it the transcendent figure of the Cardinal, robed in scarlet and gold, chanting the Mass, accompanied by the wonder of Palestrina's music as Malines's choir renders it.

The Mass over, the procession moved down the packed nave. As His Eminence approached, one said: 'At least there God made the body to match the spirit.' And then again we saw the august dignity of the prince of the Church tempered by the human tenderness of the father, the friend. In a sense no one was less clerical than he. He turned and smiled in recognition.

And to-day I have come from the empty palace, from the Cathedral hung in black, from Malines in mourning.

II

In August he felt very ill, though no one except those directly in contact with him knew that something was happening. They were now, on knocking at his door, apt not to get the customary quick answer, and found him not so often at his desk as kneeling in prayer. To others he seemed to be working with even more than his customary energy and enthusiasm.

One day in early November he asked his secretary: 'Are you ready? I want to make a trip to places dear to my youth.' As they left the city he pointed to a certain landscape. 'See how beautiful it is! But the way we are going will be still more beautiful.' His family and intimates know how keen was this appreciation of beauty. *Le Beau!* He responded to it to his very finger-tips. Nor is it surprising. His father's ardent ambition had been to become a painter, and before he yielded to family opposition he had won at least a Belgian second prize and had had two pictures accepted by the Paris Salon. He had the sensitiveness and spontaneity of the artist, and these qualities Desiré Joseph inherited. His own room in Malines was cell-like in its simplicity, but in the chapel — nothing was too good for God — he allowed the artist in him expression, himself designing the medallions carved on the altar candlesticks. Who could watch him officiating without being struck by his peculiar sense of harmony? Instinctively his gestures and postures were beautiful. And always, as to-day, he was enthusiastic before a fine landscape.

Arrived at Braine-l'Alleud, a half-hour south of Brussels, he stopped to look at the comfortable house where he was born, the house which his mother, with her brood of seven, had been obliged to leave after the death of her

husband, who had been generous to a fault, but improvident for his own.

When the father married, the Mercier family — of French extraction — wondered why this art-loving boy had chosen, from a neighboring farm, a bride who seemed neither beautiful nor brilliant. But time revealed her unusual qualities. More and more she became known for her strength and goodness, until she was called throughout the region 'La Sainte Madame Barbe.'

Cardinal Mercier's mind was filled with thoughts of her as he revisited the house of his earliest days and the humble one that succeeded. Of those later difficult times he said: 'I consider as grace of God not to have had in my youth abundance, for there I learned to appreciate suffering and to understand it.'

From the family homes he went to the cemetery, where his father and mother and brother are buried. There he remained some time in prayer. The visit to his adored mother's grave moved profoundest depths. At the celebration in Braine of his appointment as bishop, he had turned all thoughts from himself to her. 'It was from my mother, my saintly mother,' he said, 'that first unconsciously, then consciously, I divined, understood, that love is forgetfulness of self and devotion to others.'

He made, too, a pilgrimage to places where two of his sisters, nuns, had taught poor children. They were dear to him, but nearer and more like him was another sister, Madeleine. Intelligent, full of enthusiasm, lovely, until she was twenty she had seemed destined for a life in the world. Then suddenly she joined one of the severest of women's orders, the sisters of Saint Clara. The Cardinal said of her, 'I never knew a person who had so much the love of suffering.'

Near Braine is that happy refuge, L'Hermite, the very modest country house, shared by his brother's family, which for twenty years was a retreat when he wanted especially to think or write or rest. It stands in wide-sweeping open country varied by occasional darkly clustered pine forests or marching rows of elms.

I have visited the chapel and the bare bedroom — bare, though not so completely ascetic as the one at Malines, for here at least the mattress on the iron bed is not straw — and the pleasant study, where some of his father's paintings hang. The windows of both bedroom and study command a fine view of the field of Waterloo, and the Cardinal always enjoyed explaining just what happened there. One can look, too, immediately below, on a rear garden and miniature pine wood where he loved to sit, especially during the last two years, when varicose veins made difficult his favorite walk past the Croquet farm (his mother was a Croquet) to a larger forest.

In the days of the longer walks each of the children of the L'Hermite household — how he loved children, how they loved him! — used to take his coveted turn at going to whistle to the meditator that it was time to end meditations. His nephew, Professor Charles Mercier, as we walked over the road together, described the way in which he always returned, with long swinging stride and head lowered still in thought or prayer, until at a given point he would lift it, straighten his shoulders, begin rubbing his hands together as if to free the body for play, and then let the twinkle in his eye announce that he was now ready to give or to receive an amusing story.

For so many reasons he loved L'Hermite. Here life was reduced to its simplest terms, could be lived largely out of doors. And to what simple terms

he reduced it! His day began at five in prayer and meditation, and ended at ten in prayer. He moved through it untrammelled by possessions, unhindered by indulgence, free to accomplish prodigious tasks for the glory of God. In his will, written in 1908, one of the most beautiful human documents I know, he says: 'I do not leave much. Personally I had no fortune, and the little I have gained in the exercise of my functions, or by my publications, I have always tried to use in good works, for myself living from day to day. The few economies that will be found on my death will cover the arrears in my ménage and the expenses of my funeral; the surplus is to be employed for charity or teaching. I leave to my nephews my part in the country house, L'Hermite. For the rest, they must know that they have to gain their living by work.'

Preparations for the journey to L'Hermite meant chiefly to gather together his manuscripts and joyously to tie a stack of books in a big worn handkerchief. Which of his own multifarious texts on philosophy and religion were written here I do not know, but this was his mind's retreat. Doubtless he had thought there were many years still in which to withdraw to it for contemplation and expression. To set down his thoughts on paper was for him a necessity, writing a habit.

But now he was bidding L'Hermite farewell.

III

He made the pilgrimage in early November. At the beginning of December he decided to have an examination with X-rays, requesting the physicians to tell him the truth. And they did — cancer.

On the eighth, after Mass, he remarked to his secretary: 'In the past every time I said Mass I was offering

my life in the abstract, but to-day I offer something very real to God.'

To the doctors, after their report and advice, he said, 'Operate.' December 29 was decided upon, and he turned again to his work.

It was impossible to persuade him to renounce a trip to Paris about the middle of the month to assist in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Institute there. The weather was bad, the journey difficult. But education was his vital interest; old and fast ties bound him to the Rector, Monsignor Baudrillart; so he went and spoke at the great mass-meeting in the Trocadéro. There the University and Paris acclaimed him for the last time.

After that he told his grand vicars that he was seriously ill and issued a preparatory statement to the press. Days were filled with prayer and work; every minute counted. He knew how to count them. To his priests he had once written: 'Man is born to work, as the bird to fly, says the Scripture. Have always near by some piece of work, so that as soon as you have a minute you can put your hand on it. You will be surprised at what five minutes total when multiplied several times each year by 365 or 366!'

Nor would he give up participation, nearer Christmas time, in the elaborate celebration of the Silver Wedding Anniversary of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, his loved sovereigns and dear friends. Next to them he was the principal figure in that intimate national festivity.

On the twenty-eighth he wrote a letter to the Pope in which he said that he could not count on a successful outcome of the operation, but that there were several things, had it been God's will that he live longer, he would have liked especially to continue to work for. He had a vision of the Anglican and

Orthodox Greek and Roman Churches reunited, and during the last four years perhaps his most intense desire and his most absorbing effort were directed toward this goal. The progressive discussions of the idea, carried on with the venerable Lord Halifax of the Anglican Church and the Abbé Portal of the Greek Church and others, are embodied in the now famous *Conversations de Malines*. The fifth *Conversation* had been set for January 24, 1926. Whatever fate the future holds for this noble and farseeing attempt, it will stand in history as a significant illustration of his greatness.

He would have liked, too, to work further for the sanctification of the clergy. To those who know the beautiful pastoral letters and intimate talks with his priests — such an inspired work, for instance, as 'The Inner Life' — the picture of the Cardinal as the Good Shepherd leads all others. In them he appears as the lover of every lamb, longing to bring each safely within the fold of temporal and eternal happiness. He is humble, dependent on the security and felicity of his flock for his own joy; he both leads and follows. Ardently he unfolds to them the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the vision of the infinite reaches of divine love, the possibility of present — to-day *is* eternity — and ever-continuing being in absolute oneness with God. And the ideal of charity. 'Be generous of your temporal as of your spiritual possessions,' remembering that 'always it is too little to give what one has if one is not disposed also to give what one is.' On each page burns the clear flame of love for man and God. Yes, he would have liked to work longer for the sanctification of his clergy; over two thousand there were in his own diocese, and more than two million in his immediate flock, which suggests something of the arduousness

of his administrative task. These were activities that he was, 'humanely speaking,' most loath to leave.

Because of his yearning love for them and his patriot's loyalty, he was cut to the quick by the defection of certain groups of his priests in the Flemish-Walloon controversy that has distracted Belgium. Always just, he had quickly accepted certain Flemish claims, — of language rights, for instance, — but he labored day and night, concealing his personal hurt, with priests and people for the healing of that national wound. And he had the satisfaction of seeing conditions improve, especially among the younger men, the students.

Very closely connected with his own diocesan work were his efforts for the betterment of social conditions throughout Europe. The Catholic International Conferences of Fribourg on social questions, interrupted by the war, had been resumed, since 1922, at Malines under his zealous leadership.

IV

Thus he reached December 29, said Mass, and prepared for the operation. The initial step disclosed that there was no slightest hope of recovery, both liver and stomach being completely involved, and the surgeons unanimously agreed to proceed no further. The Cardinal was encouraged, however, to think that the operation had been performed. After a few days he knew his strength failing and, having always advised his flock not to delay but to receive the last sacrament early, now, as ever, he followed his counsel to others and personally directed the last rites for himself. For a few days he rallied, then again grew steadily weaker, suffering acutely, because of his sensitiveness, from certain features of his malady, and yet never wavering.

To suffer? After all, what was pain of the body? Ought one not to be glad to carry the cross along with Simon of Cyrene? During all these days he made it a point to obey, like a child, the doctors and his director of conscience.

His body was wasting away, yet all his mind was present and under control. He received his loved King and Queen, ambassadors and distinguished visitors from many lands, glad to have final talks on points in politics and religion. Early Thursday morning, two days before his death, Lord Halifax arrived from London, and the Abbé Portal from Paris. They hurried to the hospital; for it was clear now that the fifth *Conversation* on the union of Churches would not be held in Malines a few days later, but in the little white room at once — if indeed at all.

And what joy to the Cardinal this meeting! He drew Lord Halifax to his breast in affectionate embrace. They assisted at Mass, the Cardinal taking Communion for the last time. Then the supreme *Conversation* and a final summarizing of the discussion by the Cardinal, after which he sank back, greatly fatigued, but delighted. As they were leaving, he again drew Lord Halifax nearer and, slipping off the pastoral ring given him twenty years before by his family, indicated that he wished to leave it to him. A last farewell, and the two friends withdrew.

But he would not yet relinquish Thursday. He called his secretary and dictated a four-page letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, recalling the secretary later to ask that three words — he quoted sentences from memory — be replaced by three others more effective.

Friday. — Prince Leopold had been seven months in Africa. The Cardinal wished to live to see him again, and the wish was granted. For on Thursday he returned, and on Friday morning

was on his way to the little room. What was said, I do not know, but after the visit His Eminence lay back and smiled and folded his hands in prayer.

In the afternoon he questioned: 'What day, what hour is it?' On being told, he asked that the vicars-general and the family be called, and that his nephews read the prayers for the dying. He took his glasses and the book, and repeated with them faintly, though distinctly, the beautiful words. The doctor, fearing too great exhaustion, tried to give him relief, but the Cardinal refused: 'Now the soul, not the body.'

Still lingering, he joined again early Saturday morning in the Mass, trying at the end to give to all his episcopal blessing. That last gesture was like the waving of a flag toward Heaven. From then until three o'clock he but murmured 'Angelus' at noon, and the light of faith and love illumining the face and filling the room was the evidence that life was there. To the very verge of the tomb he demonstrated the triumphant power of the spirit, by illustration answering the question, 'O grave, where is thy victory?' The Brussels journalist could write, 'His death will prove as fecund as his life.'

How true! Healing and heartening for Belgium have been these days of a common emotion of inexpressible admiration and love, of a single sense of personal and national bereavement. And for the world, as it followed step by step. Even German papers offered their tribute to the man who in the same breath they admitted lost them the war.

Among the reminiscences evoked far and near was the story printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of a German under-officer. One day in 1916, as he stood before a painting in Malines Cathedral, Cardinal Mercier, passing, asked of a priest in Latin, 'What age, think you,

has that young officer?' To which the young man himself replied in Latin, 'In Malines to-day he has twenty years.' The Cardinal turned and spoke some beautiful words, adding, 'Will you not take lunch with me, that at least your birthday will not go uncelebrated?' There were gifts, a bit of chocolate and a marked book of prayers, and there is to-day a German officer who remembers.

V

A grandiose national funeral, with the fervent participation of an entire people. History has rarely recorded so striking a manifestation of public mourning. Long before the appointed hour veritable multitudes had inundated all open spaces near the cortège route, outlined by flanking cavalry and quaintly marked by the black-veiled lighted street-lamps. The greatest concentration was near the station where the body was to arrive from Malines. Astonishing was the transformation of the Gare du Nord. Once past the façade, hung with black and silver, and inside the vaulted interior, sumptuously draped to the very track ends, one had the feeling of being in a great temple. Beauty and quiet were there. As we waited, one by one representative groups arrived and silently found their positions. Suddenly the *Brabançonne* announced the coming of King Albert, and soon a beautiful solemn music marked the arrival of the funeral train. So slowly that it seemed scarcely to be moving, it approached. Clergy of Malines received the coffin covered with the scarlet robe and began the march, preceded by four seminarists presenting the Cardinal's hat, the arms of the Archbishop, and two red-velvet cushions bearing his many decorations.

Immediately behind the coffin the King walked with Maréchal Foch and

Prince Leopold. Then the family, innumerable representatives of State, the Church in splendid vestments, army officers from several countries, members of universities, of the French Institute, missionaries from the Congo, the Papal Nuncio, and Archbishops of France and England. Once outside, our eyes could follow, from time to time, a long reach of this magnificent procession tracing its narrow way through the silent human sea.

In Sainte Gudule Cathedral the services were solemnly beautiful, yet I could not hold my thoughts to what was then passing. It was again 1916; the steel ring enclosed Belgium. Outside, the Somme; inside, the deportations. We had packed the Cathedral as we packed it this morning, and, scarcely breathing, waited. It was Belgium's Independence Day, and we had heard that the Cardinal would come from Malines to speak to us. Outside the gray Invader ruled; beside us, we knew, were his agents. The hours passed. Had His Eminence been prevented? Would he come? The black catafalque erected for the unknown dead, surrounded by tall flickering candles, rose where to-day we had placed his body. Then a murmur and fear allayed, as the tall, scarlet-robed figure appeared in the choir and began the Mass.

What a leader! On his every act was the seal of grandeur. With what love all eyes followed him as he mounted the pulpit. Would he dare to refer to the national holiday? His voice, charged with faith and courage, rang through the nave. 'Fourteen years from to-day (the one-hundredth anniversary of Belgium's independence) our restored cathedrals and rebuilt churches will be thrown wide open; the crowds will surge in; our King Albert, standing upon his throne, will bow his unconquered head before the King of Kings.'

With irrefutable logic and prophetic power he built up his argument. Here was the sovereign word! The sea of rapt faces was held toward him.

So I saw him, and not in the coffin where he lay, surrounded by a forest of candles.

Cardinal Mercier, in 1914, had needed no preliminary period of consideration to see things as he saw them. To the teacher who had accepted the mission offered him by Leo XIII, to revive at Louvain the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the way was as clear as sunlight. The essence of his position can be briefly stated: 'God is good, and this goodness connotes justice — not a relative, but an absolute, justice. If justice is violated, I must oppose the violation.' There had been no moment's hesitation; thirty years ago he had said, 'The ideal is not a dream, but your practical duty of every day.'

He was experienced, too, in intrepid defense. Scarcely more than thirty years old when he had launched in full tempest the bark of the revived Thomistic philosophy, he had had to meet attack, derision, even the attempt, at Rome, to have him condemned. And he had met them victoriously.

The people silently standing during the national funeral, looking backward, saw in and out of an all-prevailing darkness the flaming robe of their Cardinal as he moved among them to cheer them and among their oppressors to defy and restrain them. They heard still that single sentence in which he summed up the results of the four years' conflict: 'Right violated is still right; injustice supported by force is still injustice.' With synthetic vision they saw in him the expression of the Belgian conscience. With him they were interring a part of the conscience of each one of them.

They saw him, too, going on foot

from cottage to cottage to succor them — practising love. Always he had looked behind the scene. The terrific war-panorama did not blind him. 'All present cataclysms,' he wrote, 'are nothing compared to what is going on in our own souls.' While cannon thundered, now as never before, he must make his flock see where eternal goodness lies — in eternal love. This was the very core of his belief. He preached and practised love. To-day the people had an overwhelming sense of his love for them.

And they felt something more, which they would have been unable, probably, to express. Belgians, strangers, believers, nonbelievers — welded in an emotion so deep that on the surface there was an almost mysterious immobility. Observers sought to interpret it. One said: 'We witness this sublime spectacle because Cardinal Mercier did not exalt himself except for first causes.' Another, elaborating that phrase: 'Because he was not only a great patriot but the defender of the Ideal City that he had built in his spirit, the city as God wishes it to be, filled with justice, order, peace. These to him were the first causes of civilization. Men felt that he had affirmed the Absolute. His words passed the calculations of politics, the material interests of the world, the passions let loose by the chaos of war. Because of these words they felt awaking in their own spirits ideas which God has placed there, but which material interests stifle. Always violently moved by great things, even when they cannot clearly explain them, the people saw him wholly attentive to the affairs of God on earth, and inhabiting a sphere of serenity so high that they felt him to be great. So they stood as they did.'

From Brussels we went the following day to Malines, to attend the more intimate ceremony of the Church for its

own. The most beautiful carillon in the world played Chopin's 'Funeral March' as the cortège passed from the palace to the Cathedral. Entering it again, I realized that nowhere in Belgium would I ever feel more securely at home. The church was flooded with the Cardinal's spirit of loving welcome.

And, as in Sainte Gudule, I saw, more clearly than the densely crowded black nave of mourning, another — aflame with color, and the Cardinal officiating.

Acolytes moved dimly about the choir; one by one candles were lighted. Then silently the procession moved toward the altar. Unhurriedly, unbrokenly, the tide swelled down the aisle. White and brown capes, ermine and purple, crucifix and candle, and the body carried aloft by the black-helmeted honor guard. On and on they poured until the choir was a sea of color in which the coffin was literally imbedded. The Mass, the eulogy, and absolutions. In the evening the actual

entombment; and the Cardinal lies where he asked to lie.

Inside the church, as outside, he will be called the Great Cardinal. Who, in recent times, has done more for Catholic thought, leading, as he did, the renaissance of Thomism in conjunction with the development of the modern sciences, until Louvain has become the citadel of Catholic metaphysics? Who has in his imagination gone further in picturing the Catholic as indeed the Church of the Christian world? Who in the Church has been a more rapt contemplator of divine mysteries, has more completely lost himself in the vision of divine love? Who was more convinced of the possibility of present union of the human spirit with the divine? Who asked less for himself, gave more to others? And who, finally, has left the Church and the world a more precious ultimate gift — that perfect illustration of his own utterance: 'To die is the greatest and most beautiful act possible to man'?

MUSSOLINI

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

MUSSOLINI's three years in power have been concerned with administrative tasks; it is only now that he begins to enunciate the theory of politics and economics which he has always held in reserve as the *raison d'être* of his revolution. He saw at once what Italy most needed: a field for emigration, a firm currency, a due supply of grain, and in general a balance of production to

consumption. But before he could attain these he had to give Italy the discipline of a strong government, the tonic of a patriotic ideal. He glorified the soldier, therefore, and especially the disabled soldier; he exalted the monarchy, and with the monarchy he associated the Church as integral to the Italian tradition and its propagandist in other countries; he attacked

Masonry as being secret, international, and anti-Catholic; he furthermore assured his own position by terrorizing his opponents and by assuming command over the press; and, not the least astute of his moves, he shifted the chief weight of taxation from the bourgeoisie to the masses. He thus made Italy's two most powerful institutions — the Church and business — into his supporters.¹ Of the old Liberal Party, the Masons, who were so closely identified with it, and the common laborers have been anxious to make an opposition, but they have had no chance. Like the sons of Zeruiah, Mussolini lays his axe to the root of the tree, and indeed his politics have an extraordinary effect on Italy. He has dealt with the country's practical difficulties with a success which the practical man not only must acknowledge but also may very profitably consider.

For what is the practical alternative to Fascism? The only possible one is the system of parliamentary government. Parliamentary government in Italy had broken down. It had become what Senator Giovanni Gentile, Italy's subtlest and clearest thinker, describes, not inaccurately, as 'the wretched skirmish and intrigue of ephemeral groups in a Vanity Fair of endless ambitions.' In 1922 this system left Italy without a Government at the end of January. Six weeks of skirmish and intrigue passed before another could be formed, which lasted only a few months. More weeks without a Government followed. And the third proved absolutely ineffective. The lira dropped from 88 to 108 to the pound. The grain supplies ran short. Strikes were so frequent that the service of trains and posts was disorganized several times

in the year. It was almost an unusual thing for the electric light in a leading town like Florence to burn for a whole evening. Fights took place in the streets, and the gutters were stained with blood. Profiteers charged what prices they liked, and the whole country was tortured by a lack of discipline. This was the year that witnessed the rise of Fascismo from a conglomeration of armed bands to the only administrative power in Italy. The speeches of Mussolini had won the confidence of business men, and fired the enthusiasm of the masses. The Confederation of Guild Corporations, which enunciated the economic policy of Mussolini, had shown him favorable to the capitalist system; Socialism and Communism had failed; and finally Mussolini guaranteed to support the monarchy. It was so that he prepared for the revolution against parliamentary government, and at the crucial moment secured the King's support.

We cannot understand Fascism till we realize what it replaced. The unification of Italy, the famous movement known as the Risorgimento, was not free from sordid episodes. It was, in fact, the work of that anti-Christian and, indeed, atheistic type of Freemasonry — so entirely different from what is known as Masonry in England and America — which is known as the Grand Orient. This fact is asserted by both the Clerical and the anti-Clerical historians of the Risorgimento, and cannot be disputed. It was a movement that aimed, and perhaps still aims, at establishing a world republic on nonreligious lines. It had attracted some of the worst elements of the Italian populace, along with a certain number of rich and able men; but so unscrupulous had been its methods, so disreputable its members, so hostile to all representatives of religion had it been, that Pope X advised

¹As informed readers know, this statement is too condensed for complete accuracy. The Church is manifestly divided. — THE EDITORS

all Catholics to have no sort of association with the Government it set up, and it was not considered expedient for those loyal to the Church even to vote at the elections. This state of affairs lasted for over forty years. During that time there had been a change of Government on an average more than twice a year. The tradition of public service had been rotten. Politics had been a farce, staged by French members of the Grand Orient. But at the end of the war the old Masonic system of politics was modified in two ways, by the Communists and by the Clericals. The Church had indeed organized a Christian Democratic Party under two successive priests, Murri and Sturzo, but neither this scheme nor the Communist one had been successful. The result had been what the previous paragraph has described. As Signor Cicotti, a critic of Fascismo, admitted, parliamentary government had become 'a shadow and a lie.' The King, not the least shrewd of Italians, decided to try the alternative that Mussolini offered — an alternative certainly not more dangerous to himself than the old ineffective system of Masonic intrigue.

II

Mussolini is not faultless; he and his party must be measured, however, not by a standard of perfection, but by a comparison with what he succeeded. Italy's political traditions were bad, and he could not at once reform them even if he had wanted to do so. He had, moreover, in his own party a certain number of both Communists and Masons who went over to his party as soon as it became dominant. Mussolini had himself a taste for violence, and had spoken in favor of what he called *brutalità*. His party, he said, must be ready 'not only to die but to kill.'

With violence he combined espionage; for spying and force are only different forms of an outrage of moral rights in the interests of 'strong government,' and, as the present writer has seen, have both been used without scruple by the English in India. Mussolini was guilty of graver faults: he seized an island to which he had no right, and allowed peaceful citizens to be killed in the preliminary bombardment; he abrogated the Italian Constitution in robbing the press of power to promulgate any contentions but his own; he allowed himself to be closely associated with men who attacked the houses, who burned the furniture, who murdered and cut to pieces the bodies of their political opponents. But he did improve the administration; he gave it a higher moral standard. He asserted the greatness of Italy, and made her an object of very careful consideration of other Powers. He gave her, as we have seen, a moral discipline. He put down strikes. Let us see what he has done with regard to her crucial economic problems.

His first problem was America's immigration policy. Italy had at one time sent more than half a million emigrants a year into the States; this number had to be reduced to 35,000. The excess of births over deaths in Italy has now reached 700,000. Italy has been able to make room for only 300,000 of this number, and one of Mussolini's great problems was to make arrangements for an emigration of 400,000. His first plan was to cultivate South America, and the visit of the Prince of Piemonte was extremely successful. The Prince, to whom the present writer was presented last spring, is an extremely charming young man, erect, active, handsome, and with a taste as true as his manners are excellent. He is Italy's most gifted ambassador. The annual inflow of Italians in the Argentine

rose from 33,277 in 1921 to 105,235 in 1923, in Brazil from 8587 in 1921 to 13,574 in 1923, and in Uruguay from 572 in 1921 to 2889 in 1923. In Canada in the same years it had risen from 3816 to 7783. These numbers alone compensated for the loss of opportunities in the States. But in the meantime the Italians had found they could leave Italy without crossing the ocean. Separated from them only by a single range of snowy peaks, and a few hours in the train through Alpine scenery, was the best field of all. In 1921 only 44,782 Italians had emigrated to France, and 3874 to the Low Countries. In 1923 France absorbed 167,982 and the figure passed beyond 200,000 in 1924. In 1923 over 13,000 had gone to Holland and Belgium.

What, then, is the success of Mussolini's emigration policy? The total number of Italians leaving Italy has risen from 201,291 in 1921 to 364,614 in 1924, a rise of over 81 per cent. Italy's emigration to the Americas, that is to say, has kept comparatively stable; her emigration into other parts of Europe has risen by 150,000 above its previous figure. While France is unable or unwilling to provide her own population to do her own work, the numbers are being filled up by foreigners, and most of all by Italians. Of the three million foreigners living in France, more than half are Italians. Will this make France and Italy more friendly, or less so? No one can tell.

But Mussolini was not satisfied with the flow of emigration. He wanted to increase the capacities of his country within her own borders. He has therefore turned to develop the cardinal theory of the Fascist movement, the theory that encourages a tournament of skill in improving work and intensifying production. As long as Italians continue to live as cheaply as they are doing, they should be able, not only to

supply their own needs, but to rival their competitors for the trade of the world. How could he encourage this system? He is not a great original thinker. His genius shows itself in his power to adapt the large views and theories of others to Italy's essential needs. The Confederation of Syndical Bodies or Guilds, which stated the economic theory of his party, had four fundamental principles: first, that though industries were a fundamental social unity they needed capital; secondly, that an elaborate grading of functions is necessary, so as to have a rational organization of the complex system of labor and production; thirdly, that a man may rise in the scale of graduated functions and rewards so that he whose skill is worth rewarding may himself become a capitalist; and so, fourthly, 'the dynamic law of civilization does not consist in a struggle between classes, — that is to say, between social functions, — still less in collaboration between classes, which would mean a confusion of functions. It consists rather in the tournament of talents — that is to say, in the struggle of inferior classes toward an increase in technical ability so that they may eventually be able to discharge the functions of higher grades, especially if these fail to maintain the standard of excellence required.' It is in applying this theory of sociology to intensifying production in Italy that Mussolini has done most to cure the disorder and to remove the peril of his country.

The debate on this subject took place in the Chamber of Deputies in Rome at the beginning of December, and the laws embodying it were passed by the Senate later in the month. That debate, wound up by one of Mussolini's longest speeches, invites close study. Senator Rocco, the Minister of Justice, had prepared it, assisted by Orano and Rossoni. The irrepressible Farinacci

had spoken in favor of it. But, as Rocco explained, the law does not develop the whole complexity of a syndicalist system. It recognizes the industrial corporations, and in return for rights demands certain obligations.

Mussolini spoke at great length next day in a speech which won praise even from the old Masonic Liberal, Giolitti. The leader said that his object was to establish a coöperative system of capital and labor in an age of productive work. It recognized the need of preliminary capital; it recognized the possibility of any producer becoming a capitalist; it hoped for such a sound moral relation between the capitalist and the laborer as would ensure a just division of profits — but that it could not compel. Compulsion cannot take the place of a sense of justice. Nor could a Government provide a final and stereotyped solution of problems raised by human nature. Whatever men have, they will probably want something more.

How, he then asked, does the guild system differ from the Soviet? The Soviet had first placed all producers under a discipline as severe as that of the conscripted soldier; but even so it was found that arbitration courts were necessary to interpret their own disciplinary regulations. And then they had abandoned compulsory arbitration, because it frightened away capital. Mussolini, however, had seen from the beginning the importance of capital, and therefore he was in a position to insist upon the organization of the whole country on a guild basis. A man who seeks to avoid arbitration, he argued, is hardly likely to have justice on his side. The leader felt justified, therefore, in allowing no one to avoid it. Just as every country had had to organize itself in time of war to utilize its resources to the utmost, so he was about to organize Italy for the crucial years

through which she was now passing. The war had taken another form, the form of economic rivalry, and it was a matter of life and death to her to take her place among the nations as a producing Power.

Mussolini's object was to apply to the work of the country as a whole what he had already applied to Italy's chief industry, agriculture. His chief constructive measure in 1925 had been to intensify the production of grain. 'The Battle for Grain,' as it was called, was a series of decrees, arranged by experts, to deal with Italy's chief economic problem. For the very fact that Italians live with the greatest simplicity — that, given their wine and oil, their chief need is grain to make their macaroni and their bread — means that their supply of grain must be ample. They need on an average one pound of grain a day. Their population has now touched forty millions. Those forty millions therefore require fifteen billion pounds or seventy-five million quintals a year. The figure for the last year, 46,306,000, may be taken as an average of her own production in recent years. And thirty million quintals may be taken, therefore, as the excess of her need over her own production. In fact, 30,466,070 was the number of quintals imported in the years that coincide with the Fascist revolution. The figures for importation had risen from 11,191,340 quintals in 1909-1910 to 27,808,910 in 1924-1925. This is the great problem that has arisen in Italy's economic life.

The decrees therefore attempted to discourage importation and to intensify production. The whole agricultural industry was organized by the Government. It is the industry of twenty-five millions of the population. These twenty-five millions — not always able to read or write, but healthy, vigorous, economical, shrewd, and prolific — are

the backbone of Italy. The battle for grain depended on impregnating them with those ideas of science and invention which would enable them to make more out of their land. The use of motor vehicles, the study of manures, the adaptation of each locality to each particular product, the assistance of loans, and a protective tariff — these were the chief lines along which the new laws attempted to work. But the fact is that in all this the Government was merely associating itself with the work of Italy's great agricultural corporation, which dates back to thirty-three years ago. The Federazione di Consorzi Agrari, which has its seat in the ancient Lombard town of Piacenza, thirty miles to the south of Milan, was founded with the following objects: to produce, acquire, and sell everything that can assist or encourage agriculture; to assist scientifically and commercially the growth and exchange of produce; to lend and hire out implements; to acquire information about markets and to assist sales in them; to conduct test farms; to encourage research and agricultural education; to coördinate the agricultural industries of one part of the country with those of another; and to conduct a banking business along coöperative lines in the interests of the members. Such a society already offered Mussolini all that he required, and his economic policy, at least as far as agriculture was concerned, was completed when he decided to pass decrees along the lines the society worked. The success of his economic policy was assured before he ever came to power. Since the foundation of the society in 1892, its subsidiary units had risen by the end of the war from 56 to 909. Its original capital was 4200 lire. In 1920 it had a capital of 1,878,383 lire. It dealt originally with an output worth 700,000 lire; the output in 1920 was worth 258,500,000 lire and this year it

is more like 500,000,000 lire. This society, in its application of scientific methods, in its stimulus of production, in its coördination of work, in its organization of a national industry, offered Mussolini his model. His first move was to organize agriculture in relation to the State in such a way that, on the one hand, all the resources of the State could work to assist the industry, and, on the other, the State could maintain control over it.

What he had done for agriculture, he was logically bound to apply to every other industry.

III

This was what Rocco illustrated in the Italian Chamber on December 10 and Mussolini on December 11. It shows Fascism to be not merely a call to patriotism, not merely what is known as strong government, — a government, that is to say, which secures administrative efficiency of a certain ruthlessness and unscrupulousness, although certainly it did add a good deal of ruthlessness and of efficiency to the unscrupulousness of the governments before it, — but also a great constructive system of social and political life. Fascism applies a new theory of politics: it is the movement by which the European nations involved in the vast economic development in which science and inventions have transformed our age attempt to apply to that development the functions and nature of the State so that they can coördinate and discipline toward the common good those economic forces which, left to themselves, might involve those affected by them in social and economic disaster.

It insists, in other words, that industries do not always know their own business best. It is a logical reply to a series of strikes causing economic dislocation. When a great industry can disorganize, can paralyze the life of the

community, and when in doing so it works both directly and indirectly against the prosperity it arrived at securing, the State, while acknowledging its own dependence on the industries, should assert over them such an authority as to prevent them from failing to discharge their function. To allow them to decide on that point is not liberty but license. It is the State that must decide. And so Fascism, while organizing the industries as constituent powers of the State, emphasizes and exalts the functions of the State. The State, says Giovanni Gentile, is 'a unity of interests which in their lower phases appear to be all economic, but which in their higher are all moral.' There is something in his high conception of the Fascist State that recalls the sublime words of Lincoln: —

'A strong State really sovereign, and above parties, conscious, proud, jealous of its sovereignty, watchful and ready to intervene with its action, which will always be in aid of peace and of civil life. A State which is no longer a fragile bark with torn sails and rudder lost, and left at the mercy of the waves, but which is conscious of its own immortal individuality, which is the guardian and champion of its rights and duties, of the glory and of the calling of the nation which is and was and is to be, while the unending generations come and go, and parties rise and fall, wrapt in the undying fires of history's continuous advance.'

Fascism asserts, in other words, that individuals are not political units in the modern State, but that the guilds or corporations are aggregations of the only men and women the State can recognize — men and women who are employed, men and women who have a function. The State, says Sergio Panunzio, exhibits society as a unity; society is the raw material, the State the formative principle. Turning away

from the exaggerated individualism of the French Revolution theories which arose out of Rousseau's view of the social contract, the mind of Mussolini looked at first toward Socialism. He examined Communism. But he saw quite as quickly as the Russian Communists that capital was a necessity; he came to the Aristotelian mean between individualism and Communism, the organization of society as aggregations of individuals in terms of function. And over this, as we have seen, he establishes the national unity of society, the State.

But what is the State? The State apparently is Mussolini; but he is not so frank about it as the grand monarch who said, 'The State is I.' Suppose there were not a strong man at the head of Italy, where would Fascism be then? Everyone knows that if Mussolini had been murdered in November there would have been disorder, and probably civil war.

Mussolini's scheme cannot therefore be successful unless, in addition to his effort to make Italy more self-contained, he can obtain such a moral standard from his party, and from his country as a whole, that his efforts will leave a solid organization behind them. The real question of Fascism is whether or not Mussolini will place enduring principles before his own genius of opportunism. Society is not made for material advantage, but ultimately for an ideal perfection. If Mussolini can clearly envisage the moral and spiritual ends, which test the wisdom of political and economic devices; if in a word he can take due advantage of the counsel of that immemorial organization which, with a wisdom and experience older than that of any government, still works for the good of the world, and not least of Italy; if he can ordain the principles of politics in the country along the lines of the Christianity of

her national Church, Fascism should realize to the full the promise of its great practical constructive scheme.

IV

In the meantime Fascism must be tested, and can be tested, by something more than a favorable hypothesis. We have seen how, in Mussolini's time, the population problem has been settled, and what measures have been taken generally to balance production with consumption. Not less interesting is Mussolini's control over the exchange, which he has fixed at about twenty-five to the dollar, which is roughly ten per cent lower than the day on which he assumed his ruling power. If Mussolini had improved the currency he would have increased the war debt, and as it would have been difficult to reduce wages, and therefore prices, a better exchange would merely have embarrassed Italian competitors in foreign markets. Everyone must congratulate him with regard to the railways. Trains are still often overcrowded and unpunctual; the service is still easily disorganized. But he has wiped out the deficit of sixty million dollars which the railroads cost the country in the year before his revolution, and railwaymen no longer inconvenience the public by their strikes. Since 1913-1914 the passenger traffic has increased by sixty-eight per cent and the goods traffic by seventy-two per cent. When we consider the value of the lira, the prices which have been raised in England by fifty per cent have been lowered in Italy by six per cent, with the object of increasing traffic, and yet the railways have made in the last year a profit of 176,000,000 lire, or roughly seven million dollars. That is a fine advance on the loss of sixty million dollars three years before.

The first object of Mussolini was to

balance the budget. From July 1, 1921, to June 30, 1922, the *deficit* was 15,760 million lire; this was changed, for the same period in 1924-1925, to a *credit* balance of 2076 million lire. Of this six milliards have been saved on the cost of administration. The circulation of notes has been reduced from twenty-one milliards to seventeen milliards, and the floating debt from 102 milliards to ninety-five milliards. That is why Italy flourishes in spite of higher taxation. The lira depends, however, not so much on the budget as on the national balance of trade in regard to foreign countries. The lira, which was 108 to the pound when Mussolini took office, is now 120. But in return for that Italy is in an excellent industrial position; her silk and cotton factories have orders for many months ahead. Her prosperous peasants can well afford the heavy taxes they are paying, and she has, in fact, solved the problem of how to produce at rates successful in competition.

But in the years before the war the country was dependent for about a million dollars on invisible exports. Half of that was sent in remittances from emigrants; the other half was gained from the tourist traffic. Now if Italy's emigrants go to France rather than to the States, their wages, and therefore their savings, are at a lower rate. This Mussolini could not help, but he has done his best to encourage tourists to spend their money in the country, to live in her rooms, to eat her food, and to buy in her shops. The Government Tourist Department, generally known as E. N. I. T. (Ente Nazionale di Industrie Turismo Turistiche) has become an international organization modeled on Cook's, with offices not only in the tourist centres of Italy but in Nice, Paris, Barcelona, Brussels, Madrid, Alexandria, Bâle, Berlin, Bucharest, Buenos Aires, Budapest, Constantinople, Cairo, Geneva,

London, Lausanne, Lucerne, Lugano, Madrid, Munich, New York, Rio de Janeiro, St. Gall, San Paolo, San Sebastian, Tunis, Vienna, and Zurich. It has done a great deal to keep the attractions of Italy advertised. It has discovered that in the Dolomites Italy has the most gorgeous of all Alpine scenery, unique in its wealth of lovely valleys and the warm colors of its lofty crags. It has begun to exploit the Dolomites, but its special coup has been to make the Italian Riviera a rival to the French for the winter season. It has this winter attracted Sir Austen Chamberlain; and even before Christmas, both in the lovely bays beneath the purple hills where Santa Margherita, Portofino, and Rapallo lead down to the fine mountain views of mountain and sea at Viareggio, and at the other end, where the palms of Bordighera and San Remo continue the fashion of Monte Carlo and Mentone, the hotels were full of wealthy English and Americans. The hotel industry, organized against its own possible foolishness by carefully arranged prices, regulated by Government, is now bringing Italy something approaching forty million dollars directly, as well as a large amount in traveling and shopping. The pilgrims of the Anno Santo produced a special increase of numbers in 1925, well over a million.

Such figures, such a plain business view of what is actually taking place, give the just answer to those who are wondering whether Fascism is essentially a tyranny. There was tyranny over the Tyrolese this autumn. Some Fascists even tried to prevent their having their Christmas trees. Mussolini himself is a political opportunist, not a saint; he has made mistakes, and he has had a nasty element in his party; there have undoubtedly been some atrocities. But the last word about Fascism was spoken at Leghorn toward the close of 1925 by Roberto Farinacci, who sometimes speaks the truth, though he is the noisiest man in Italy and the secretary-general of the Fascist Party. 'If our faults have been great,' he said, 'great also has been our work for the good of the country.'

Mussolini is without doubt a great man. His party is proving its claim that it would organize the government of the country on an economic foundation and build up a strong nation. In doing this Mussolini has outraged those who based their theories on the ideals of liberalism and democracy. But that involves another question, a deeper, a more general, and perhaps a more fascinating one — the question whether in Europe the whole fabric of democracy, with all its theories, is not itself collapsing.

THOSE WILD MEN OF THE CLYDE

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

GLASGOW, the Reddest spot in the British Isles! Yes, but before Glasgow is Socialist, or Communist, she's Scotch. I was traveling with the London correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal* — what a companion for an invasion of the Red Clyde! We got off the train and into a taxi that had no meter and only the remnants of an engine. The car coughed its way up a hill to Armstrong's Hotel, and the driver demanded two shillings and sixpence. Wall Street protested. 'No other taxi in England,' said he, 'would charge over a shilling for that ride.' 'Aye,' said the driver, 'but this is no England.'

Right you are. Glasgow is 'no England,' but Scotch, and all the movements in it, labor and political, whatever else they are, are Scotch too. The city blocks and the residences, almost wholly stone, have more sturdiness and respectability in them than anything in Boston or Main Street. The better pubs are oaken chapels for the worship of Scotch whiskey. The shops are full of substantial Scottish goods at Scottish prices. 'No New Yorker,' said a lady of my acquaintance, 'could afford to live in Glasgow.' (She was charged twenty-five shillings for a small cambric handkerchief.) Every other block is an insurance company, and every third is a church. Bookstores are very thickly sprinkled over the town: we noted a Presbyterian bookshop, a theological, a Catholic, and a Socialist. The Scotch nationalize everything. In the Roman Catholic shop they were booming a Scottish Jesuit who had

written a book. Religion is everywhere. I looked into a tobacco shop, and filling the window was 'Dr. White's Presbyterian Mixture,' with a picture of the church on the can!

I

The Prime Minister of Great Britain slipped up to Glasgow the other day and made a tour of the slums, 'incog.' There has been a 'rent war' on for months in Glasgow, and this is the other side of the picture.

If you will walk through the streets of Bridgton, which is the constituency of Jimmy Maxton, most popular of the Clyde M. P.'s, you will begin to understand the political atmosphere of Glasgow. Or if you go through Clydebank and Dumbarton, which year after year send Davy Kirkwood, the noisy and eloquent opponent of royalty, to the legislative halls of the House of Commons. The odd thing is that the slums are as sturdy and Scotch as the shops, the churches, or the pubs. Dark and unsanitary, they are built solidly of stone, like Roman walls or the Cloaca Maxima. They are likely to last as long.

For a time these sturdy stone buildings, smoked over with soot from factory chimneys and steel mills, will deceive the American visitor. Compare this firm construction, he is led to say, with the rotten jerry-built shacks of our own Pittsburgh! But the proof of the house is in the living. One toilet for five families, a floor that has been damp

for a hundred and fifty years, rooms that for a century have been lit by lamps and not by sunlight. And, in large numbers of houses that do not suffer from these defects, the evil fact of overcrowding. Houses in Clydebank, pleasant enough from the outside, are often packed to the window-panes — if there are any — with humanity. For every room, or for every two rooms, a family. Because of the so-called 'rent strikes' of Glasgow the Government instituted an inquiry; evidence showed the need for a hundred and fifty thousand new houses in the Clyde region.

I was in Bridgton at twelve o'clock on Saturday, when the whistle blew, and I found myself among the crowds ejected from a boiler factory, a carpet mill, and a laundry.

Here were folk by no means broken either by industry or by poverty. Hardy Scots, shod well and clothed decently. Most of the laundry girls had silk stockings, like any American stenographer. But these hurrying eddies of men and girls were in sharp contrast to the silent pools of unemployed that lounged along the same street. The latter were sallow and hungry and broken. They looked like scarecrows that have been out in the rain too long. Their eyes, which I hated to look at, were dead or neurotic. Their faces had lost character along with their clothes. My Wall Street companion pointed to an open market in an empty lot, and we moved over to it. These little markets are good places to visit if you want to find out about the people of a neighborhood. The quality and variety of the goods will show you what the people use, and the prices are an index of purchasing power. This was Wall Street's suggestion.

There were things laid out on tables and troughs which I didn't believe could draw a farthing from anyone.

The rags and the remnants of trousers and shirts, the remains of utensils, old clocks, in a great *mêlée*. And a row of shabby toy dogs, which a desperate little man, in an exhausted voice, was trying to sell to unsympathetic paupers. A number of people wandered about, but almost no one made a purchase. A sallow and degraded group, however, had gathered before an ex-soldier in a sombrero, who had something to sell to make men strong. It was a salve. 'I am going to ask you,' said the giver of health and strength, 'to refrain from using soap for seven days.' I looked about me and I knew the right note had been struck. The Bridgton slum audience opened their ears and their hearts to the man in the sombrero.

In the environs of Glasgow is a network of coal mines; not far from the mines sprawl steel mills, and along the Clyde itself stretch the greatest shipyards of the world. For seven miles the sprouting skeletons of ships rise among their supporting poles and runways; webs of railway tracks cover the banks; and against the sky loom those vast steel spiders, the cranes that seize and move the limbs of ships. An army of men live along the bank — an army that is many divisions too large, for with the drop in production after the war there was no industry in Great Britain to take them in. Unemployment figures for the United Kingdom stand well over a million.

The same is true for the steel mills. Follow the highway through Dumbarton and Clydebank, and you will come to Motherwell, which is a little Scotch Pittsburgh. Here, in one works which boasts thirty-two furnaces, nine are at work. And while the plant has a capacity for giving employment to eight thousand men, I found four thousand employed.

Upon the foundation of bad housing, unemployment, and a fighting Scotch

temperament, are built the Red movements of the Clyde. There are 'anti-parliamentary rallies' held by the Communist Federation at the Ross Street Unitarian Church. And every Saturday the Communists hold a whist drive and social at Bakunin House.

II

The so-called Labor College movement, which believes in education as 'a weapon in the class struggle *and no more than that*,' finds its stronghold in Glasgow. The number of classes in Great Britain last year was 1048, the number of students 25,071, and of these, according to a rough estimate given me by the Bridgton M. P., over 10,000 are Scotch. 'The subjects we study in our classes,' to quote from *Plebs*, official organ of the movement, 'are means to an end, and that end is the creation and development of a militant, informed, working-class consciousness.'

But you are going to get a wrong impression of this movement and of the Clyde if you just read figures and aims. Especially if you're an American. The only thing to do is to visit a class and listen. Picture to yourself a Scotch working-class town, filled with stone houses of workingmen, surrounded by mines and by steel mills. In a respectable stone building a schoolroom, with rows of sloping desks. And behind the desks, not fifty school-children, but fifty miners, steel-workers, machinists, laundry girls. Men and women from twenty-five to forty, with tough, hardy bodies, and earnest, intelligent Scotch faces. Pipes are lighted. The lecture begins.

'One of the few things I learned in college — one of the very few — was an experiment in psychology.' The lecturer is a graduate of Glasgow University. 'Take three basins of water, one

hot, and one cold, and one tepid. Put your right hand into the cold water, and your left hand into the hot.' ('Note,' said a Right Wing Scotch Socialist, 'that it's his *left* hand that's in hot water.') 'Keep them submerged for three minutes, and then plunge both into the tepid water. To your right hand the water is hot, to your left hand it is cold.' The class gave a serious smile to this and moved their feet. 'This shows you, in one way only, how difficult it is to get at facts. How much more difficult in the social and industrial field, where prejudice, passion, privilege, and exploitation rule. . . . But,' he went on, 'the Labor colleges are the only group getting at the truth, because they believe first of all in taking the capitalistic bias out of education. That sort of education is the only really scientific kind. That sort of education starts with the great scientific truth, set down first by Karl Marx, of capitalist exploitations.'

The class went wild over this, with a deep rumble in its throat, and terrific applause.

'I want to protest,' the speaker resumed, 'against the attempt, the world over, to suppress the work of Karl Marx. . . . Why is it,' he added, in a soft and burning voice, 'that English gentlemen in English universities refuse to credit him with the scientific truths he has discovered or even to mention his name? It is because, if the scientific work of Marx were disseminated through the world, the present system of capitalism, with its enrichment for them and its load of wretchedness and exploitation for the workers, would be utterly swept away!'

Following the lecture, discussion; following that, questions; and following that, tea! The ladies brought it in, with bread and cakes, and the miners and steel-workers ate and drank lustily at their desks.

I could n't help thinking, as I turned the afternoon over in my mind, that this thin, impassioned Scotch lecturer, with his long arm and lean finger raised over his excited students, was a seventeenth-century Calvinist—model 1925. Here was Scotch passion for theology, Scotch skill in dialectic, and Scotch attraction to a hell-and-damnation ethics. In an hour's talk the speaker said much that was true, but he marshaled his facts around a philosophy; he drove a passion into his words that made the thing not a student's gathering but the preparation for a holy war. Which he would, of course, be the first to admit. Certainly, a holy war against Capitalism.

And I thought too of what he had said to me as we drove to the meeting, in a car that belonged to a Socialist city councilor. 'You know, I'm an enthusiastic member of the Scottish Home Rule organization.' He said this gently, half-humorously, with a droll smile. No one knew better than he the practical impossibility of that. 'You see,' he added, 'we should then have Socialism established and running in Scotland, while the English were still talking about it!'

I repeat: Glasgow is in Scotland. The Clyde is in Scotland. And the 'Wild Men' are braw lads and *Scotch*.

III

You won't get to know a Clyde Wild Man by interviewing him or by hearing him criticize the Prince of Wales in the House of Commons. Or by watching him stir the proletariat on a Glasgow street corner. You'll begin to know him if you catch him without any front. When he's eating and drinking, when he's singing and 'clowning,' when he's consorting with his own in a gathering of the clan. I went to a festival that had all of this in it, because Jimmy

Maxton, one of the kindest and most lovable men on earth, asked me to go.

It was upon the occasion of Pat Dollan giving up the leadership of the clan. I say 'clan' because that good Scotch word comes naturally to mind to describe what the newspapers call the Glasgow Federation of the Independent Labor Party. It was the chairmanship of that from which Pat was resigning. Let me see: It's a sort of Glasgow Labor Tammany Hall, if I may mix metaphors. It's what has organized Glasgow into sending a majority of Labor M. P.'s to Parliament. And now of course an explanation is due as to why an Irishman should organize Glasgow. I can't say I can really answer that, except to say that he speaks Scotch. It gives you a very funny feeling, if you've never known such phenomena before, to meet a man with a pure Irish name and a pure Irish face, and have him open his mouth to say: 'Hoo's a' wi' ye?'

The gathering took place in an old Scottish mansion at the centre of a huge estate. Once private property, it had been bought by the city of Glasgow and 'socialized.' The grounds are a park now, the house open for meetings and 'shindigs' for anybody. Glasgow has a way of doing that. A beautiful estate and mansion house near Loch Katrine is owned by the municipality, and every city councilor may spend two weeks' vacation there each year. Practical Scotch Socialism.

We had high tea in the dining-hall — so high that it almost touched dinner. I sat with two Socialist M. P.'s, a Socialist city magistrate, and a Socialist Unitarian minister who talked to me about the reactionary clergy of Boston. After tea we drifted, chatting, chaffing, and laughing, into a large room with rows of chairs, where we began to sing and make speeches and 'clown.'

Pat Dollan began it. He presented

Davy Kirkwood, Labor M. P. for Dum-barton and Clydebank, war deportee, wildest of Clyde Wild Men, with an iron kettle, a white toga, a red rag, and a package of porridge.

Said he: 'You all know that Parliament has decided to serve porridge in the House of Commons dining-room to all Scotch M. P.'s. You will agree with me that as served by the Scotch, with salt, it's the foundation of our greatness. Now in the interests of Socialism it has been proposed to provide porridge for every man, be he English or Scotch, in Parliament! [*Cheers*] Davy Kirkwood is the man for the job! [*More cheers*] Therefore,' said Dollan, raising the kettle, and the package of Quaker Oats tied with the red rag to a stick, 'we present these, as a joint contribution of the Scottish Independent Labor Party, to our representative, Davy Kirkwood, for the reform of Parliament!'

Kirkwood is lifted upon a chair, with all the weapons in his hand and a torn sheet fluttering from his shoulders. All the men and women at the Socialist sociable and all the lads and lasses stampede. I tell you, Kirkwood is a man to delight a crowd. He is big-limbed and tall, with black hair, and Scotch features, and a broad Lanark burr in his speech. And he has the gift that was Keir Hardie's, of never getting out of himself. In the Commons or on a street corner, he is always a Clyde worker and a Scotsman.

I can't pretend to put down the speech that he made in 'the Lanark tongue, but here is the English of it: —

'I take this opportunity,' said he, 'of telling you a story that has a serious meaning in it.' (And, funny thing, it had, too.) 'In the House of Commons, of which I am a member, there are two dining-rooms, one being for members and one being for visitors. Now according to rules of the House of Commons

Kitchen Committee, to which I belong, any member who has visitors pays sixpence a plate. Well! Sir Lyndon MacCassey writes the Kitchen Committee a letter, asking that, in consideration of his services and duties, and his being Sir Lyndon MacCassey, and this, that, and the other, he be relieved from the detail of the sixpence. Now it happens,' Davy continues in a lowered voice, 'that Sir Lyndon sat on the board that deported me out of the Clyde. [*Anticipatory gurgles*] And little did Sir Lyndon MacCassey think, thinks I, when he deported me out of the Clyde, that I should be sitting on a Committee in the House of Commons, reading Sir Lyndon MacCassey's letters.

"Well," I says, "who is this feller, Sir Lyndon MacCassey, who asks to be relieved of his dues to the Kitchen Committee, and thinks he can do it, with no one daring to think or to ask questions, because he's this, that, and the other?" So I advocates,' says Davy with a yell, 'that Sir Lyndon MacCassey be charged, not sixpence, but a shilling! [*Hoarse cheers*] But,' says Davy, 'I was willing to compromise; and I did compromise with the Kitchen Committee, so's we ended by making Sir Lyndon MacCassey pay sixpence like everybody else! [*Prolonged cheers*]

'I'm not a brilliant and an awfully educated sort of man,' cries Davy, 'but I want to say this — that I've never yet met my equal! [*Cries of 'Hear, hear!'*] I've never met the man to whom I would kiss my hand or bow my knee!' [*Head over teakettle cheering*]

Davy had taken the burlesque porridge business and draped it with impassioned words upon the rights of man. His audience had laughed at first, but they ended in an ecstasy of cheers.

It needed a bit of clowning to cool the air. An inspired person shoved Maxton, the thinnest man in the British Labor Movement, up on top of two

chairs. Jimmy is one of those persons who are so thin that you think them a little thinner every time you see them. That, however, is an optical illusion, for official statisticians of the Labor Party know that Maxton has n't varied a milligramme in the quarter century. The Party avers that he lives upon cigarettes, coffee, and Socialist agitation. I incline to accept this view. However, when his skeleton giddily reached the height of two chairs and his frame was exposed to the view of all, someone shouted, 'Porridge did it!'

That deflated the meeting very properly, and when the laughter subsided Jimmy began to speak.

'I take this public opportunity,' said he, 'to explain to the Independent Labor Party why I don't have my hair cut.' Jimmy wears about his shoulders a mane of black hair that frames his ascetic face, and next to the expected revolution in May he is the most popular subject of conversation in Socialist circles. 'Jimmy Stewart' — a veteran Glasgow Socialist — 'is my barber.' A roar at this, and Scottish pleasantries from the other Jimmy. 'As my hair is universally known through England and Scotland [*cheers*], all the more fashionable girls have been going to Jimmy for bobbing, bingling, and shingling. [*Cheers and pandemonium*] I receive, as is only to be expected, a reasonable commission.'

That was the way it went on.

Anybody called upon, M. P.'s and all, abandoned himself to clowning. And finally they sang the old Scotch songs, and one new one to the tune of 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' I remember the last two lines: —

'Stick to Marx, my hearty; damn the Laibor Party;

Keep the hell fires burning for the bourgeoisie!'

The two serious speeches were Jimmy Maxton's about Pat Dollan —

this being the honorable and sad occasion of his resignation — and Pat's reply. They were full of local Glasgow political personalities and history, which I did n't understand. But one thing that hit me about Dollan's was that he, and all the Glasgow I. L. P. with him, looked upon Jimmy Maxton as the successor of Ramsay MacDonald, as leader of the Labor Party, and as future Prime Minister of Great Britain. I won't say till later what I think about that.

The sociable ended with the singing of the 'Red Flag,' to the tune of a Scotch ballad.

IV

The British Labor Party held its Conference at Liverpool in October. I went up from London, and talked with a lot of people — with local leaders, national organizers, trade-unionists, M. P.'s, and ex-Prime Minister MacDonald. The British Labor Party is stronger to-day than it ever was. Its threatened divisions did n't materialize. Communism was pitched out by the heels, and Ramsay MacDonald came back. Not only did MacDonald and the moderates — Cramp, Thomas, Henderson, Clynes and Company — triumph in the matter of keeping the Communists out, but they gained a distinct ascendancy over the Left Wing of their own party.

But that is n't the subject of this article, which concerns solely the Clydebankers. I bring all this up to ask what the Wild Men of the Clyde felt about Liverpool. To speak frankly, they felt a little wild about it. They're the insurgent wing of the party, the Bull Moosers; and while they're quiet through party discipline they have pent-up feelings. The Scottish Laborites, including Glasgow, are not Communist, — except for a handful under Will Gallacher, — but they

incline very dizzily to the left. Maxton is their chosen leader.

My aim in this paper is not to praise or to scourge the politics of Scottish Labor, but to describe a particular section of it — the liveliest, and rosiest, and most powerful. I have tried already to show that it touches the people at many points: from the vote they cast at the polls to the education they get in a Labor college. It gets into their high teas and their festivals and their Scotch music. But, above all, Clyde Socialism is a workingman's religion.

V

Every year in Glasgow the Socialist faithful gather together to preach and to pray in memory of Saint Keir Hardie. I went to this year's prayer meeting. The church was St. Andrew's, the largest public hall in Glasgow. Father and Mother and the kids were there, sitting row on row and in the encircling gallery, up to five thousand. A long bank of flowerpots supplied a fence of flowers, behind which sat the elders, Chairman Rankin, the Calvinistic frame of J. Maxton, and the archepiscopal stomach of George Lansbury, Labor M. P., editor and Socialist agitator. Behind these the choir boys and choir girls. And, in lieu of a hymn book or church notices, posters, yellow and black and red.

After an organ recital, Rankin opened the service with exhortation and prayer — I'd call it that, all right. He put down a little political economics as a foundation, saying the present Government functioned upon the misery of the working classes, and so on; and noted — an excellent point, I thought — that under the Conservatives (the last Government was Socialist, you know) unemployment had jumped from 1,270,000 to 1,400,000. But he swung into straight gospel

preaching right soon — the gospel of Socialism. Capitalist miseries, he said, were making 'the army of pale, propertyless people plod on to the full clear light of Socialism.' The New Jerusalem became the day when a Labor Socialist majority would sit in the British House of Commons! He used personal religious experience to vivify the thing. One night, when sleeping in the open, he said that he found himself on a sudden in the presence and novelty of dawn. It was like something that Socialism was doing to the world to-day. His words put me in mind of the revelation of Saint John.

'The new light and the new day,' he ended, on a ringing note of ecstasy, 'are not far away!'

Then, while we were still breathing heavily, he switched over to a few words introducing Jimmy Maxton, and sat down.

Instantly the five thousand Glasgow worshipers deafened the taut air with applause; they swayed in their seats, and smiled up happily and reverently at Jimmy. The new preacher began with an invocation of Saint Keir Hardie, and then passed by degrees to what I should call Socialist moral theology.

'The Scotch have always been known,' he said, 'for their thrifty ways, for hardy and simple lives. Now, as everyone knows, I've never been an advocate of flabby livin'. I've never preached that it was better for the Scotch workman to be restin' in the lap of luxury than to be livin' hard. But it's one thing,' he said, 'his voice cutting our ears like a drill, 'to live with simplicity and thrift yourself, and it's another to compel people to live simply and thriftily *for your benefit*.' There was hot lava in this, which flowed, I knew, from experience taken in his own body and nerves. 'Our simplicity of life,' he went on, 'has enabled the ruling class to keep us in

single-room apartment houses. . . . I say, it is an evil thing to exploit a man's worst failings for your profit, but it is a damnable thing to take a man's best characteristics and pervert them to his undoing and your own wealth!

I thought this the saltiest Socialism I had found in Britain. One remembered the slums of Bridgton, and the men with dead faces in unemployment queues. If it were not the whole loaf of truth, it was a large slice.

The preacher did n't let his congregation gloat much over their own misery. He told them promptly the misery was their own fault. They had been backsliders, lazy and shiftless, lacking energy, lacking faith in the religion that could save them — Socialism. He beat and flayed them for their Socialist sins, for their supineness in action, their trade-union laxity, their social heresy, their little faith. And they cheered him for these scourgings louder than for his curse on the capitalist. They were Presbyterians, and had the conviction of sin in their hearts!

The preacher ended on a note that had in it both a thrill and a threat.

'I gather,' he said, 'that the press is well pleased at the moderation shown at Liverpool [annual Conference of the Labor Party]. I want to issue a warning. While the masses are ready to move forward on even keel, ready to go along constitutional paths . . . if they are hindered and blocked in carrying out fundamental changes, *they will take those means that lie most ready to hand.*'

And those means, as Jimmy has repeated many times to me and to others, are the general strike, and whatever of revolution may follow.

This statement was greeted with an immense demonstration.

There was even more religion in George Lansbury's half-episcopal and half-evangelical sermon than there was

in James Maxton's. He began, as was natural, to talk about Saint Keir, for he had worked with the fiery Scotsman in the early days of the movement, and his devotion to Hardie was frank and affecting. 'I don't believe in death!' he cried. 'Keir Hardie belongs to the past, and to the present, and to the future. He is with us to-day.' Then came a few words upon that new article of Labor's creed — pacifism. 'If this meeting were full of soldiers and sailors,' he cried, 'I would shout to them, as Keir Hardie would have done: "Don't shoot!"' . . . I hope to see the time,' he concluded, 'when the workmen of one country will refuse to fight the workmen of another!'

The meeting received this with good measure of ecstasy, and Lansbury went on, as Maxton had done, to personal Socialist morals.

'The question I want to ask is, "What are *you* folk going to do about these things?" You treat James Maxton and me very much like you treat the parsons. "Oh, he's a holy man, supposed to keep Sunday and be good. But the straight and narrow is not for me. No, thank you." Now look here. I don't care whether you cheer me again, as you've just done, — though I'm human and I like it, — or listen to what I have to say. But when you look into your looking-glass to-night before you go to bed, give yourself a cheer, I say, for having done something for the working-class Socialist movement.'

This was mild. I'll put down a few of the sentences that I remember toward the end, when Lansbury really had the spirit of God at work in him.

'There cannot be brotherhood,' he cried, 'until we have swept away Capitalism from the face of the earth. . . . Conditions are worse to-day than they were thirty or forty years ago. It is Socialism or perish, I tell you, in this or any other country. But Socialism

can come here only if you people are willing to work, to live, and if need be to die for it. . . . Our movement is the greatest religious movement the world has ever known. Tell people the truth, I say: that Capitalism is on its last legs; and ask men to join with us in this, the only fight that matters, for the redemption of mankind!’

Tears were in Father’s eyes, and Mother’s and the kids’, but their applause was cut short by the collection which was promptly taken up, for ‘feeding the miners and their families in the struggle that is to come.’

Then the choir rose and sang ‘O Beautiful My Country.’

VI

To me the most interesting of all the Wild Men is Jimmy Maxton, who in the past three years has raised himself from the obscurity of a Bridgton schoolmaster to be chief of the Clydesiders. And not only that, but leader of the Left Wing movement, in Parliament and out, for Great Britain. Jimmy’s personality would attract followers and worshipers, without or despite his politics. He breathes good will and a rare kindliness; he ties you to him with a hundred courtesies and rich-hearted trifles. He’s just what a Tory would n’t expect a Red leader to be.

To begin with his face: it’ll make you turn and look a third time, as though at the weird mask of a showman. He is a dark Scot. All the angles of his face are bone angles, chiseled. It’s like an expressive carving out of wood, or a death mask, a little shrunken; but it can smile with incomparable charm, and the eyes burn with a number of things, including tenderness and indignation. The body-frame is nothing, — I doubt if Jimmy weighs a hundred and ten pounds, — but he must stand six feet in his socks,

and he can play cricket, run races, dance all night, or make speeches, as the hour asks. I’ve seen him do all four in the same day.

There are three sides to Jimmy that I have experienced with some intimacy; there may be more — I don’t know. The first, James Maxton, parliamentarian, politician. I watched him for a week as chairman of a cliquey group of Independent Laborites in summer-school session. He gave every man his due of talk, only choking the windbags, and those gently. He prodded and was silent; he led discussions from the arid and foolish to the lively and practical. He summarized, clarified. He used sentiment and passion like sugar and salt, where they would do the most good. And I’ve heard him doing the same thing in the House of Commons as far as they’d let him.

There is, secondly, Maxton — lovable genius of friendship. I gave you some scrap of an idea how Jimmy mixes and how Jimmy clowns at a Socialist sociable. But it goes deeper than that — fifty times. It’s more than the mere mixing-gift. He has talent for those thoughtful remembrings that make you love your king more than if he gave you a half of his kingdom. He told me where to go for heather, that I might bring some back to a Scotch girl in Boston. He offered to take me out to Loch Lomond himself, in his second-hand Ford car. And with a subtle and vigilant kindness he kept saving me embarrassment and calamity through my whole invasion of Scotland. These things and bigger ones he is doing twenty-four hours a day for everyone he meets. And his constituency in Bridgton, who know he is using up his health in their service, bring their children out when he comes by, to have him touch and talk to them! As if he were really king of Bridgton slums!

I think, however, the real reason he

is the most popular man in the British Labor movement is the way he can dance the 'eightsome reel.' You'd think so if you saw him. He reels with all the abandonment with which he agitates. Black hair in the wind, his white teeth ashining, he goes to it a little like a panther cat. With enormous grace and rhythm. Spectators, Scotch or English, go wild.

Thirdly, there is the side that makes Jimmy a seer and a prophet of the Lord. His father was a Conservative and a schoolmaster. But in his father's school, which Jimmy attended, he found boys who by permission of the law went to work at ten years of age, for twelve hours a day, for three days a week, in the Glasgow calico mills. 'They worked from six in the morning till six at night,' Jimmy told me. 'Then the next day they had to face up with the rest of us, who went to school every day. I remember noticing the breakdown of their minds.' That, to begin with, bit into his own mind and helped to mould the emotional side of his personality. Later he lost his wife through lack of proper medical care — one of the fruits of an enforced poverty. He spent two years in prison for opposing the war, and while still there was asked by his present constituency to represent them in Parliament. He was elected M. P. for Bridgton in 1922. Though not born a Socialist, Jimmy both acquired his Socialist religion and had it thrust upon him by the world in which he lived. And, like most religions, it rests for Jimmy ultimately not upon reason but upon the soul's conviction. 'You may prove me all wrong,' I heard him tell Hartley Withers, the famous Anti-Socialist, 'but I *know* that Socialism is true.'

His views and policy, which are roughly those of the Left Wing all over Britain, in Parliament and out, are as follows: —

Socialism is the only hope of the working classes for a good life. Capitalism is breaking down in England much more rapidly than even Socialists a few years back believed possible. Witness the complete breakdown of the coal industry and the partial breakdown of a dozen others. Observe the rising political power of the workers: the Labor Party growing from nothing to the second party of Britain in twenty-five years! An equal advance is observable in economic power. Last August the miners, dockers, and railway men brought the Government to its knees. Winning a ten-million-dollar subsidy for coal! The grand crisis, when it comes, will have been forced by the capitalist exploiters, by British Fascists. It may mature in a few years, or even in a few months, but whenever it comes we must be prepared; and the weapon ready to our hands is not gunpowder but industrial action. The general strike, if wisely and properly used, will accomplish our purposes. We must then take over the government, take over the industries, and run both in the new Socialist State for the benefit of the whole people.

That is a brief statement of Left Wing belief, erring I believe, if at all, by understatement.

Although the come-back of Ramsay MacDonald last fall has put a smothering blanket upon the loud advertisement of this policy, the policy remains — the Left Wing's answer to economic misery, awaiting time and the torch of opportunity. If England begins to get her markets back and some of her million and a quarter at work again, the policy of the Left Wing will become smoke without flame. If neither of those things happens, the movement may well kindle and blaze upon the dry leaves of economic wretchedness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A LIBERAL SOUL

JUST as Peter Rabbit found Mr. MacGregor on his hands and knees among young cabbages, so I found Mr. Oliver — 'Chet' Oliver, as everyone in the township speaks of him. He was counting plants, and so responded to my untimely query on the state of the cabbage market by waving a large brown hand and mumbling 'Seventy-one, seventy-two . . .' Behind him lay scores of piles of cabbages, a hundred to the pile. Ahead of him uncounted cabbages by the forkful were being pitched unerringly by an angling, gangling, piratical-looking person later identified as Sam.

Between his mathematical exercises, and while progressing on his knees over the soft earth, the proprietor of all this wealth told me that he was selling ten thousand early plants, a motor-truck load, to a gardener near town.

'One of those Eyetalians. He asked for ten thousand, and he gets ten thousand,' said Chet, cryptically. 'One, two, and four's six.'

I fell to counting alongside Chet. It was a sunny June morning, and the new-turned earth had a perfume of its own. When we had finished the customer's quota, we stretched our legs.

Chet asked, 'Now *about* how many do you want, and late or early?' The emphasis was not at all necessary; I had already deduced that the King of Cabbageland was, like myself, a lover of round numbers and a hater of detail.

'Late ones — a couple of thousand, more or less. The patch is ready and I want to fill it.'

'Well,' said Chet, happily, 'I'll charge you for two thousand, and then you just go ahead and take as many as you need. There's plenty. Sam here'll dig, and you just lump 'em off. Count out a hundred for a gauge; then just slap 'em together in bunches about that size till you think there's enough. Get a-plenty while you're getting.'

Sam and I were following instructions when Chet returned, after settling with the man from Italy.

'Don't stint yourself, neighbor, don't stint! Now that feller asked for ten thousand A-1 plants. That's what he's got. No culls and a clean count. Bless you, if he had n't been so set on ten thousand he could have had the culls thrown in, free gratis. More trouble to cull 'em than to give him the lot. And I've noticed that the culls make just about as good cabbage, come November, as the firsts. You never can tell from the looks of anything that's crowded young just what it's going to do when it gets out in the open with plenty of sunshine and elbowroom.'

'Like men,' I hazarded, hoping thereby to tap Chet's philosophy of life. From Shakespeare to William Hodge writers have dug wise words from digging men. If from gravediggers and ditch-diggers, why not from cabbage-diggers? But Chet was already departing. From my low estate I saw his heavy soles press the earth, then his thick legs clad in the conventional denim of the countryside, then his stout back and broad shoulders. I put his weight at 210, and his age at fifty-five. A little overweight now, but only last spring he chased a thief down the road two miles and caught him.

Presently Chet returned, still ruminating aloud on the suspiciousness of foreigners.

'I would n't care to live among 'em. No wonder they had that war. Now suppose he had left me a little leeway. *About* ten thousand. *Mebbe* ten thousand. *Somewheres near* ten thousand. *Approximately* ten thousand. Or ten thousand *more or less*. That's what you said — *more or less*. Any one of *them*, and I'd have given him twenty thousand; man alive, I'd have buried his truck in cabbages! I ain't one to be skimpy with cabbages — not this late in the season, with them fairly crying for room. Or with anything else, any time — in reason.'

Before I could think of a fitting rejoinder Chet wandered off stage again. Like a monologist, he knew exactly what he was going to say before he came on. He did not relish interruptions, and when he had said his say he went away. Sam, from long association with his boss, had acquired a perfect technique in listening. Sam considered work and talk as two separate things, on no account to be joined in unholy wedlock. At the first word addressed to him, Sam stuck his fork in the loose soil, leaned on it, and looked at the speaker with a fiery intensity. When the voice stopped he pulled his fork free and renewed his labors. Sam was not in the least cynical in his attitude, merely noncommittal. Jokes were lost on Sam. I tried several; they received most attentive hearings, but nothing else. The 'cheerio' school of industrial psychology ought to study Sam before going too far with its programme for mingling work and play. I wondered then, and still wonder, whether Chet acquired his monologue style through having Sam for an audience or whether Sam fell into his habit of intense but nonproductive listening because he had Chet for a spellbinder. It required

three direct questions to pull an answer from Sam. Then it came from so far below the larynx and was delivered so torn and bleeding that I decided an old hen with a flock of ducklings talks approximately the same language as Sam.

In due time Chet returned to receive his reward for planting cabbage seed while I was only thinking about doing so. He pocketed the bill without glancing at it.

'You drove in here,' he rambled on, running his words together like a buzz saw, 'and said you wanted two thousand *more or less*, enough to fill a patch you had tilled and ready. And I says, "Take enough; take plenty!" Maybe you got two thousand there, maybe four, lumping 'em off that way. Need more, come back and help yourself. Can't always tell about a patch o' land, unless you pace it off and figger. You don't look to me like a feller that goes pacing round his fields figgering. Me neither. Years ago I was told that that field held six acres, and that four, and that five. Maybe it's correct; maybe it was only a guess by the first settler. But anyhow it's close enough for me. Yes, sir, there's thirty-two thousand culliflower in that far field; don't they look nice? Thirty-two thousand or *thereabouts*! Well, good-bye; come back for more plants if you want 'em. Just drive in and help yourself. There 'll be a fork handy by that tree.'

As I escorted my cabbages home I passed Chet's house. More signs of plenty. Big barns, ample house, many outbuildings, live stock galore. Evidently Chet makes farming pay, regardless of his love for round numbers. I think of him as a man out of the past, when labor knew no clock but the sun, before producers reckoned costs and middlemen set prices, when bargains were struck on the basis of likes and

dislikes rather than on the basis of market gluts and shortages. The Patriarchs in the Land of Plenty must have been a little like Chet Oliver in their dealings, bestowing here and withholding there, moved by word, whim, mood, instead of by market quotations. At any rate one of the descendants of those patriarchs, Solomon, king and sage, has said:—

‘There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.’

GETTING SOMEWHERE

X AND I are queer.

We are not recluses; we are not radicals; we wear no smocks; we hold with no strange diets; we follow no strange gods. Coolidge has our votes, and the Federal and State tax collectors a good tithe of our incomes. What more of comfortable conformity can be asked of us?

And yet we are queer.

We have no automobile. That is the evidence of our abnormality. And we don't really want an automobile. That is a still more shocking symptom. And we have, instead, a horse and a pony and three uncontrolled and omnipresent dogs. Those are the pitiable by-products of our idiocy.

The drab streets around the big factory where X disappears every morning are lined, block on block, with sulky waiting cars. Sometimes, as we drive our obsolete brown mare past this barrage, a big limousine or smart roadster swings by us, and a greeting is wafted to us with the dust and smell of its flight. ‘Tom Hanks — he's clerked it in the office all his life,’ or ‘Nils Larsen — he's a big Swede on the night shift at the foundry,’ mutters X, with a

grin at his sufficient knowledge of the ultimate economic and social value as well as the present pay-roll of Tom and Nils.

X is far from begrudging them their agreeable hauteur. Or their double and triple mortgages, and their pay-as-you-use-it golden-oak furniture, and the pay-as-you-use-it — and never use it much — furniture of their brains. They are welcome to their gasoline and glory, as long as they don't get a little too drunk to keep the road. But our grins widen when we think of their probable mental comment: ‘The boss must be nutty for sure! Can you beat it? A horse and buggy! Say — I want to get somewhere!’

Now X and I don't want to get anywhere. We have reversed the usual characteristics of means and end. Our animals are not means; they are ends. We chose them, not because they get us anywhere at all, but because they help us to stay where we are. We chose them for one of the same reasons that we chose each other — because they are inexhaustible dramatic material: comedy, farce, maybe.

Perhaps we enjoy the comedy almost too consciously. X, for all his sober garb and habits, has a flair for assembling a bodyguard that is not exactly inconspicuous. Allspice — seal-brown, dapple-flanked, clean-limbed, bred of running stock in old Kentucky — has her quips and cranks and wanton wiles even with a muddy yellow runabout (Nils and Tom make us too anachronistic if they call it a buggy) at her heels and a shameful harness on her back that carries a saddle so lightly. Stalky, the tiny Shetland, transforms Teresina from an everyday little girl into an outrider worthy of a fairy-tale prince. Scarlet breeches, curly top, shining eyes, whirl down the road all mixed up with shaggy gray mane and miniature ridiculous unshod hoofs.

As if they were not escort enough, X adds, usually, at our feet in the run-about old Ben, the woolly Airedale, whose brown eyes would yearn after us down to the hinges of hell; in my lap little black Burnie, the sad and comic Scotch terrier baby; and, coursing madly behind and before the wagon, Dolf, the great German shepherd, clumsy and mild as a calf, though as terrible to see as Red Riding-Hood's wolf.

So X, who has always liked circuses, arranges his own circus parade, even at the dull business of going in to the office, and never minds the penalty we pay of being shouted and stared at by an appreciative audience of back-street babies. Teresina, who thinks their shrill and swarming cries of 'Oh, look at the pony! Look at the pony!' indicative of feeble-mindedness, cracks her whip and skims by arrogantly, not realizing, as we do, that a child on a pony's back is a thing to be envied hopelessly as the moon by those who will grow up in a twinkling to their Fords and Reos. Ponies and dogs belong to childhood, maybe, and deserve to be gazed at in the manner that wins Teresina's bitterest aversion, — 'As if they never saw an animal before!' — but I alone, going about my business sans pony, sans dog, sans everything but horse and wagon, have been pursued by sincerely astonished yells of 'Look! Look at the lady driving a horse!'

Ambiguous pleasure as it is to furnish comedy to such humble followers, we labor with a heavier handicap in our incapacity to get the pitch of modern life. 'Speed' is the pitch; we have no instrument tuned to reach it. Over and over, our friends realize our predicament and give us the lift that even checkered taxis cannot always supply. We have no recompense in kind to offer. An invitation to ride in the

yellow wagon, or to leap upon Allspice's back and canter away to the hills, would for the most part insult their sense of time and menace their garments. While we thank them humbly, we wonder if we are not becoming nuisances, like those people whose insistence upon living without a telephone keeps them eternally 'running in' to their neighbors for that convenience.

We, who are used to being independent, find that a world full of motors refuses to let us be so without one. Allspice and Stalky find no parking-space on most of the streets of our little city. Even a country road may suddenly boil and buzz with a car that sounds like seven submarines and tears our animals, rearing and snorting, from their moorings. We have found certain places of hospitality or entertainment actually inaccessible on foot or by horse — in fact, in any way but by a motor-car.

And yet it seems to us a feeble and tasteless thing to be coerced into buying a car. We like to buy our machines, as well as our animals, not from jealous necessity, but from a clear vision of delight. We must want our future Ford or Buick or Packard much as we wanted small Burnie, the Scotty — too much to live without it.

No doubt some day we shall want it for convenience, and hospitality, and wide journeyings. It is never wise to shave one's head in a vow — so to speak — against any now despised commodity or relationship. But we are not yet eager to smother the good smell of hay and oats with gasoline fumes, or even to put them too closely side by side, supposing that the aforementioned income-tax collectors ever give us enough leeway to build a little dark garage beside our little white barn.

For who was ever choked to death by honest stable-whiffs, as by deadly

carbon-dioxide gas? Are wrenches and jacks ever such imaginative tools as currycombs and hayforks? Can batteries and spark plugs spell far adventure like a bridle on its nail and a saddle on its peg?

('Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'
'Oil, crank up, hop in, and away!')

Is any garage so thrilling a playground as a hayloft, dreamy with last summer's grassy ghosts, rustling with tiny mouse-feet, crooned over by doves?

We have yet to think the thin trickle of water over a bumping, overheated motor so sweet a sound as the long wet snuzzle and swoop of a thirsty horse's nose in a mountain spring. We never saw a Nash whiffle and prance on the first green days of April, or shake its head and snort and run if it was turned loose at frosty October sunset. We never knew even a Ford that could find its way home in the dark from any lost hill-road or wood-hollow in five townships. We never caught a little motor-cycle kicking and squealing and rolling and dancing in an ecstasy of new-fallen snow, like a shaggy Shetland muff of a pony.

And we have never heard even the most enthusiastic motorist claim that anything that toots a horn can be trusted with a small girl's fluttering whimsical self, to carry her safe up miles and miles of wood-trails; to teach her steadiness of care and lightness of hand and quickness of wit; to

straighten her back and shine up her eyes and stock her head with sun-drenched memories that no dull city years can blur away.

For all these reasons X and I endure the patronage of Tom and Nils. Not for one instant would we exchange for their Fourth of July spent in burning up the Albany Road our fifteen miles of rough green brook-bed trail to Berry Pond, cupped on a fragrant hilltop to the west. There we hide and dream for a few hours: Allspice and Stalky champing the drowsy twigs of noonday rest; Ben and Dolf and Burnie snoring under their respective Jack-in-the-pulpit leaves; Teresina fishing amazed and amazing turtles and newts from the enchanted pond, with little songs and ripples of laughter at their antics; X and I utterly at peace, far away from factory gates and perilous roads, thanking the Lord we are not as Nils and Tom, even if we are queer.

Why should we get anywhere else? We should like best to hang Time up in the great white-pine tree, gag him and bind him, and make him leave ageless for us, forever, Teresina in her slender scarlet breeches, Allspice, Stalky, Ben, Dolf, and Burnie — all in the high green woods that need no magic more than sunshine and silence.

Time will not do that little service for us, alas! So we must do all we can for ourselves.

Get somewhere! Why? We want only to stay where we are!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago James Russell Lowell, writing for the edification of two continents his *Atlantic* essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,' remarked that 'before our (Civil) war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shopkeepers.' Since then the world has been turned upside down by another war, so that Agnes Repplier, in appropriating — at our invitation — Mr. Lowell's title, has had to reverse its point completely. 'Certainly it is no shame to a man,' says Lowell, 'that he should be as nice about his country as about his sweetheart. . . . Yet it would hardly be wise to hold everyone an enemy who could not see her with our own enchanted eyes.' 'Several years' residence and study in India discovered to L. Adams Beck (E. Barrington) the wonder of Oriental thought, whose 'high faith and philosophy' offered her the key of life. At this inspiration she has lately completed her life of Buddha, *The Splendour of Asia*. 'Following our acceptance of Carl Christian Jensen's manuscript came this personal note: —

It has been my lot from the age of sixteen to labor in the darker places of our country — on the wharves, in the factories, in the stokeholds, before my college days; and afterwards in the criminal courts, the State hospitals for the insane, the schools for half-wits, in the prisons, and in the slums. My sketch might truly be called 'Darkest America.' I have seen no darker picture anywhere in our country. And I have seen the worst and the best.

F. Lyman Windolph, a lawyer practising in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, informs us that 'the first American Windolph settled in Germantown before the Revolution and was a private in Washington's army. There is a family tradition that he spoke French and German with equal fluency, but that, when greatly moved, he always swore in French, from which fact we infer that his deepest nature was French, rather than German.'

716

Emily James Putnam has gone far toward establishing a new genre of story-telling. From Herodotus and the classics, as from life, she has selected the elements of her live and audacious narratives, the first of which, 'Helen in Egypt,' appeared in the April *Atlantic*. For the satisfaction of our scholars we are glad to quote literatim the translated text from Herodotus which forms the basis of the present tale.

Clisthenes had a daughter called Agarista, whom he wished to marry to the best husband that he could find in the whole of Greece. At the Olympic games, therefore, having gained the prize in the chariot race, he caused public proclamation to be made to the following effect: —

'Whoever among the Greeks deems himself worthy to become the son-in-law of Clisthenes, let him come sixty days hence — or, if he will, sooner — to Sicyon; for within a year's time, counting from the end of the sixty days, Clisthenes will decide on the man to whom he will contract his daughter.'

So all the Greeks who were proud of their own merit or of their country flocked to Sicyon as suitors; and Clisthenes had a foot-course and a wrestling-ground made ready to try their powers.

From Italy there came Smindyrides, a native of Sybaris. He was a man who in luxuriousness of living exceeded all other persons. Likewise there came Damasus, a native of Siris. . . . From the Peloponnesus came several: Leocedes, son of that Pheidon, King of the Argives, who established weights and measures throughout the Peloponnesus and was the most insolent of all Greeks — the same who drove out the Elean directors of the games and himself presided over the contest at Olympia; and Laphanes of Pæus came, whose father entertained the Dioscuri and henceforth kept open house for all comers. From Athens there arrived Megacles, son of that Alcmaeon who visited Cræsus, and Tisander's son Hippoclides, the wealthiest and handsomest of the Athenians.

Now, when they were all come, Clisthenes first of all inquired of each concerning his country and his family; after which he kept them with him a year and made trial of their manly bearing, their temper, their accomplishments, and their disposition, sometimes drawing them apart for converse, sometimes bringing them all together.

But the greatest trial of all was at the banquet table. During the whole period of their stay he lived with them and entertained them sumptuously. Somehow or other the suitors who came from Athens pleased him best of all, and of these Hippoclides was specially in favor.

When at length the day arrived which had been fixed for the espousals, and Clisthenes had to speak out and declare his choice, he first of all made a sacrifice of a hundred oxen and held a banquet, whereat he entertained all the suitors and the whole people of Sicyon. After the feast was ended the suitors vied with each other in music and in speaking on a given subject. Presently, as the drinking advanced, Hippoclides, who quite dumbfounded the rest, called aloud to the flute-player and bade him strike up a dance, which the man did; and Hippoclides danced to it. And he fancied that he was dancing excellently well, but Clisthenes, who was observing him, began to misdoubt the whole business.

Then Hippoclides, after a pause, told an attendant to bring in a table; and when it was brought he mounted upon it and danced, first some Laconian figures, then some Attic ones. After which he stood on his head upon the table and began to toss his legs about.

Clisthenes, notwithstanding that he now loathed Hippoclides for a son-in-law, still, as he wished to avoid an outbreak, had restrained himself during the first and even during the second dance; when, however, he saw him tossing his legs in the air, he could no longer contain himself, but cried out, 'Son of Tisander, thou hast danced thy wife away.'

'What does Hippoclides care?' was the other's answer. And hence the proverb arose.

Then Clisthenes commanded silence and spake thus:—

'Suitors of my daughter, well pleased am I with you all, and right willingly, if it were possible, would I content you all. But as that is out of my power, seeing that I have but one daughter, I will present to each of you whom I must needs dismiss a talent of silver, for the honor that you have done me and for your long absence from your homes. But my daughter Agarista I betroth to Megacles, to be his wife according to the usage and wont of Athens.'

Then Megacles expressed his readiness, and Clisthenes had the marriage solemnized.

The issue of this marriage was the Clisthenes who made the tribes at Athens and set up the popular government. Megacles had likewise another son, who had a daughter Agarista, who married Xanthippus. When she was with child, she had a dream wherein she fancied she was delivered of a lion, after which, within a few days, she bore Xanthippus a son—to wit, Pericles.

HERODOTUS, Book VI, chapters 126–131

Behind the red bricks of Beacon Hill, Alice Brown composes her verse, plays, and novels. ¶ During her residence in Germany, Charlotte Burghes was introduced to the significant discoveries of Professor von Frisch and his pupils, some of whose results have already been announced in England. ¶ By the light of Diogenes' lantern we need search inwardly for the answer to the question propounded by the Reverend Joseph Fort Newton, now Rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul's, Overbrook. Frances Lester Warner, always a succulent essayist, proposes a delightful reply to that old query, 'What one book would you rather possess on a desert isle?' A cookbook. ¶ Professor of art at the University of Washington, Walter F. Isaacs has exhibited at the last autumn and spring Salons of Paris.

* * *

Recently, on passing through Hyannis, the Reverend Walter Samuel Swisher saw posted on a church bulletin a notice that the pastor was to preach on 'Regeneration or Evolution.' This set him thinking: 'Why not "Regeneration and Evolution"? They both seem natural modes of growth to me, and I cannot see why they are mutually exclusive. Both are found in nature.' Dr. Swisher is minister of the Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church. ¶ While an undergraduate at Williams College, Kenneth Phillips Britton participated in his merry tale of disillusion. ¶ Next semester Robert Hillyer is to take up his duties as assistant professor of English at Trinity College, Hartford. ¶ For several remarkable years Dr. Mary W. Griscom has worked among the women doctors and medical missions in China, India, and Persia. ¶ A pioneer and now a leader in his field, Earnest Elmo Calkins has been awarded the 1925 Gold Medal for 'distinguished personal service in advertising' in the Annual Harvard Advertising Awards founded by Edward W. Bok.

* * *

Charlotte Kellogg, wife of Vernon Kellogg, the scientist, has the distinction of being the only woman member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium working in Brussels during the war. It was then that she and her husband became affectionate friends of Cardinal Mercier. ¶ An English

publicist, **Robert Sencourt** has made his headquarters in Italy for the past five years, the better to observe those changes which are remodeling Europe. ¶A graduate of Yale and associate editor of the *Independent*, **Charles Rumford Walker** carries his skilled free lance into tumultuous fields.

* * *

Following close upon the heels of Oswald Villard's article in the March *Atlantic* comes this pertinent account of an impertinent letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have long wanted to keep a record of coincidences. I shall begin to-day with my last two, which may be of interest to the readers of the March *Atlantic*.

Yesterday, while waiting in the station of a university town in the Middle West, I turned my attention to the news-stand. Returned from a residence abroad of some years, I was not prepared for the galaxy of magazines that scintillated in brilliant colors above and below and upon a counter ten feet long. There I searched for a familiar cover through row after row of amazing periodicals of astonishing titles, finally to be rewarded by the sight of the *Century*, *Scribner's*, and the *Atlantic*, withdrawn — very properly! — in reserve upon a table at one side.

With the *Atlantic* under my arm I boarded the train and opened it to find Oswald Garrison Villard's article, 'Sex, Art, Truth, and Magazines.' Here was Coincidence No. 1. There I read the inspiration and history of many of the new publications that had daunted me upon the news-stand. With especial interest I learned the story of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's efforts to uplift his fellow countrymen.

Arrived at my destination, the article was read aloud in the evening by my host, a young clergyman, to whom the name of this philanthropist was as unknown as it was to me.

Now for Coincidence No. 2. This morning the post brought a large brown envelope which bore, beside the young clergyman's address, the medallion photograph of a smiling elderly man holding a baby, beneath which ran the following legend, —

'Bernarr and Berwyn Macfadden have a message for you.'

We could hardly believe our eyes. What had we done, who were we, to be so favored? We breathlessly opened the envelope. We were met by the further announcement, —

'The Bernarr Macfadden Family Greet You!'

These words stood above a noble photograph

group consisting, presumably, of Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden and eight young Macfaddens ranging in age from seven months to twenty-one years. Below this interesting family was the autograph signature, —

'Yours for Home-Building, Bernarr Macfadden.'

Did we understand aright? Was he at his great self-appointed task again? We opened the folder and were met by the slogan of what is to be a new 'uplift' movement, 'Glorify the Home!'

Beautiful thought. And how? Read and you will learn. I quote. 'The American home is a source of present progress and prosperity. . . . When we fail to glorify the home, we take the downward path. . . . Glorify God in your bodies. . . . But many religious people fail to catch the proper vision of the bodily needs. Consequently they are unfortunately minus the vitality essential in the building of family life. . . . They are wont at times to criticize severely those who find inspiration in the sculptured outlines of bodily beauty. . . . Let us hope that this sacrilegious attitude towards the body that was made in God's image will soon disappear. . . . Nearly all criminals are defective physically. . . . Marriages are decreasing, divorces are increasing. . . . The American home can only be stabilized and perpetuated by maintaining the vitality and vigor of our people. . . .

'TO GLORIFY THE HOME WE MUST FIRST GIVE DUE REVERENCE TO OUR GLORIOUS BODIES.' How shall this be done? By attacking one 'stupendous, insidious evil, and that is PRUDERY. The victims of prudery are inclined to class as vulgar and obscene all the great vital truths essential for self-protection along life's road. Consequently publishers of books and magazines are always fearful of being attacked even when they present, in various forms, articles, true-to-life stories, etc., information that they know would save the health, happiness, and even life of millions of misguided people.'

Now are you not piqued? Your appetite whetted? Will you not subscribe at once to one or more of the 'Macfadden Publications,' a list of which follows? They are 'home-builders all,' exerting, who can doubt, an uplifting influence 'mentally, morally, and spiritually.' Moreover, will you not sign the stamped and addressed postcard which is headed, 'Will you join this "Back to the Home" movement?' If you sign and return it to Mr. Macfadden you will be enrolled as a member of the proposed national 'Committee of 1000 for the Preservation of the Home.'

Won't you? But how can you refuse?

K. W. D. F.

On reading Emily James Putnam's narrative, 'Helen in Egypt,' which appeared in our April issue, there are doubtless many who shared her wonder that Helen could have stayed so comfortably in Egypt, leaving Troy untroubled. Mrs. Putnam tells us that Herodotus managed the sequel thus:—

The Egyptians told Herodotus that an army set out from Greece in the belief that Helen was at Troy, and that they refused to believe Priam's denial of the fact, but fought until the sack of the city revealed that in fact she was not there.

Herodotus adds: 'I am myself inclined to believe their account from the following considerations: if Helen had been at Troy the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children, and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. . . . But the fact was they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks, but the Greeks would not believe what they said.'

In Helen's last speech to Priam I tried to forecast this; Troy was doubtless destroyed by persons (probably Greeks) who wanted to control the trade-route from the Black Sea. This was Agamemnon's game, and he used the romantic tale of Helen as an emotional appeal to help his political aims. Helen is aware of this, and tells Paris he will have a war with the Greeks on his hands whether she is at Troy or not.

* * *

In the Column for March we printed an appealing letter from a reader who had found in our November article, 'Good-Night, All,' a situation touchingly similar to her own. The genuineness of this letter, which came to us unsigned, has evoked certain offers of friendly assistance from our audience which we shall gladly forward to the author if she will trust us with her identity.

* * *

Apposite in its relation to Mr. Sencourt's present paper on Mussolini is this account of the roots and growth of Fascism.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been interested in reading Mr. Murphy's article on Fascism in your December number, and also the answer to it in the Contributors' Column for March.

I don't think either of the writers has grasped the real significance of Fascism; they have not

gone far enough back to find the historical roots of the movement. When the Italian States became 'United Italy,' Cavour, the great Italian statesman, said: 'We have made Italy; now we must make Italians!'

His penetrating mind had at once seen that the citizens of the new Italy were not really Italians, and could not possibly become so for many years; in fact, it took more than fifty years and was then accomplished only by the profound influence of the Great War on Italians.

You must remember that for hundreds of years the inhabitants of Italy had feeling only for the small State (like Palermo, Tuscany, and so forth) in which they lived. These habits of mind are not to be wiped out in a few years. Long after United Italy was a political fact, its citizens had very slight bonds of union. The Great War, by mingling all classes of Italian men and men from all over Italy in *one* army against the enemy, accomplished the miracle of making a real Italian nation. After the Great War, the chaos that prevailed in Italy gave these new Italians a useful lesson in the need for a strong, capable, patriotic government that put the good of the united country before all private interests. Then Fascism appeared and the new nation of Italy was born. J. D.

* * *

In a paper entitled 'One Farming Problem,' by Glenn W. Birkett, which appeared in the February *Atlantic*, an unwitting injustice was done to the domestic-science classes in the Kansas State Agricultural College. Their statement, quoted in the article, that sustaining meals could be prepared for hard workers for twenty-five cents per day, was reprinted from a copy of their publication of over twenty years ago. The figure mentioned was obviously absurd.

In other respects the paper was applauded for its sound doctrine, as this comparison of the horse and horse power would indicate.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Editor, the *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR: —

I congratulate you upon the article entitled 'One Farming Problem,' by Glenn W. Birkett, in your February issue.

In this connection I may say that the present-day clamor for saving labor cost in farm operations too often results in an actual increase in financial cost. The small combine harvester-thresher which is now being urged upon farmers in the Central West is a good illustration of this. It costs about \$2000, and even if we grant it ten years' life we have, to begin with, a depreciation

of \$200 a year, then a repair cost of at least \$200, and insurance on top of this amounts to \$120 more, and taxes will be at least \$20 more, bringing the annual expenditure from these items alone to \$540, which you will frankly admit will pay for a good deal of farm labor.

Aside from this, these machines cannot be operated until the grain is thoroughly ripe and dry. The attempt to use such outfits east of the 100th meridian is too often fraught with heavy loss, for in holding off harvest until the grain is ripe farmers are very apt to encounter storms which beat down or shatter out the ripened grain. This is only one illustration of the danger of overemphasizing one feature at the expense of others.

Very truly yours,

WAYNE DINSMORE

Secretary, Horse Association of America

* * *

It is a pleasant occasion to print this letter from one of the most far-flung of *Atlantic* readers.

KOKUMURUKI ISLAND, OVI HARBOR
GUADALCANAL, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS
via SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The response to my letter to you in your December 1924 issue was so gratifying that I venture to send some fresher details of life in the Solomon Group. My husband is at present away recruiting labor, and during these trips it is a most anxious time for me, as some of the islands visited by my husband are the most savage in the group, and the chiefs only recently offered the natives large sums of native money for the heads of four white men. This is for revenge; probably some of their natives have died by accident in some of the plantations. When a recruiter goes on shore at a village, it is always a bad sign if the women and children are not on the beach. A native never commits a crime in front of the women and children. Women are never allowed at the cannibal feasts.

The bushmen and salt-water men are always at war with each other, but one day in the week they hold a market, and this day they agree not to fight.

These savage boys are good workers on a plantation and, if well treated, they are quite happy and content. While my husband is away, I am here alone with a few native boys, as laborers. For every hour of the day there is something to be done. I do all my own household duties, cooking, and so forth, and growing coconuts requires a lot of care. They need constant cleaning, in order to secure them against both white ants and beetles.

The natives come to me with their various troubles, and I try to settle disputes. It is usually to do with native women. I attend to the natives also when they are sick and they come for miles in their canoes with the most impossible ailments. My will-power will often cure a case with a native believing himself to be sick with devil-devil. Many of them have their own crude bush remedies, but they seldom effect a cure.

To-night as I sit here the sea sounds very angry as it breaks on the reef. Excepting for the squawk of the night birds, there is perfect peace.

EDITH E. SVENSEN

* * *

When reality tests religion.

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Kiriti, in 'Participating in the Great Adventure,' in the March issue, rejects the belief in the survival of the soul as a natural instinct because its acceptance would necessitate the acceptance of the rest of the savage beliefs. Having rejected such nonsense for such a sensible reason, he then proceeds to build him a new religion on the doctrine of Jesus Christ: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,' and on Saint Paul's doctrine of 'faith, hope, and love.' Good doctrines, both; I know of none better. But if one cannot accept the belief in survival because such acceptance would necessitate the acceptance of the rest of the pagan beliefs, how can one accept such clear-cut doctrines of the Christian Church without feeling bound to accept all? If one cannot take part of one without taking all, how can one take part of another without taking all?

Kiriti is a nice man — to have about where fresh and salt waters meet; where sunshine is eternal; where one breakfasts long and comfortably. But Kiriti would be a poor stick to help the woman whose husband has run off with another woman and left her with three children; a poor stick to help a man with a sensitive conscience, sensitive enough to writhe under a long-standing habit; a poor stick to deal with the adolescent who is having his first struggles with the world, the flesh, and the Devil. Kiriti creates an atmosphere in the *Atlantic*; but as a parish priest called daily to deal with real souls in real difficulties he would be an abysmal failure. Experimental laboratory religion is, I imagine, a nice and an easy religion; and a logical one. The only difficulty is that it just won't work with souls in this workaday world; it will not stand the pragmatic test — and Christianity will.

Yours truly,

(REVEREND) CARL I. SHOEMAKER